

This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`



38.

445.



38.

445.



THE

ELOPEMENT.

—

VOL. I.



LONDON :
PRINTED BY SAMUEL BENTLEY,
Dorset Street, Fleet Street.

THE

ELOPEMENT,

OR THE

DEADLY STRUGGLE.



O! multa dictu gravia, perpessu aspera,
Quæ corpore exantlavi atque animo pertuli!
Non mihi, &c. . . . . .
Sed fœmineâ vi—fœmineâ interimor manu!

Oh! labours,—wars,—strifes,—toils,
And griefs which I have borne, too big for words!
Not thoughts on ye so tear me, as to feel
That now I perish by a *woman's* hand.

[Hercules dying on Mount Œta.]

Cicero de tolerando dolore.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:

RICHARD BENTLEY, NEW BURLINGTON STREET.

1838.

445.



INTRODUCTION.

My acquaintance with Mr. Bouverie, the writer of the following papers, commenced in the year 1818, under the circumstances which I am now going to relate.

We were both travelling to Paris, and our first meeting was on board the packet: our second happened to be at Dessin's Hotel.

We were seated at the *table d'hôte*. His appearance struck me; for it was singular. I should have guessed his age to be about sixty. He wore his hair so long that its tips almost touched his shoulders. A double-breasted waistcoat, spite of the extreme heat, for we were in the month of July, was buttoned over his chest,

and a long frock-coat descended nearly to his ankles; whilst hessian boots, drawn over silk stockings, together with linen of the finest texture, and beautifully white, made up the rest of his dress.

The stillness and almost solemnity of his countenance during the whole time of dinner, when all around was gaiety, surprised me. This silence did not appear to be the result of pride, but seemed to proceed from the bending of his thoughts inwardly to objects more worthy of attention than any which surrounded him; for, if addressed, he invariably answered with a smile of extreme courteousness, and then relapsed into taciturnity.

I looked at him with a feeling of great interest, and wished to make his acquaintance; but, just as I was planning how this might be brought about, he called for the bill, paid it, and prepared to go.

The waiter looked at the donation to himself.

"Dis be ver littel money—ver littel money,

indeed, mi Lor!—mi Lor, de Englishman give generally ver much more money."

"I am really very sorry, sir, that you should be dissatisfied, but I have no more money for you," he replied, as, with a manifest impatience at having his train of reflection broken in upon, he drew on his gloves, bowed to the company, and left the room.

I went on toBoulogne. Rising at an early hour on the next day, I walked along the beach, till I arrived at a small castle built in the sea, at about three miles east of the town; and then clambering the rocks opposite to it, mounted to the summit of the cliff and continued on my way till I reached a small barren valley, thinly strewed with some miserable huts, inhabited by fishermen. At a short distance from these there stood a cottage which attracted my particular attention from the extreme prettiness of its appearance.

My surprise at beholding so neat and comfortable a dwelling in such a desolate situation,

was increased when the door opened, and I saw come out of it a person whom I instantly recognized for Mr. Bouverie. He did not perceive me; and turning round the corner of the building, continued his walk into the country.

"What in the world," said I to myself, "can he possibly have been doing there at this early hour?"

In passing the window, curiosity triumphed over good manners: I looked in and there saw an extremely pretty and very nicely-dressed girl, of about seventeen years old, seated by another female, whom I took to be her mother, and who had just emptied into her lap a large silken purse whose contents she was counting with evident satisfaction: there could not, I thought, have been less than eighty or an hundred Napoleons.

"Ha, ha!—then it seems," said I to myself, "that though he refused to satisfy the cravings of Dessin's waiter, he can rain gold with an unsparing hand enough into the lap of beauty!—very pretty indeed this!"—and I of course made

several extremely moral and religious reflections—as is customary on such occasions—on Mr. Bouverie's great wickedness in giving such a deal of money to a very pretty girl about seventeen years old.

On returning towards home, I stopped to look around me; and then seating myself on the rocks opposite the fortress, took out my pencil and began to draw it; but had not been long thus employed when I perceived Mr. Bouverie attempting to pass a little below me. This was become no such easy matter; for during his absence the tide had risen, and was now eddying to and fro with great violence in the hollow formed between two rocky points, athwart which he had to step.

I fixed my eyes upon him; he had arrived mid-way, when, whether it was the motion of the wave which, foaming beneath, dazzled him, or that his foot slipped, I knew not: but I perceived him first totter, then fall—and at the next instant he was immersed considerably above the knee in water.

His immorality had scandalized me certainly, quite, — I do assure you really—upon my word it did—all in the proper way !—nevertheless I did not think it would be exactly right to let him be drowned. In a moment I was at his side ; great was the need,—no time to spare ! The confusion of ideas, occasioned by the suddenness of the adventure, made him reel backward into still deeper water : he knew not where next to place his foot ; one wave had already reached and completely drenched him; at a short distance behind came rolling on another, which, had it overtaken, would probably have swept him off his legs.

Catching him beneath the arm, I supported him from rock to rock, and bore him to a place of safety. I never shall forget the smile with which he thanked me; and in my heart, I thanked him for bestowing it : yet, in justice to myself, let me say that I was perfectly ashamed of my heart for this when I afterwards came to reflect upon the man's extremely immoral conduct in giving such a deal of money

to a very pretty girl about seventeen years old!

Thus commenced our acquaintance. As we were both travelling to the same place, he offered me a seat in his carriage; but he would by no means hear of my taking any share of the expense upon myself. "Not," he said, "but that you may perhaps be a much richer man than I, but because, according to my old-fangled notions, a *gentleman*"—he laid, I observed a slight stress upon that most mystic word—"in thus accommodating a friend should never allow him to pay any thing."

Contrasting this with his conduct to the waiter, I was again surprised; but during the first days of our intimacy, he gave me almost hourly cause to think of what Montaigne said respecting the contradiction observable in the human character, and which he asserted to be so great and numerous as to render any calculation on man's conduct utterly impossible.

We soon grew extremely intimate, and on

our arrival at Paris, he insisted that I should take up my abode at his Hotel, in which he assigned me a couple of rooms looking into a very beautiful garden, filled with very beautiful flowers, and planted with very fine trees.

I had been residing with him for some weeks, when, contriving one day to lead our conversation to the affair upon the cliffs at Boulogne, I took occasion to say,

"But pray who was that very pretty girl, about seventeen years old, to whom you gave so much money?"

He sighed. "You remember," he said, "how Æneas replied to the Queen of Carthage, who required him to relate his adventures?—'You renew my grief!' With him I answer, 'You renew my grief!' Fate has strangely, ay, and most sadly too, mixed up the fortunes of that young girl, or rather of her *family*, with mine; her grandfather was formerly of the most essential service to me, and to one who . . . . . At some future period I will tell you more. I should *like* to tell you the history, but not *now*."

A few days after the above conversation, he entered my room with a large bundle of papers beneath his arm.

"You assuredly," he said, "did me much service in fishing me out of the sea at Boulogne, for though I have not, as by a perusal of my memoirs you will perceive, made a very happy sojourn on this planet, I should, I own, be loth to leave it just yet. Here is about one half of the detail I some days ago promised; when you have finished it, you shall have the rest. It was written for my own satisfaction, and the perusal of my earliest and best friend Lord Derlincourt, who, alas! has maintained his precedency to the very last, and gone before me through the gates of death."

Two days elapsed, and he paid me another visit

"Well," he said, on entering the room "how do you like this my production of many and many a long night of vigil?"

"Mr. Bouverie," I said, "am I to understand that you give this as a true and faithful picture of your self? Had imagination no

share in it? Have you really loved woman and worshipped Nature with the pure, passionate adoration you describe? Literary men often put forth on paper sentiments which—Heaven and themselves only know where they get them, but seldom, it is said, from their own hearts. It is the attribute of talent to make itself seem to be that which it *is not*. Yet I can scarcely think this is *your* case."

"Literary men!" he exclaimed with an accent of displeasure—"what have *I* to do with literary men? As for talent, I have no pretension to it, and if, as you say, its province is to dazzle and deceive the world, I have to thank Providence for having refused me the ignoble gift. You inquire, whether I have really loved woman and worshipped Nature as I describe. Let me answer you by a question. Do you think that had I *not* so loved the one and worshipped the other, I either *could* or *would* have painted with so much warmth? Never!—no, believe me, that which you have just read is

but a very feeble delineation of my spirit—words failed me for the task."

"I fancied as much, Mr. Bouverie, but wished to assure myself of it by your own mouth. And do you then ask me what I think? Why, I think that your feelings must be deeper and more passionate than any which ever yet blessed or cursed their owner;—that, like Owen Glendower, you are not 'in the roll of common men,' and that"——

He interrupted me; and there was a smile—not exactly of anger, but rather of sorrowful contempt—upon his lip as he replied,

"And yet common men have thought me so—have thought me like themselves; and because I have been most lucklessly cast here *amongst* them, have used me, forsooth! as though I had been *of* them."

After a great deal more conversation of a like nature, I ventured to hint that the commencement might, perhaps, be by many persons thought too long.

"I am quite aware of this," he replied; "it *is* too long for common readers, whose attention can only be excited by extraordinary adventures, and kept alive by a quick succession of incidents; but amongst such do I not account *you*. I wished first to describe myself, when—like the spirits which Virgil places on the banks of Lethe—I burst into a world which newness rendered beautiful, and Hope bespangled with delights: then afterwards to show how all this terminated in despair." I have brought you the second part. See!"

"I think you have succeeded in the first project—so well succeeded, that it grieves me you attempted the second. Of those papers may be said, that which your friend Rousseau foretold of his Heloise, 'The majority may disapprove, but the few you admire will like it with no ordinary love'—*à coup súr, il ne plaira médiocrement à personne.*"

He smiled, placed the remaining papers in my hand, and left the room.

COPY OF A LETTER

TO THE

EARL OF DERLINCOURT,

INTENDED TO ACCOMPANY THE FOLLOWING PAPERS, FOUND AMONGST SEVERAL OTHER LETTERS OF THE LATE

MR. LIONEL BOUVERIE.

My Dear Lord,

It is for you only—for you, the playmate of my childhood, the companion of my youth, and my good friend throughout life;—for you, who called comfort to me—when comfort would not come, that the enclosed papers have been written. Read them, my dear Lord, for the perusal will at least show you that, though I may have scoffed with bitterness at hypocrisy, I can reverence virtue when apparelled as *you* have decked her.

I may perhaps have dwelt unnecessarily upon early events;—should *you* not receive an equal charm in reading as *I* felt in writing of the

days in which I formed your acquaintance, you may hasten on to that more busy part of my existence commencing with our arrival at Bridlington.

Had I composed this with any other intention than that of enabling myself to say, *Liberavi animum meum*,—"I have taken a weight from off my soul;" or had it been designed for a less friendly eye than yours, I should have thought it necessary to correct those many faults of style which criticism may easily detect, but with which *you* are too gentle and too indulgent to reproach me.

And now, with a deep sense of gratitude for the many kindnesses which you and your family have showered on me throughout life, I remain,

My dear Lord,

Your very faithful, obliged,

and affectionate friend,

LIONEL BOUVERIE.

Paris, July the 17*th*, 1791.

THE ELOPEMENT.

CHAPTER I.

Like St. Paul, I have fought with beasts—but not at Ephesus.

Deep sorrows must be told, or else the sorrowers die. — The human heart finds solace in complaint, though whispered only to the careless, scattering winds of Heaven.

I was born in the year 1750, and on the same day of the month on which J. J. Rousseau came into the world; a circumstance I should not have mentioned, were it not that I have always thought, as I have indeed frequently told him, there was a very remarkable resem-

blance between us, in the passions which have at once formed our chief happiness, and been our greatest bane.

Let me, as one amongst the many points of similarity existing between us, notice that fevered and fretful impatience with which we have both of us writhed at any act of injustice done either to ourselves, or committed on another—the disdainful defiance, the angry scorn and indignation we have felt, both at the tyranny, and towards the tyrant, as we have panted with eager longings to tear him down and trample him in the dust.

My family is of great antiquity and of large possessions in the county of Kent. My grandfather's political principles were in favour of the exiled house of Stuart, and siding with that party in the year 1715, when the Earl of Derwentwater and Mr. Forster proclaimed the young prince in Scotland, was taken prisoner at the battle of Preston.

He was sent up to London together with

several other rebels, as the conquered were named by the victorious party, and lost his head; his estate also would have been forfeited but for the law which prevails in our county—"The father to the bough, the son to the plough." It is a proud distinction which the Kentishmen possess over the inhabitants of almost every other county in England, and proves that the Normans did not utterly subdue them.

There is also another peculiarity in this law of Gavel-kind, or English borough, which it is important I should mention here. Estates do not—the father dying intestate—descend to the eldest son, nor to any one son, but are equally divided amongst *all* the sons.

The representatives of our family had always hitherto provided against the ill effects of a law so subversive of the aristocracy, by wills, estating their lands upon the eldest sons; and my father, being the eldest, naturally enough imagined that his parent had not been less

remiss than his other ancestors on a point of such vital importance to the family interests; nevertheless, on my grandfather's death, no will being found, the law stepped in and divided the lands between the two brothers, so that my father, finding himself in possession of but half of what he anticipated, and not being able to support his family name in its accustomed splendour, quitted his ancestral residence in disgust, hired a smaller house in Suffolk, and lived there in retirement.

Ernest Bouverie, my father, married when about thirty years of age, a lady who brought him only three children—my brother, called after his parent; a daughter, Amelia; and myself, Lionel, who had but just entered my seventh year when my mother died: but as this circumstance had the most serious influence upon the events of my life, it is indispensable for me to relate a family arrangement which immediately followed, and which indeed sprung out of it.

Besides the brother already mentioned, my father had a sister called Prudence, whose first step in life ill accorded with the virtue indicated by her name; for instead of marrying highly, as from her position in the world she might and ought to have done, she chose, not only against the advice and entreaties of all her family and friends, but contrary to the express commands of my father, to fling herself away upon a young man who had no title to her regard but that of a handsome face and fine figure, and no means of supporting her but those derived from his pay as a captain in the army.

The whole family was inflamed with indignation; and particularly so my father, who made a vow, solemn as rage would permit, never again to see her, nor even suffer her name to be mentioned in his presence. It was in vain she wrote to him; all her letters were immediately sent back with unbroken seals; and it was equally in vain that she interested

some members of the family to intercede in her behalf—my father was deaf to everything that could be said upon the subject.

Nevertheless, time, and those favourable opportunities which time always presents, but above all, the quiet yet forcible intercessions of my mother, who never approved of my father's conduct in this particular, might perhaps have finally worked an alteration in the feelings of a man like him, who, though passionate in temper, was of a gentle *nature* enough, and by no means harsh or unforgiving ; but unfortunately for my aunt, her husband's regiment being ordered abroad shortly after the marriage, she followed and remained with it, till an unlucky shot left her with three children on her hands, and no means of providing for them but the half-pay assigned to her as a widow of a captain in the dragoons, and that portion of her own fortune which had not been dissipated.

On her arrival in England she again sought

to move my father's compassion for her desolate state; but, though years had sufficed to lessen his indignation, they had also had the effect of obliterating her whose conduct had excited it, almost entirely from his memory. He seemed to have equally forgotten her marriage, her husband, his own anger, and herself — all the persons and everything belonging to her; just as if those persons had never existed, nor the facts taken place. He now opened her letters, to be sure, but the only feeling which they apparently inspired was that of vexation at being called upon to untie his purse, as he nevertheless did at the earnest entreaties of my mother, and taking out an hundred pounds sent them to her.

It was not very long after this that my poor mother died, and then my aunt, Mrs. Princep, being perhaps moved by grief at finding herself deprived of so good an advocate, wrote my father a letter of condolence; in which she

not only manifested deep regret at his misfortune, but expressed a wish that it were in her power to lighten the sorrow which he must feel at so great a loss.

This commiseration was so kindly taken, that, in replying to the letter, my father intimated a desire of seeing her again, and asked her to come and stay with him a few days. Such an offer was not to be rejected: she went,—and during the visit, time was so well employed that, an entire reconciliation taking place, she was, on leaving the house, invited to return to it at the first opportunity. She did so, and went several times. At each visit her stay became longer, and at each stay she took such a kind and motherly notice of us, paid so great an attention to our dress, behaviour, learning, and morals—ordered the house so well, and in short made herself so useful in arranging things in such a manner as to save my father trouble, that he, who was a remarkably indolent man,

finished by asking if it would suit her plans to give up her own house altogether, and reside, with her family, in his.

My aunt, without doubt, had her faults like all other human beings, but certainly could not have possessed that of a vindictive temper, for she no sooner perceived the essential service she might render her brother, than, flinging aside every consideration of his former unkindness, she unhesitatingly accepted the proposal, and, promising to stand in the place of a mother to his children, instantly prepared to gratify his wish, and thus it was that she became established amongst us as mistress of the house.

The time arrived at which it was thought necessary for me to learn something, — but where was I to go? Eton was intended as my final destination, but my father did not choose to put me there till I arrived at the age of fourteen or fifteen. A private school, kept by a clergyman in Derbyshire, was recommended as

one in which children made great progress, and as my father entertained a strange sort of opinion that boys went to school in order to learn and not to play, he sent me there.

I hated the school, the master, and his pupils. I hated the school because it was a *private* school and not a *public* school;—I hated the boys because they were none of them, I fancied, of an equal footing with myself, and because they did not use me civilly; and I detested our master, the Reverend Doctor Jeremiah Marshall, for many reasons. In the first place, I detested him because he either made me read, or else whipped me for being idle;—secondly, because he was fat, and tucked up the sleeves of his coat in hot weather, and puffed;—then, because he pronounced butcher, *but-cher*, and called bled, *blooded*. These—even *these* were abominable vices; but, oh! will any man credit the assertion? the reverend gentleman liked meat with gravy in it; that is, in other words,

raw. Was there ever anything so odiously filthy and vulgar!—was it possible to live on terms of the commonest understanding with such a wretch? *Fi donc!*

Such delicacies of sentiment seemed to intimate that, even at that early age, I was something of a fine gentleman,—and to give fair promise of my turning out in future times a very fine gentleman indeed! In truth, I was, I own it, a bit of a fine gentleman even then, as afterwards, and indeed as I still am; but then it was a fine gentleman after a peculiar fashion,—a fashion altogether my own. Mine was, if I may so express it, a finery of the *mind*, not of the *heart*. I do not think that throughout life it ever kept me from doing a kind action to any of the meanest things in God's creation:—nevertheless, it has often stood considerably in my way with the beautiful creatures who dwell on it.

Our school was in a small town situated in a

beautiful and most romantic spot, watered by the river Dove, just after it has wound a passage through that valley to which it has imparted its own name, and which is called *Dovedale.*

Rocks and woods and craggy mountains rose and surrounded us on every side; and it was on their summits that, when old enough to be trusted out alone, I used to climb, and pass every moment I could steal from the detestably dull drudgery of school. At one time clinging by the branches of some old oak or elm, I watched the waters of a cascade as they fell tumbling from rock to rock until they reached the earth; at another, I stood upon the edge of a projecting rock, and, gazing on the vale beneath, my imagination was busy in erecting a palace gorgeous as that which Aladdin's genii produced at their master's bidding; and then I peopled it with beings beautiful as the Houris of whom I had read, and with *one*

being who, more lovely than the rest, would love me as Houris alone *can* love.

I was young in years, no doubt, for such imaginings: but it is not always age which constitutes manhood. Mine, in those respects at least, came early. I have known but few hours in life so altogether enrapturing as those passed in the solitude just described,—if, indeed, that may be called solitude which was spent in an eternal and a delightful babble with my own bosom.

Such vagaries, however, did me infinite mischief. People rarely like others who do not like *them*; and as I never evinced any partiality for either the society of my schoolfellows or for their pastimes, they did me the honour of hating me; whilst, on the other hand, the Reverend Doctor Jeremiah Marshall was hourly plagued out of his wits by my astonishing dulness and idle habits, as also by the small chopped horse-hair which I, every now and then, contrived slyly to

insinuate betwixt his cravat and the great red neck which it covered. In short, in my fifteenth year I left his school with the reputation of being the most idle, stupid, troublesome, unmannerly, unsocial boy who had ever entered it.

CHAPTER II.

At last I became an Etonian! With what wild delightful anticipations my fond heart fluttered as, travelling from my father's house to this new abode of bliss, I considered that I was no longer a student at a little wretched unheard-of village seminary—an associate with a parcel of rascally ragamuffin boys—bullied by the Reverend Doctor Jeremiah Marshall, and shocked to death at his vulgarities;—that I was no longer *this*, but an Etonian!—a member of a public school—a school too of royal foundation—one over which "Henry's holy shade" still hovering, smiled upon his pious work! There was some dignity in this—something to be proud of! Besides, hitherto I had been a boy, *now* I

was a man; the difference of my previous and present state was to the full as great as that which existed between Cæsar's, before and after he had defeated Pompey.

"This man
Is now become a god!"

It would be no easy matter to describe all my sensations. I anticipated doing a vast number of things which I soon found it would be altogether incompatible with the system of the school that I should be allowed to do, but from doing which I nevertheless thought it extremely tyrannous to debar me.

That perfect liberty to which I had looked forward with so much fondness—the power of running over the country, of climbing trees, gathering flowers, and of fishing—was broken in upon at every instant. School in the morning—school at mid-day—school in the evening, occupied almost all of that precious time which I would so much more gladly have employed in guiding my swift bark along the silver-sur-

faced Thames, or in wandering over the flowery fields which laughed around him.

Amongst the many sources of delight which a peculiar turn of mind had made me anticipate, was that of finding a number of persons who, having tastes and pursuits like my own, would be as fondly attached to me as I was disposed to be affectionate to them. It was not that I wished, or even indeed thought that I could bear them *always* in my society, but that I hoped to find congeniality of mind whenever I chose to seek for them. How often have I pleased myself with thinking of the holy awe and reverence with which, when rambling through deep groves on a summer's evening, I should bid my companions observe the dark clouds sailing across the face of Dian!—"Look, oh look — how beautiful it is!"

This was a sad error: both then at Eton and afterwards in the world, I have found that romance ceded to ribaldry—poetry to politics, and that roast-beef, plum-pudding, and Port

wine were regarded as the only things worth really caring about. I was far from being popular with my schoolfellows; and this was unquestionably *my* fault, or rather that of Nature, who seems to have denied me those social qualities which might have secured a return of the affection I would so unsparingly have lavished.

Fond anticipation breeds disappointment,—disappointment disgust. Fallen from the hope of being loved, I grew sullenly pleased at feeling that I was hated, and proudly shunning converse with persons who did not, as I thought, estimate my worth, I left them to follow their amusements whilst I pursued my own in solitude. Yet I was not always suffered to do this.

Once, on a fine summer's evening, I was gliding unperceived, I thought, by any one, to the banks of the river, where my little boat awaited me, when—"Holla, Bouverie! where are you skulking to alone?" was shouted out by one of a party of half a dozen

boys, of whom Lord Meclenbury* was the leader.

Affecting not to hear them, I took no notice of the call, except by quickening my pace: but they seemed determined to know my errand, and running up, soon overtook, and then surrounding me, began in an insulting manner enough to impede my further progress.

I boiled with rage; but this was kept within due bounds by feeling the extreme imprudence there would be in giving way to it in the presence of four or five boys, the least of whom was bigger and stronger than I.

What could I do? Not only did I stand singly opposed to many, without a companion to share my danger, but without even having any one near whose voice might cheer me to the contest, or raise a shout of triumph if I proved victorious. I returned an answer as gentle as anger allowed me to give, and at the same time pressing forward, attempted to make

* Afterwards Lord Derlincourt.—*Note by the Editor.*

good a retreat: but all my endeavours were vain; the more I seemed disposed for peace, the less was their desire that I should enjoy so great a blessing.

At last, one of them, a great loutish clown of a fellow called Curteis, came close up to me, and rudely catching hold of the collar of my coat, as if to exhibit me to the rest, just as one might show off a dancing Bear, or an Ourang-Outang,—"Look," he said, "what a quiet pastoral cast of countenance he has! Why, he is only fit to drive goats to pasture, and sit under the shade of a wide-spreading beech tree, playing on an oaten pipe, like a moping Mopsus.—Come, he continued, repeating the first lines of the Fifth Eclogue—

Cur non, Mopse, boni quoniam convenimus ambo,
Tu calamos inflare leves, ego dicere versus,
Hic corylis mixtas inter consedimus ulmos? *

* Since on the downs our flocks together feed,
And since my voice may match your tuneful reed,
Why sit we not beneath the grateful shade
Which hazels intermix'd with elms have made?
Dryden's Virgil, Pastoral 5.

This witticism was followed by a loud laugh of self-approbation, and a glance demanding applause from the bystanders.—It was too bad,—past all bearing. Prudence gave way to rage: I lost all command of temper; I may be almost said to have *felt* my eyes flash flames of indignation! My naturally pale cheek became red as fire; I shook him from me, retreated a step, clenched my fist, and flinging it a little behind my back, stood looking at him in a posture of defence and haughty defiance.

"Do that again, Curteis!" I said; "do it if you *dare*, at your *peril* do it; and then see if I do not inflate that lubberly clownish cheek of yours, and make your own *pipe tuneful*.—'Faith, I think Mopsus shall make you mope!"

Curteis was no favourite in the school; but his unpopularity was of a different nature from mine. He was disliked for his coarse and brutal manners; but also he was feared for strength, and because he was a good fighter. In short, though neither loved nor respected,

he, like many other persons under similar circumstances, was tolerated in society.

"Bravo! bravo!" was exclaimed by every one — "bravo! the fellow has got some spirit in him too, you see, Curteis. Now then for it! at it again, and let the shepherd know what sort of a wolf he has to do with!"

This was encouraging enough, and the more so, perhaps, because it came unexpectedly; but in the same degree as, adding to my spirit, it raised a wish for the contest, it detracted from his, and made him desirous of avoiding it, as by his answer I soon found to be the case.

"No, no," he said with a forced laugh, "the shepherd has had quite enough for one bout,— we must not plague him too much at once; let him go after his flocks at present, poor fellow! Come, come along, now let us be off, and make up our game of cricket."

With that, turning round, he seized the one next to him by the arm, and attempting to drag him away, was skulking off the field in

triumph, and with an air of the greatest magnanimity and goodness possible.

But this would not suit my purpose: I called after him, "Curteis, you say I have had enough! In truth I have had too much; ay, and too little also. Remember! I *dare* you—I *dare* you—*dare* you to repeat your insolence.—'Faith!" I continued with a laugh of mockery, for, looking round, I saw that the heart of every one was with me, "you have just put me in humour for a tustle. Had you left me alone, I should now have been seated quietly enough in my boat, whose light scull I would handle rather than beat the heavy one on your shoulders. But you have whipped my blood, man, and quickened it. Come again! I dare—*dare* you: do you hear?"

Curteis was no coward, most certainly not; but the finding that all his party were come round to my side discouraged him, I suppose: or perhaps, indeed, he might have felt ashamed of being seen to bully one so much less than

himself. How this may have been I know not, but he contented himself with answering my cartel by a repetition of his former words—"Pooh! you have had enough!" And then again turned to go off the field; but Lord Meclenbury called out to him. "No, no, Curteis," he said, "this is not fair play at all. It was you who first brought us here, and besides gave him the only real insult by laying hands on him; and now, because you find the lad has some spirit, you want to be off. This will not do: you must either accept his defiance and fight it out, or else beg his pardon, shake hands, make it up and be friends. Whichever you like best, choose!"

Hearing this, Curteis turned sulkily towards us, and for a moment seemed to hold debate with himself as to how he should behave. He evidently disliked the unexpected position in which his folly had placed him, yet wanted manliness of character to extricate himself from it by making the apology which Lord Mec-

lenbury dictated, and which indeed justice and every other chivalrous feeling required. How fine a thing it would have been for him to say — "You all know that I am not a coward. If I intended to vex Bouverie, I at least did not mean to *insult* him. I have done wrong: here is my hand, and I ask his pardon."

Had he done this, who would not have applauded the generosity of his conduct? But no,—it was above the step of his mind. His spirit was of an order too inferior to conceive or to attempt to execute so great a task. Curteis was one of those brutally-natured beasts with whom I have—God help me!—so often had to contend in the world, and who, getting themselves, partly through stupidity, partly by malice of disposition, into all kinds of disgrace and peril, are grieved at the error, but, according to their own vulgar phraseology, are *too proud* to acknowledge it.

"I won't own myself wrong to *him*, nor beg

his pardon," was the reply to Lord Meclenbury's address.

"Well, then, only just repeat the offence, and see what he will do. If he take it quietly, so much the better for you both; but if he resent it, why then you must fight it out, and be friends afterwards."

It was doubtlessly on this superiority of size and strength, as also of skill, for he was a noted *bruiser*, that Curteis depended for victory; and though he would evidently rather have avoided the contest altogether, yet I should think he had no sort of apprehension for its result. He approached me again, and taking me by the collar—but this time far more gently than before — shook it, and seemed to think he had thus performed as much as could be required of a very disagreeable task. So indeed he had.

His hand no sooner touched me than he received a blow in that part of the body which, for decency's sake, I call the *stomach:* and this was so forcibly protruded, that had it taken all

the effect I designed, it would at least, I think, have sufficed to terminate the first round.

He retreated a few steps, and pain made him hesitate for a moment,—a moment was all the time that I allowed him—none was to be lost, everything depended on speed; so, springing forward, I closed with him, and getting his head beneath my left arm—or, as it is, I believe, scientifically called, *into Chancery* — so as to prevent him from using his hands to much effect, I hammered away at him to my heart's content, till at length, weary with my own exertions and the weight of the great lout, I was reluctantly forced to liberate him, and thus put an end to the first round.

CHAPTER III.

By this time, a number of other boys, attracted by the scuffle, and of course eager to see a *fight*, had run up, and, collecting round us, arranged themselves according as they wished well to one or the other party. Mighty bawling, commotion, and much calling out for different persons and various things was everywhere heard and seen.

"Here—Fag, Fag! — what, is there no fag to be found? Here! you sir, Graves! what are you at there?—don't you hear me call Fag? Come along, and be d—d to you! don't stand there gaping and grinning like a Cheshire cat! You lazy rascal you! I'll thrash you within an inch of your life. Go you this instant, sir, and

fetch a pitcher of water from the pump. Begone quick—fly—run as if the devil kicked you!—and, harkee! bring some towels back with you—do you hear? Marshall, do just give Curteis a knee, will you?—there's a fine fellow—whilst I crop off a tuft of grass to wipe his face. See how it bleeds!—I wish that cursed fellow Graves would come back with the water and towels!—Hang that fellow Bouverie! I did not think he had half so much pluck in him: he fights like old Nick, now he is in for it!"

All this time, Curteis, ashamed, sulky, and enraged almost to madness, sat covered with blood, silently waiting the arrival of the promised water; whilst I, on the contrary, comparatively fresh, and gladdened by success, was smiling and talking to every one near me.

At the end of the round, Lord Meclenbury offered *to pick me up*, and, bending, presented his knee. I was going to refuse—indeed I *did* at first refuse, and turned aside without even so much as deigning a reply to his kindness, for I

was most bitterly irritated at his having suffered Curteis to come up and insult me at the beginning. But he would not hear or allow of my being angry, and, taking me by the hand, pulled me forcibly on his knee and made me sit.

I never in my life could resist a *second* appeal for reconciliation, and now not only suffered myself to be persuaded, but gratefully accepted the offered kindness.

> "Welcome again, and ten times more beloved
> Than if thou never hadst deserved our hate." *

It was a hero who spoke this which it belongs to no common spirit to understand.

At last the water arrived: Curteis had his face cleared of the clotted blood which disfigured, and indeed almost hid it from view; and I, having first dipped my head in another bucket to refresh me, was again on my legs opposite to him, who seemed inwardly to curse his own imprudence, and wish himself any-

* Edward the Fourth to his brother Clarence.—*Note by the Editor.*

where rather than on the spot on which he stood.

Curteis had never imagined that I, generally so quiet and retiring in behaviour, should have had courage to stand up against him; nor that, had I possessed it, my strength would have enabled me to hold him so long at arm's-length. But he had to do with one to whom not only had a mountain air imparted its own proud spirit of independence and hatred of domination, but also whose early habits of clambering up crags and precipices, roaming over hill and dale, and marsh and moor,—of swimming rivers, and piercing a toilsome way through trackless thickets, had given strength of limb, and an activity which enabled him to defend his rights.

Again I stood before him: a sad figure enough he made with his swollen eyes, and the warm blood again beginning to trickle down his cheek! As we put ourselves in a posture of defence, I observed him eye me with a

dogged and sullen maliciousness of aspect which seemed to say, "I wish I could kill you with a single blow!" Yet, through all this, I could not but notice a sort of wavering and uncertainty of manner which betrayed anxiety for the result of our contest.

For my own part, I wished it over with all my heart. I was always a great lover of peace, and now resolving to obtain it, if possible, addressed him.

"Curteis," I said, "I have convinced you I am no chicken, that I can and *will* defend myself. This was all I wanted. Say only you are sorry, then let us shake hands, make it up and be good friends; for if *you* are satisfied, *I* also am, I can tell you."

How I do pity that poor wretch who, having been guilty of a crime, has too much petty, paltry pride to atone for it! It is this odious vice which produces half the misery one sees in the world, where it is so almost universal, that he who is devoid of it may be almost esteemed a hero.

"No, I won't," was his short sulky answer.

"Then don't," was my rejoinder. "Have at you, then, for I never was in a better mood for a fight.

'Come on, Macduff;
"And damn'd be he who first cries, hold—enough!'

We continued sparring for a little while, and looking at one another like two cocks in a farm-yard, each fearful of beginning the onset, and watching for an opportunity to put in the first blow. At last he aimed one at me which I warded; then he closed, and I, in attempting to extricate myself from his gripe, received a back stroke which sent me reeling to the ground.

But I was not yet quite *done for*. We had two or three rounds more, in which Curteis, encouraged by the success of the last, and by seeing that my strength began to fail, gave me several such hard and well-aimed blows, that I almost feared they had effected what I do verily believe he would willingly have brought

about—my death; and I began very seriously to deliberate with myself whether I had not best follow the advice given me by my friends of yielding to one by whom it really was no disgrace to be conquered. I was on the point of doing so, when a remaining spark of pride or obstinacy prompted me to make one trial more—one last vigorous effort. Collecting all my remaining strength, I rushed on him unexpectedly.

Heaven only knows how the battle would have terminated; or rather, I may say, it must most inevitably have ended in my defeat, had I not, by putting him off his balance, and thus obliging him to fall back some steps in order to recover it, caused him to place his foot on a bit of ground made slippery by the water his partisans had dropped on it when washing his face. This occasioned him to stagger still more; and I, perceiving the advantage thus presented by fortune, allowed him not a moment for regaining an erect posture, but, run-

ning up to him as he was sliding about, hit him again and again, and by repeated blows brought him at last to the ground. Unfortunately there chanced to be a large stone lying just where he fell, and his head striking against it, he remained stunned, bleeding, motionless, and mute.

Amongst his friends reigned a dead, mournful silence, the acknowledgment of defeat; from amidst mine went up the gladdening shout of victory. I scarcely heard, I did not heed it. Heated by the contest, infuriated by the pain of my wounds, irritated by the thought that all this mischief was occasioned by the great stupid oaf who lay before me, and elevated by the sense of my own superiority, I proudly placed my foot upon his breast.

"Learn wisdom from defeat," I said. "Go, foolish beast! be warned by this, and trample not again on one you are too weak to crush!"

I had scarcely time to pronounce this, and slightly spurning him with my foot, prepare

to turn away, when I heard cries of "Off, off! he is down; shame—shame on you,—back!"

Every one, it seemed, feared that, not content with victory, I should allow anger and revenge to transport me beyond the bounds universally prescribed by Englishmen in warfare: that is, they thought I should have struck my fallen enemy. Even my own party apprehended this, for some of them were just beginning to pull me off; and amongst the number I perceived Lord Meclenbury, who finding I had no such design, held out his hand and heartily congratulated me on my victory: after which, thanking him and the rest for their encouragement and assistance during the combat, I took his arm and returned to my boarding-house.

CHAPTER IV.

THERE is in a bold struggle for independence that which always does and ever will excite admiration in the beholders; and if the struggle is attended with success, this admiration, becoming stronger, will be accompanied by a wish to be connected with the victorious party, as both honour and profit are likely to result from the friendship.

This adventure did me infinite good amongst my schoolfellows: I did not receive so many hard knocks for nothing. It was quite surprising to behold the extreme respect in which I was afterwards held. Many who had never before manifested the least inclination to form my acquaintance, and had indeed rather treated

me with an indifference which sometimes piqued my pride, were now forward enough to congratulate me on so signal a conquest, and be reckoned amongst the number of my friends. I got into *fashion*: no party was thought much of unless I was of it—*c'était à qui me fêter.*

But the real and solid advantage I derived from the day's occurrence was in the sincere and lasting friendship which it was the means of procuring me from Lord Meclenbury, who thenceforth did me the honour of seeking my society on all occasions; and not only were we inseparable companions during our stay at Eton, but, his good opinion continuing afterwards, he did me essential service in the world.

As for the ungracious bully over whom fortune, I must confess, more either than strength or address, had obtained me victory, I need only at present say, that, notwithstanding all my endeavours at a sincere reconciliation, he never forgave the loss of fame I had occasioned him, but, always avoiding me if possible, when

we accidentally met, scowled in such a manner as made me see he only wanted a good opportunity to do me a mischief: so that if my courage procured me permanent friendship on the one hand, so did it engender an enduring enmity on the other; and both were put into very active movement in after life, as I shall have to recount by-and-bye.

It has been my evil fortune through life to meet with several others the very counterpart of this animal. I wish with all my heart I could have combated them in the same manner, as I might then perhaps have been equally successful: but at school we fight with fists, and he who makes the most dexterous use of his is sure of victory. In the arena of the world one is forced upon a totally different mode of warfare. *There*, cunning and artifice — qualities which no high mind possesses or knows aught about—are the weapons with which strife is carried on; and he who is best able—not to *subdue*—this is by no means essential, but to

disguise his passions—he who will pander to the vices of others, flatter their follies, and tamely submit to all those indignities which make honour blush, is not only very sure of reaping a fair harvest for his pains, but of also passing amongst his comrades as a man of consummate wisdom: though, in truth, Wisdom—sacred Wisdom! man's only guide to heaven! is a quality widely different from any of those with which persons such as they have the least acquaintance.

This memorable battle (to *me* it was memorable, for I felt its effects throughout life, or an account of it would have found no place here) was fought two or three months after my arrival at Eton, and the fame and popularity it acquired me continued till I quitted school,—that is to say, for about three years and a half afterwards.

During this period, the consideration in which I was held not only fed my vanity, but enabled me to gratify my wish of mixing with several

persons of nearly my own age, with whom I had never before formed any acquaintance; simply, I believe, because it has always been impossible for me to *seek* the intimacy of any one, whatever pleasure or profit it might promise. Indeed, the greater the apparent profit, the less capable have I always been of doing so.

Luckily, therefore, this came of itself: and a great delight it proved; for though naturally fond of retirement at certain times, I was equally pleased with society at others. I was no Apemantus, to love growling over a crust of bread in a corner. When I sought solitude, it was not to be gloomy, but glad, and to indulge in a different *sort* of gaiety than I dared manifest before witnesses: on the other hand, my new society never made me forget my fields or flowers, or become careless of old "Father Thames," over whose glassy surface I still frequently continued to glide in my little lonely bark, on the summer evenings, till the latest moment which the school regulations permitted me to remain out of doors.

When about eighteen years of age, my father, supposing me sufficiently impregnated with Latin and Greek to be fit for the University, or that if not so, *I never should* have enough, took me from Eton, at which place, though in truth I had made no mighty progress in the learned languages, I still acquired much good, as indeed one can scarcely fail of doing at an *English* public school; where the system of education is always admirable if compared with that in France, inasmuch as in the first country boys are not treated like *girls*, but enjoy that freedom of locomotion and of thought which is so essential for the health of the body, and important to the due regulation of the mind and morals.

An English boy at a public school ranges about where he will, and does what he will—is uncontrolled in limb, unfettered in spirit. A French boy is eternally cramped in both. In a French school are two small play-grounds, —one for the great, and the other for the little

boys; and the two classes are never allowed to intermix. On certain days, at certain hours, in a certain order of march, they are conducted to a large play-ground out of town, by a tutor whose eye is perpetually on them. They sleep twenty-five or thirty in a room, guarded by a man always on the look-out lest they get away from a place whence walls and gates, and locks and keys, and bars and bolts, defy escape. The eye of man is never off them — no, not for a minute.

Never to be alone! This for a reflective mind. Almighty God! never to gaze in holy solitude upon thy glad Creation—nor wonder at its wonders — nor listen to the gale which, voicing forth thy greatness, bids man worship: —nor to the storm, which tells thy might and makes him tremble! Never to dive in caves, and view their crystalled treasures—nor roam over hills with Fauns—nor sit in grottos whilst Dryads dance—nor strike sweet fellowship with woodland Gods, Pan and the old Silvanus,

and the sister nymphs,* thy ministers eternal! Never upon a summer's evening to steal forth alone, and looking on the blue Empyrean, whisper with hallowed awe, "Lo! Dian seeks her favourite boy!" No, never to see this *alone*, nor be allowed to fancy that to *be* which poets feigned! Never to stand beside pure streams and meditate upon the lands they water —nor on the flowers which bloom around, nor on the sunbeams sparkling on their wave—nor on the blue sky which canopies both them, and the birds, and the beasts, and the insects, and all the exhaustless tribes of Thy Creation dancing to the music of their own hymned gratitude! Never to do this, then falling, worship and adore, and pour forth orisons!— *never*, but when the eye of some dull pedagogue is near, to mark, and mock, and chill the spirit's piety!

* Felix et ille Deos qui novit agrestes,
Panaque Sylvanumque senem, Nymphasque sorores.
Georg. II.

CHAPTER V.

I ENTERED at Trinity College, Cambridge, and had rooms in the Inner, or, as it is called, Neville's Court. How magnificently I was lodged! What a splendid suite of apartments! A parlour, a bed-room, a third smaller room for books and nick-nacks, besides a little closet to put by odd things; and all this furnished superbly! This was a change, indeed, from the nasty small room I had occupied with two others at Eton. I had now in good earnest become a man!

When walking over the town on the morning after my arrival, I came unexpectedly on my old friend Lord Meclenbury, who had left Eton about a year before, and entered at the same college as myself.

We were mutually pleased at the meeting; he shook me very cordially by the hand, and, after a little talk on old affairs, asked me what acquaintances I had made at the University. I told him I had been at it too short a time to form any; upon which he offered to introduce me to his friends. He did so, and I immediately became of his set.

This was very delightful indeed; and not only delightful, but extremely fortunate and advantageous to me, as at once, and without it leaving me the chance of making a bad choice, it placed me in the very best society. There is nothing of greater importance to a young man, than that he should have proper acquaintances at his first setting out in life.

There was but one mischief attending this. We were all of us naturally fond of pleasure. Now, pleasure and reading are not generally considered as one and the same thing by young men, but are rather, I think, on the contrary, esteemed incompatible. In short, we were all

idle; and I, who was incorrigibly so, taking advantage of my friend's tastes, did not content myself with paying the least possible attention to the public lecturer, and the admonitions of my private tutor, but racked my wits to find out arguments against book-learning, and to prove that we should not, and *ought* not, to plague and torment ourselves with reading.

I remember that, having one day cited all the classical authors whose names I had ever heard, I turned round triumphantly to my conwassailers, and demanded of what use any of their works or imaginings were to *us*. "The only truly beautiful idea I can recollect in any of them," I continued, "is at the opening of the second Georgic.

"Nunc te, Bacche! canam, ...
Huc, pater ô Lenæe! tuis hìc omnia plena
Muneribus, tibi pampineo gravidus autumno
Floret ager; spumat plenis vindemia labris.
Huc, pater ô Lenæe, veni!*

---

* Great Father Bacchus! to my song repair,
For clustering grapes are thy peculiar care;

The quotation was voted apt and admirable; my arguments wise, replete with an astonishingly powerful eloquence, and altogether unanswerable, so full glasses of wine were drunk

> For Thee large bunches lade the bending vine,
> And the last blessings of the year are thine;
> To Thee his joys the jolly Autumn owes,
> When the fermenting juice the vat o'erflows.
>
> *Dryden's Virgil.*

Of this, the perhaps most beautiful and impassioned invocation ever pronounced by mortal lips, such is the translation by one of our most admired poets; but how much less excellent it is than the original!

Leaving aside any consideration respecting the inferiority of our language for the purposes of poetry, let us look merely at the *ideas* imparted by the two authors.

Firstly—"Huc, pater ô Lenæe, veni!" may be, perhaps, as well translated as it can be by "Great Father Bacchus." Yet there is, somehow or other, a more pleasing idea conveyed to the mind by the former words than by the last.

> "Large bunches lade the bending vine,"

will, no doubt, answer to the "Floret ager gravidus pampineo autumno." Though the author's idea is not given; for he says, *not* that bunches *lade* the bending vine, but that the *burdened* earth is beautified by the autumnal vines. —Yet let this pass.

with enthusiastic admiration to the health of the surprising good sense they contained.

In this fashion I occupied five or six months to my heart's satisfaction. Winter passed,

But what can one say to

"To thee his joys the *jolly* Autumn owes?"

In the first place, there is nothing whatever of this sort in the original; the idea belongs wholly to the translator. But, worse than this, the idea itself—for *jollity* and coarseness walk hand-in-hand—is *vulgar* and *offensive*.

Joy, pleasure, gladness, delight, may, it is true, be very properly expressed in poetry, they being perfectly consistent with the greatest elegance of mind. The God of poetry himself, the patron of refinement, of arts and elegance, when finding himself bereft of quiver, *laughed* at the son of Maia who had stolen it.

"Te canam (that is Mercury),

. . . . . .

Te, boves olim nisi reddidisses,
Per dolum amotas, puerum minaci
Voce dum terret, viduus pharetrâ
Risit Apollo.

But if the exhibition of joy—

"That gladness of the heart which falls like dew,
And from the many things we hear and see
Extracts emotions beautiful and new,"

is, for the reason just given, allowable in poetry, so must

spring arrived, flowers began to give promise of sweet blossoms and trees of fruit; at last came summer, and with it the long vacation, a part of which I had been invited, by Lord Meclenbury, to spend with him at his father's seat near Pickering Forest in Yorkshire.

I found no difficulty in obtaining my father's leave to accept this invitation, and was delighted to do so for many reasons, the least of

that of *jollity* be most carefully avoided: for, supposing noise and riot, tumultuous uproar and loud laughter, it is the unquestionable token of vulgarity and bad taste, and being altogether inconsistent with refinement of intellect, excites loathing in all well-regulated minds.

Lastly—"Spumat plenis vindemia labris," is rendered into English by

"When the *fermenting juice* the *vat* o'erflows."

On coming to *this* passage; the fields of Arcady, with Pan, the God of Arcady, and the Faun-peopled Mount Cythæron—the Nymphs, the Satyrs and Silenus—the sounding cymbals and deep Thyasian chorus of praise-rendering maidens—the ivied Thyrsus, Tiger-harnessed chariot, and the Lynx-mantled God himself who sate therein, straight fade from thought, and we are transported to the interior of Messrs. Meux and Co.'s brew-house to drink a pot of beer, or a beaker of XXX ale!—*Note by the Editor.*

which was not that of escaping from a home, where I had long begun to feel myself—not at home.

My aunt had now been residing with us for above ten years. She was an excellent woman! How often have I heard my father say this!—kind, sensible, religious, a great goer to church, and of the very sweetest disposition imaginable. She was also extremely fond of us—my brother, my sister, and myself, and had our real welfare, more than any other object in the world, at heart, even indeed more than that of her own children—more even than that of Solomon her eldest-born, as she has frequently told both us and my father.

Yet, notwithstanding all this affection, she frequently used—but with no other design than that of making me better!—to bore and torment me out of my very life, by giving her opinions of my past, advice for my future, and blame for my present behaviour. Now, being a woman of the very strictest piety, prin-

ciple, and propriety, and of a peculiar decency of demeanour to boot, she was naturally more alive to any deviation from virtue than another would have been: whence it followed that she often had to find fault with my morals, which were not, she assured me, sufficiently sober and correct for a young man destined to holy orders. Besides which, she said, I had no religion, and lived like a heathen, never going to church, and reading Fielding's novels, the Arabian Nights' Entertainments, or any other trash I could pick up, in preference to the Gospel or some pious book. Now, I being naturally of rather a quick temper, never liked being bored and tormented out of my life, and used sometimes to have words with her on these subjects, which, she said, was very ungrateful, as indeed it was: but then, I was young, and "knew no better!"

Besides this, she was so very wise, circumspect, and considerate of consequences — so *look-forwardy*, if I may use the expression, and

young people are not fond of this — so exceeding apt to perceive that some *possible* future evil might arise from the grant of some positive present good which I solicited. If, for example, I ever wished my father, who was indulgent and *coaxable* enough, but not gifted with my dear aunt's foresight, to make me a gift or to do something for me, she would generally in his presence address me in something like the following strain:

"Now, Lionel, Lionel—I tell you what, Lionel, my dear! listen to me, just hear what I have to say:—I am *sure* you will agree with me—only hear my reasons. I would not *advise* you to ask your father to do that for you; and I will tell you *why* I would not *advise* you to ask your father to do that for you.— I would not *advise* you to ask your father to do that for you, *because* I would not *advise* your father *to do* that for you, and *because* I think that if your father *should* do that for you, he will *repent* it; and *I know* that I am right,

and *I know* that you are wrong, and so you will tell me by-and-bye, though you do not think so now!"

I have before boasted that *my* eloquence made men renounce philosophy and drink wine; leave Cicero, and follow foxes. Advice they were all predisposed to adopt. Far greater praise is due to my dear aunt: *her* eloquence generally induced my father to *abstain* from that he was previously inclined to do. Like a silly inconsiderate boy, I used to be vexed with her for all this, because I could never find out nor imagine to what good it tended. One never does, alas! till it is too late; and then it is of no use.—Poor humanity!

All this sort of conduct naturally made me exceedingly desirous of spending as little time as possible in a place where I was kept in perpetual turmoil and hot water, and of going where I might sometimes do rather more as I liked. It was for this reason, amongst others,

that, stepping with a light heart into Lord Meclenbury's carriage one fine morning in June, I, with an altogether indescribable joy, found myself racing as fast as four posters could carry me on the northern road.

CHAPTER VI.

This visit into Yorkshire was the first I ever made, except, indeed, when accompanying my father, I once or twice spent a few days with his friends in the neighbourhood. But I counted such for nothing: I was then but a *hobbledehoy*, who, as every one knows, being neither a man nor a boy, is never thought worth attention.

I used to observe people pay far greater reverence to my cousin. It was a long while before I could assign any reason for this,—at which, though I did not absolutely feel *envious*, I was rather vexed. No, I could by no means account for it, till at last I reflected that it might be occasioned by his always, if possible, placing him-

self on one side of my father—my aunt being seated on the other—so as to be at hand to provide for, or, more properly speaking, prevent his wants, which they both did so effectually that the good old man had scarcely ever even the trouble of asking for anything.

This piety—for so I may call it—the effect of a reflective and considerate turn of mind, found its reward; for every one thus looked upon him as a great favourite in the establishment, and therefore *fêted* him exceedingly, whilst I—poor *I!*—was forced to peep about for some inglorious seat, and clap myself down as I could, where I could, and amongst whom I could,—but seldom with any one who paid me much adoration.

This was all very right, and just as it should have been,—and so I said, when I at last guessed the *reason*. My cousin fully deserved this favour!—but yet the leaven of humanity rose in my young heart and made it swell. I was very good friends with my cousin—admit-

ted all his excellent qualities; but, still—still—still I did pant to have some portion of that consideration which I was vain enough to think I merited, and which I fully expected to receive at this my *first visit*, when I should be no more treated as a *hobbledehoy*, but as a full-grown man.

In what a flood of rapture did I look around! —what sweet sensations, what enchantment filled my heart! Each object was an object of delight.—The fields, the flowers, the floods, the woods, the hills and vales — the parks and their mansions, smiling with a seeming consciousness of beauty — the abbeys and convents, whose ivy-circled ruins now only served to raise in a passing stranger's breast that piety which had once inspired their inmates — the antique eyries of those Norman chiefs, whose will was law, whose pride was fixed in power, and at whose awful nod the trembling Saxon shrank aghast and bowed, now mouldering into dust, and tenanted by the lone screech-owl and

the light-shunning bat. I gazed and gazed and gazed—gazed eagerly on all as we passed rapidly along. I saw, and "behold it was very good!"

But such were not the only thoughts which occupied me. I had room for many more! and indulged in anticipation of the reception I should meet from Lord Derlincourt, and in guessing whom I should see at his house. What splendid pictures did not fancy place before me! — magnificence, hospitality, and glad welcome. Cavaliers, chivalrous in feeling, courteous in demeanour, awaited my arrival. Fair dames and gentle demoisels were to welcome, with a joyful smile, a votary who came in all humbleness of heart to do homage at the shrine of loveliness.—I was as a young spirit of delight exulting at the fame of some new Paradise just bruited in heaven, and leaping on with headlong heedlessness through space, to revel in the beauty of its aspect. "*Ah! ma

* They who have read the Confessions of the Genevan Philosopher may remember "*La fontaine à l'Héron*—a glass toy, in value about, perhaps, fifteen sols, with which

pauvre fontaine à l'Héron," as I have so often heard my old friend Jean-Jacques exclaim, "*combien souvent tu a été cassée!*"

We arrived rather late; so that after having been presented to Lord and Lady Derlincourt, I had but just time to change my dress, when hearing the dinner-bell, I hurried into the drawing-room, and found every one already assembled.

The party was a large one, consisting of several persons residing in the immediate neighbourhood, and of two ladies who had been staying in the house for some days previously to our arrival, and of whom I shall now make particular mention; because their appearance produced, though in different ways, a very particular effect upon my mind.

The eldest of them, had arrived at that respectable period of her existence in which

he and his friend Barclé were to have made their fortunes in a very short time, but which got broken by an unlucky blow before they had advanced many leagues of their journey over the Alps.—*Note by the Editor.*

women often fancy they begin to grow old, and so getting tired of exertion, and giving up all ideas of further conquest, wish to lie down quietly and repose upon the laurels acquired in youth; but no such inglorious rest seemed to be the object of this lady, who, evidently as yet unwearied of the very delightful task of conquest-making, resembled those heroes famed in story, who, never esteeming they had done anything whilst anything remained undone, have passed through life in conquering province after province, and adding them to their ancient territories: till at last dying sword in hand, they have had inscribed upon their tombs

"Pro gloria mortuus sum!"

It was really quite pretty to behold the very ingenious methods she practised in order to bring about these designs;—how she lay in ambush for a compliment, or put out a hook and line to catch it;—how she partly hid her face, and partly brought her bosom into notice; how she sometimes looked down and seemed

to blush; and how she often gazed up and smiled and simpered; and how, if any apparent effect was produced by such things, she again smiled and again simpered. I thought I had never seen any one smile and simper so much before.

I said that all this was pretty; and so, without the least doubt, it must have been to those who like viewing the ridiculous side of human nature, for the purpose of laughing at it; but I, being of a very grave and sedate temperament of mind, could never endure beholding in others those absurdities of which, or the equals of which, I might perhaps, unconsciously, myself be guilty.

"Simia quam similis, turpissima bestia nobis!"

In manner and malice an ape so resembles us, that I could never bear to look on one.

The other, in age, costume, mind, and manner, appeared to be the very reverse of the one just described.

She seemed, I thought, to be about sixteen

years old. Her costume, compared with that of the person before mentioned, or indeed with those of the rest at table, was simple, but put on with such evident care and attention to propriety and good taste, as to impart an appearance of peculiar elegance to her figure,—if, indeed, I ought not rather to say, that her figure gave an *éclat* to a costume which, on the generality of others, would have passed as almost homely.

Her manner, and this I looked on as an emblem of her mind, was modestly retiring; for though evidently admired and *made much of* by all present, she by no means presumed on the distinction, or seemed to attach to it any extraordinary or undue value; and rarely indeed spoke except when first addressed: but then, her voice fell in such sweet tones and cadences, and her countenance sometimes brightened with such a sudden and sunny smile, that I envied the happiness of those on whom it beamed, and considered her as not only by far the fairest

creature I had ever yet seen, but also as the only one who ever possibly could equal my idea of perfect loveliness.

Placed nearly opposite to me at table, I stole glances at her from time to time; when I could not help contrasting the tranquillity in which she *received* homage, with the eagerness manifested by the other to *exact* it; nor avoid comparing her to the modest violet which, hiding itself in the obscurity afforded by surrounding plants, is sought with eagerness and procured with difficulty; but, when obtained, delights the senses: whilst, on the contrary, I thought the other resembled a great gaudy hollyhock which, perching its presumptuous head above the summit of its neighbours, is seen by all, admired by none, and has no sweetness in it.

CHAPTER VII.

Dinner being ended, we drove round the park; but it was not my fortune to be placed in the same carriage which held the beautiful creature who had attracted so much of my attention; and when, on returning home, we went into the drawing-room, I felt that the very circumstance which ought to have banished shyness only tended to increase my natural malady, and render it altogether impossible for me to appear as one of the crowd who offered incense to her beauty.

She was asked to play upon the harpsichord; she did so, and accompanied the instrument with her voice. How I longed to tell her she played beautifully — that hers was a master's touch, and that her voice was the sweetest I

had ever heard! And wherefore *did* I not? The field was as free to me as to others; *they* told her so. Why could not *I*? Why could I not then as easily *speak* such praise to her, as *write* it now? I know not why, yet had my very existence depended on saying as much, I could not: but, instead of this, I walked moping about the room to catch hold of any one good-natured enough to be so caught, and sacrifice a few moments' conversation to a *full-grown man*, now not far from completing his twentieth year!

At other times, sitting down, I stole as many glances as I could without their being, as I hoped, perceived either by herself or any one else; for I must not forget to say, that it would have killed me outright—ay, at once,—like a shot—to have had it said, "*He is smitten.*" Oh! how I did dread having it thought I was or *could* be *smitten!* How mortally should I have hated the man who suspected me of *that!*

In this stealthy manner was I looking from time to time, when, happening to raise her eyes, they accidentally met mine, at that moment riveted on her countenance; which she instantly averted, as I imagined with some degree of confusion, and began to listen with great attention to some one who just then addressed her.

Having done nothing with a design of giving offence, I did not think she ought to take any. But yet certainly she *was* offended; else why did she turn away her head so suddenly? I suppose she was displeased at my staring at her. How ashamed I felt!

This sensation, however, and the consequent blush with which my cheek became covered, did not prevent me from again repeating the crime, which soon received the same species of punishment, but this time inflicted with a tenfold rigour; for, again looking up, she saw my eyes fixed on her with that intent look which speaks the deepest meditation of the mind; and

actions, and, as it were, her ver
watched in that uncourteous mann

I felt anger and vexation at my
drawing this disgrace upon mysel
sides this, great resentment toward
had thought well of her before, I r
my opinion entirely, and thought ve
indeed. I had violently offended h
evident; and why, forsooth! — v
done? just looked at her! — wha
other people look at her—ay, and
also, which is more than *I* have do
not affronted with *them.* I suppose
I have fallen desperately in love wit
once, and is pleased to be displeased
sumption! How vain she must be!

upon the stars in a very disconsolate manner indeed. I looked up at the stars, and the stars looked down on me, but without either of us being one jot the better or more wise for the examination: my eyes were fixed on them, but my thoughts were occupied with objects very different from their beams, which, to use one of Locke's expressions — and I like if possible to show my learning—"entered my senses, but reached not to mine understanding," wholly, as it was, engrossed by a consideration of the reprimand I had just received from that little pert minx, who having, I supposed, just come from school, imagined every one she saw to be in love with her!

Whilst these matters were passing through my head, carriages had been gradually taking off the dinner company; — one party only remained, and their coachman drawing up at last, reduced our circle to the members of the family, and the ladies of whom I have been speaking.

There being now so few persons in the room,

absence from amidst them would be perceived; and it would seem so odd for me to stay moping by myself. I had no excuse — what would I not have given to possess one! — for not joining the rest. I called on Valour to assist me. Valour took possession of my heart; I owned the presence of the Deity, and trembled! I was in the very act of rising from my seat for the purpose of obeying his sacred inspirations, when the elder of the two ladies lighted one of the candles just then placed on the table by a servant, and called out in a gay but somewhat squeaking voice to the other,

"Come along, Beatrice! my dear—take up your candle, and wish your cousins good night. It is time for all young people to go to bed."

Saying this, she herself took leave of our host and his family, and, proceeding towards the door, was followed by the other.

"So, then, this young lady—Beatrice—by the bye, what a very pretty name it is! —is, it seems, related to Lord Derlincourt's family;—

but who can the other be, I wonder? An aunt, or an elderly unmarried sister, or a sister-in-law, or a mother's brother's sister-in-law, or an uncle's brother's daughter's cousin, perhaps, or some other cousin in the fiftieth degree of consanguinity on the female side."

One would naturally imagine that, being filled now with a courage fitting me to perform the high emprise I had so long meditated, I was extremely vexed at being balked of my object. No such thing! I never felt so light and happy in all my life; it seemed as if a burden of several pounds weight had been suddenly lifted off my heart!

However, I rose to open the door, for I was delighted to get rid of them on such easy terms, and was going hastily forward with that design, when, perceiving the youngest let her handkerchief fall and pass on without noticing her loss, I considered it as a most fortunate event, and stopped mid-way to pick it up and present it to her. Thus much of boldness did I possess!

CHAPTER VIII.

"PRAY," said I to Lord Meclenbury when the door was closed, "who is that who just quitted the room?"

"Which of them do you mean?" he inquired, laughing—"the old cat, who seems still always at her ancient trade, seeking whom she may devour? She is an old friend of my father's—that is to say, her late husband was. What do you think of her? She 's a comely lass, is she not?"

I smiled as little as possible, and continued my queries, less with a design of learning anything about *her*, than in the hope of obtaining, by a by-blow, some information respecting her companion, concerning whom I did not dare ask any direct question.

"Her *late* husband! She is, then, a widow!"

"Yes: Mr. Denison, her former husband, dying, left her a widow; and a widow she remained some little time,—a simple widow; but then she became a widow bewitched, and," he continued, shaking his head in a mournfully jocose manner, whilst heaving a deep sigh—"I grieve to say it!—you have no chance;—she married a second time. It 's much pity, for she would have made you a nice partner for life. But push inquiries no further—she never can be yours."

I asked whom she had blessed with the gift of her fair hand, and by what name she was now known.

"By that," he replied, "of Lady Baby Gigglingtone; and i' faith——"

I fancied I had not correctly heard him—

"Lady what?" I hastily demanded. "Lady who did you say?"

"*La-dy Ba-by Gig-gling-tone*, he replied,

lengthening out the syllables, and laughing at my amazement. "I hope you think the name as pretty as the person bearing it is fascinating."

"I never heard such names in all my life; surely you jest, Meclenbury!"

"For shame, Meclenbury!" said his father, who, it seems, having, unknown to us, overheard the conversation, stepped up at that moment—"how can you talk in this disrespectful manner of the relict of my oldest and best friends! A relation too! It really is very wrong. Besides, you will be making Mr. Bouverie call her so to her face. * * * * No, Mr. Bouverie," he continued, turning round to me, "you must not mind what he says; her ladyship's christian name is *Barbara*. Her present *family* name is, I think, quite absurd enough in all conscience; one need not increase its ridicule by contracting Barbara into Baby; though," he still continued, smiling, "I must own, I am far from surprised that some of her

friends do so. Also, I beg you will notice, that though Lady Barbara by a second marriage acquired the *legal* name of Gigglingtone, she has thought proper to retain her ancient one of Denison, for the ordinary purposes of society. Remember this in addressing her, Mr. Bouverie, or you may chance to offend her ladyship; which would be a great pity indeed! —But come, it grows late, and is time for all young people, as Lady Barbara herself has just said, as well, indeed, as for us old folk, to go to bed; so good night to you both."

Saying this, he shook hands with and left us.

We followed him, each with a design of retiring to his own separate room; but I having forgotten the way to mine, Lord Mecklenbury undertook to conduct me to it.

Anxious as I was to learn something about the person I had heard called Beatrice; I yet could not summon courage to demand the information, and so contented myself with putting questions respecting the other, in the

my wish, in a long conversati
shall only relate as much as
cessary towards obviating am
story.

I discovered that the late
Lady Barbara's first husband, h
of very large estate in the co
which he had represented in
many years.

"His greatest fault," said
bury, "seems to have been
joined to an indolent dispositio
business, in consequence of whi
became involved, and, as ha
since his death, he mortgaged t
siderable amount; but, though
great splendour and magnifi-

that no one in it, till after his death, suspected him of not possessing ample means to support his establishment; and as he had but one child, the daughter I had seen at dinner——"

I interrupted him by exclaiming "Who! Why, you do not mean to say that the young lady she called Beatrice, the one who followed her out of the room, is Miss Denison—her daughter! I guessed them to be connected, but never for a moment imagined them to be so nearly so. They have not the slightest resemblance to each other!"

Lord Meclenbury assuring me she *was* her daughter, went on to say, that in her father's life-time she had been considered as one of the largest heiresses in the kingdom; and that an extreme astonishment prevailed when it was found that he had left an immense sum of money to a brother, to whom no one ever imagined he would have bequeathed more than the contempt he had ever before manifested for his character; and that this legacy, toge-

ther with a large jointure to his widow, and the debts with which the estate was charged, had reduced her expectations to a very low ebb indeed.

"This was doubtless a sad disappointment," continued his lordship; "but, however, as she is one of the most lovely and beautiful creatures I ever saw, the loss to her will not be so great as to most other women, who either must possess money, or want a husband. I have not the least doubt but that she will make a good match —ay, and a high one too, and thus have little to regret the loss of fortune,—

'That pelf,
Which buys her sex a tyrant o'er itself.'

I have always heard my father say, that the less money a woman possesses the better, for it seldom or ever procures her happiness."

There was something in this account which pleased me, and laughing, I replied, "I should, however, think that Miss Denison does not altogether agree with my lord your father

in this opinion, and would be glad to possess the *certain* advantages resulting from fortune, on condition of risking the mischief it *might* produce. But what was that you said about a large legacy to her uncle?"

"Strange things," he replied, "are reported upon the subject. It is generally understood, that he and his lawyer besetting Mr. Denison on his deathbed, forced him, when weakened by a long illness, to make a will,—and such a one, too, as he never intended to make, and never would have made in health. However, there being no *proof* of this, the less said about it the better. I beg you will never repeat it. Indeed, I myself almost regret having mentioned the report."

He next told me, that Miss Denison had been almost entirely educated by his mother and with his sisters; for that Mr. Denison used frequently to leave his daughter with them for weeks, and even many months together, so that she was looked on as one of the family,

and by himself almost as a sister. Mr. Denison too, he told me, was considered as a man of sound understanding on general occasions, but had not shown it on all; for, in the first place, he left his daughter entirely dependent on her mother during the lifetime of the latter, "who, as you may see," he said, "is no fit person to guide a young girl like Beatrice; this is sufficiently proved by her foolish conduct since Mr. Denison's death, if, indeed, any further proof of incapacity were wanting than that of her foolish conduct during his life.—A pretty return she made to his confidence and affection! — her almost first step was to marry again."

"Yes, indeed," I replied, "that certainly was not right:—he is not here now!—he sometimes comes?" I added, in a manner between asserting a fact and demanding a question.

"No, certainly not!"

"But, pray then, who is he?" I inquired, being desirous of obtaining as much information as I could about the family.

"Hang me if I well know who he is; I do, however, know from hearsay,—for I was a child then,—that he used to be a good deal in Denison's house formerly, and that Lady Barbara married him very shortly after her late husband's death. And now you know as much about him nearly as I myself do. I never saw him but once in my life, and then thought her ladyship had spoiled a very good and useful member of society, by taking out of his situation a man who might have done great good in that in which it had pleased Providence to place him; but who is now grown so vain and fantastical at being wedded to an earl's daughter, that, forgetting the obscurity of his former life, he gives himself out as being descended from the magnates of the land. I can't tell who might have been his ancestors, but I can tell you that his present connexions are as low and vulgar as himself.—But," he continued, taking out his watch and rising, "I am tired of this long talk about Lady Baby Gigglingtone,—I

ask her ladyship's pardon and my father's!— Lady Barbara Denison. I have had a long journey to-day, and want to go to sleep, as I suppose you do also. So, good night! Bouverie, —we shall breakfast at nine, and will take a ride afterwards, when I will show you some fine country."

CHAPTER IX.

My day's adventure, together with the conversation springing out of it, made a mighty commotion within my bosom; and thoughts on them kept me awake for some time.

It, however, was not love which denied me rest. I was by no means the sort of man to feel that passion towards one in whom I had failed to inspire it; and so far was I from imagining I had done so in the present instance, that, on the contrary, I fancied Miss Denison was highly displeased at my presumption in daring to think of her: and should therefore most likely have turned round on my pillow and gone quietly to sleep, had I not been apprehensive that the admiration I at first felt

for her beauty having been noticed, had rendered me an object of ridicule.

Young persons are apt to imagine that the eyes of every one present are riveted on them for the purpose of remarking their conduct. This folly is usually supposed to have its origin in conceit; for my own part, I am more apt to think it generally proceeds from modesty; but whichever it may be, *I* in those days possessed it in an extraordinary and most painful degree, and could sometimes feel my cheek as hot as fire when it occurred to me that I perhaps might serve as a butt for the ridicule of those who, having noticed my admiration, would laugh at—the unfortunate lover!

"Heaven be praised, however," I said, whenever such ideas crossed me, "Miss Denison has no fortune;—that is one good thing at all events! It never can be said I made up to her from motives of interest."

My first morning's thought was on the beautiful Beatrice. I jumped out of bed and dressed

hastily, but had awaked so late that two admonitions respecting breakfast reached me before I was prepared to go down stairs.

I was about to seat myself in a vacant place, the furthest from Miss Denison that I could perceive.

"Ah! Mr. Bouverie," said Lord Derlincourt, observing me enter, "here then you are at last!—But where are you going to put yourself so far out of the way? I have done breakfast, so come and take my place by Miss Denison, who would no doubt rather have a gay young gallant like yourself to amuse her, than a grey old weather-beaten soldier such as I am."

"I thank you, my lord," I said aloud.—"There!" I muttered to myself, as, crossing over, I prepared to accept the offered courtesy, —"exactly as I thought!—I could have sworn as much—he thinks I am in love, and has a mind to laugh at me about it. He'll tell everybody!—what *shall* I do?"

I took the place; but, instead of fulfilling the

terms on which it had been ceded, and doing my best to entertain my neighbour, I did not utter a word — not a single word to her,— except, indeed, "Good morning!" and *that* I could not well help doing without positive rudeness,—but addressed all my conversation to Lord Meclenbury, his father and mother, and sisters, or to anybody else in the room rather than to that poor, unfortunate, neglected girl, with whom I so much dreaded the having it suspected I was in love!

Nevertheless, I felt the extreme awkwardness of my position. There had I been placed by a young and beautiful creature, for the express purpose of entertaining her, and yet had not made the slightest effort to accomplish so laudable an object. Such behaviour was, I felt, a downright breach of covenant; but I could not have helped it had my life been at stake!

Oh! what a countless multitude of most strange imaginings — of hopes, fears — loves, antipathies — vanities, vexations — piety, irre-

ligion—fine feelings, erroneous judgments—noble aspirations, misconception of qualities—generous impulses, misapprehensions of the true essence of virtue;—in short, what a power of all sorts of notions, good and bad, wise and absurd, sublime and petty, tortured my poor head and heart at nineteen years of age!—what a wilderness of wild uncultivated thoughts that head of mine then was! Good Lord!—my ideas were a confused mass—a chaos—jumbled, justled, jostled, jolted, jammed, confounded! I could make nothing of them whatever. What a wise head and delicate hand it required to take them out of my head and re-arrange them!—but no hand and head sufficiently wise and delicate presenting themselves to render me this service, I was obliged to wait till much time and many troubles taught me to reason a little like a reasonable being.—But now to the tale.

My situation was a painful one. I blushed for myself, and was angry with myself, and

turned in my chair twenty times to no purpose; thought of twenty different things to say, and then thought it would be absurd to say any one of them. At last, I hit on something which appeared sufficiently pretty to be spoken: so I summoned up all my courage and actually *did* speak it,—but I spoke tremblingly.

From her answer I perceived that whatever displeasure she might have felt towards me yesterday, it had passed away during the night. This impressed me with a good opinion of her gentleness and forgiving disposition. I took fresh courage, and again addressed her. Again her replies were such as to increase my confidence. I began to feel myself much more at ease, and the conversation became somewhat animated.

After this fashion passed the first week of my residence at Pickering Hall; by degrees, I getting less timid in, and therefore more pleased with, the society of Miss Denison, who, I even sometimes fancied, appeared more

pleased with mine. This, however, was but conjecture, and so I still, wisely, stood upon my guard; taking the greatest possible care never to say or do aught which could be interpreted by either her or a bystander into anything beyond bare courtesy. I can hardly tell how I once so far forgot myself as to behave in the following audacious manner:—

I had taken it into my head that Lady Barbara intended going away shortly, and this was a subject of great uneasiness to me. One morning, at breakfast, I darkly hinted at the grief I felt on that subject; when Miss Denison immediately replied, that she believed her mother would remain at least ten days longer.

"Ten days longer!" I replied, transported beyond myself and all the bounds of prudence and decorum at the bright prospect this intelligence presented to my imagination —"ten days more! Oh! how happy—how truly—truly happy I shall be!"

Certainly I had not been guilty of any great

impropriety in uttering the above exclamation—I *knew* I had not: there was nothing in it—nothing whatever which could, by any possible stratagem or device, be turned or twisted into an affront;—nothing which could offend the delicacy of the most delicate female in the world;—no hint, no allusion, no sly innuendo, no presumptuous claim on her affection,—no, not even a hope expressed that she might feel as much delight in my society as I anticipated having in hers.

No, there was nothing of this sort; so it was not the *expression* itself, but the *manner* of making it, which was wrong,—the *vehemence* with which I spoke, and which was so great that it startled even myself. But if I were ashamed of this offence at the moment of committing it, how completely must I have been abashed on perceiving the confusion which such extraordinary boldness created in her!

Instead of returning any answer, she remained silent,—perfectly silent,—silent as though I

had not spoken, or she had not heard the words; she did not even look towards me, but taking up some needlework lying near her on the table, began to prepare it. How intently did she fix her eyes on the embroidery, to be sure!

"What have I done!" I said to myself: "Good God! what *have* I done! How could I have said that!—how could I have dared—how could I have been so foolish—so stupid! Now then I have put her on her guard. Never will she give me another opportunity of speaking to her. I have ruined all by precipitancy!—Well! I shall never be able to look her in the face again."

I sate as mute as a mouse;—so did she. I twisted my fingers together till they became of the same colour as my cheek, which felt as hot as a furnace. *Her* fingers were full as active as mine: how fast they went!—the needle flew like lightning through the cambric,—quick despatch,—the work will soon be finished at that rate!—Good God! her cheek is crimsoned

with confusion at the thoughts of my conduct. How shall I contrive to get away and hide myself!

"Beatrice, Beatrice, Beatrice, my dear, what are you doing there? come here to me!" was at that moment said in a quick and sharp-toned voice, which I instantly recognised.

"Heavens be praised!' I said, "that is the voice of Lady Barbara calling her daughter to come away." Lord! at that moment what a Godsend was the voice of Lady Barbara calling her daughter to come away!

"Yes, mother," she replied. I believe she said *mother:* I do hope so, I'm sure. I shouldn't have liked her to have said *mamma:* I hate *mamma*—so I do *papa*.

She instantly put down her work, rose and went to Lady Barbara, who, leading her to the window, began, I thought, to read her a lecture.

With my utmost endeavours I was unable to make out their words, or at least those of Lady Barbara, for the latter seemed to have

all the talk to herself. I could only distinguish certain phrases and half sentences, such as—

"Very improper, my dear—indeed—talking, —what a colour!—*Tête-à-tête*, — improper— very—highly,—young men — what will people say to it?—Imprudent—very imprudent—match —prospects—destruction—"

Such was the utmost which distance from the speaker allowed of my making out; but this, little as it was, apprised me, both that Lady Barbara had overheard my expression, and that she was dissatisfied at my being satisfied to remain longer with her fair daughter at Pickering Hall.

CHAPTER X.

"Now then, Bouverie, my lad, come along, there's a fine fellow," said Lord Meclenbury, who, booted, spurred, and whipped, entered the room at that moment. "Have you done breakfast?"

"Yes, quite; I'm ready to attend you."

"Very well, then quick,—clap on your boots. I'll mount you on one of my father's nags, and gallop you over some of the country hereabout;—besides, I want to pay some visits, and introduce you to two or three pretty girls—pretty girls are plenty enough in this neighbourhood,—are they not, Beatrice?—Hey! what's the matter now?" he asked me, lowering his voice to a whisper: "there's my poor

little cousin standing like a condemned cloistress before the lady abbess of her convent; what can *she* have done amiss, I wonder?"

I was going to make some reply, when a servant entered.

"But stay; here are the letters. Let us see. Here, Hudson,—give them me—let me see what you have got!"

"Oh! they are all for my father;—go and take them to Lord Derlincourt in the library:—no 'faith, stop a minute; here is one for Lady Barbara.—Lady Barbara! here 's a letter for you."

Lord Meclenbury's entrance by no means interrupted the lecture her ladyship was giving her daughter; she was proceeding in it, when the letter being put into her hand, she suddenly changed her voice from a tone of solemn admonition to one of extreme gaiety, and exclaimed,

"Dear me! Beatrice, only think! it is from your dear papa! Let me see what he says;—

how very good of him to think of writing so soon!"

She broke the seal. "Only think!—why, if he is not come home—so impatient to see me!—the dear creature!—We must go, Beatrice—we must set off this minute, this very minute. Go and tell Luscombe to put up our things:—no, stay, I'll go with you. What o'clock is it? The kind, fond creature!—only think of his having come all the way out of Lincolnshire a full fortnight before he intended, merely because he could not live without me!"

Lady Derlincourt entered the room at that moment.

"Oh, here is Lady Derlincourt! My dear Lady Derlincourt, you cannot imagine how immensely grieved I am at being obliged to leave you so soon! I intended to have stayed in your charming family. I do assure you I am most amazingly vexed: but, you know, when one has a dear, delightful, affectionate husband, who is so fond of one, and does everything one can

wish!—I'm sure you will excuse me,—you who are so good!"

"My dear Lady Barbara," replied the countess, repressing a smile, "there is nothing in the world I cannot forgive you,—but I really am not yet *au fait* as to the point in question. Pray do have the goodness to explain why Lord Derlincourt and myself are so soon to lose your company—for so you seem to intimate: nothing, I hope, has happened to Mr. Gigglingtone!"

"Oh, no!" replied Lord Meclenbury, "quite the contrary: Lady Barbara has received a most delightful epistle from her fond and beloved husband, Mr Gigglingtone, who is just come out of Lincolnshire because he can't bear to live any longer away from her; and so she, like a good wife, is going to see him. This is quite correct, you know, and just as it should be; but I hope, that as my fair cousin here, Beatrice, is not blessed with such a treasure of a husband, she will not think

of flying off in this manner. Beatrice, you will not leave us, will you? Let Beatrice remain here a few weeks longer, Lady Barbara, —won't you?"

"Thank you, Lord Meclenbury, thank you,— can't indeed—impossible, I do assure you— quite impossible—must go with me! You and Lady Derlincourt must excuse me—I can't leave Beatrice now; she shall come another time. Now, we must go and tell Luscombe to put up our things;—good b'ye!—we will return presently:—come along, Beatrice!"

This said, she nodded to them, and taking her daughter by the arm, skipped out of the room as light as a lambkin.

Miss Denison was disappointed at this new arrangement of things,—*that much* I could perceive well enough. She by no means approved of such hasty proceedings. Very natural this! She had made up her mind for a holiday — had calculated on remaining ten days longer with her relatives, and did not

therefore like being hurried off in that very cavalier manner at a warning of three minutes. This was all very evident; for vexation hung upon her brow and clouded it,—sate in the very smile with which she thanked her cousin for proposing a longer stay.

Once too, during the conversation, she lifted her eyes, and,—quite accidentally, I dare say,—they met mine. I then had a full opportunity of judging how really grieved she was. Her features had undergone a great change indeed, and become quite mournful. She was aware of this, no doubt, and felt ashamed of having it noticed by a stranger; for no sooner did she perceive *my* sorrowful countenance fixed on *her* sorrowful countenance, than, turning quickly aside, she began speaking to Lady Derlincourt; and it was just at this very point of time that she was hurried away by Lady Barbara in that most barbarous manner just described.

Lord Meclenbury's eyes followed them out of the room.

" 'That is a slight unmeritable woman,'* he said. "There is one good thing, nevertheless, in her character: she never knows when one is laughing either at herself, or her dear William, her fond, affectionate, delightful husband. She takes reproach as praise, and swallows it like a stewed prune."

"Upon my word, it is really too bad, Mecklenbury, I must say, to laugh at Lady Barbara in this manner. Your father will be very angry if he come to know of it: I'll tell him too, if you go on so," said the countess, half seriously and half in jest.

"You will! I dare you! Then, I'll inform him of the epigram you made on her ladyship when she married."

"Epigram! I made no epigram on her, not I."

"No, indeed! You forget: why, here it is."

---

* Mr. Bouverie misquotes: the line runs thus:
"That is a slight unmeritable *man*."
It is Anthony who says it of Lepidus.—*Note by the Editor.*

"When Lovegold married Lady Jenny,
Whose merit was the ready penny,
He took her as men buy old plate,
Not for her beauty, but her weight."

"Tut, child!" exclaimed Lady Derlincourt, laughing; "those lines are not mine, — they are as old as the hills."

"At all events, you applied them, mother; and very apt they were. Well, it's no great harm that *she* is gone; but why in the world she won't let her daughter stay with us, I can't guess. — Our expedition is put off, you see, Bouverie. We must stay to see them go. You won't mind waiting a bit, will you?"

"Oh no, to be sure not," I replied; and then, leaving him with his mother, I stepped out of the window upon the lawn, which having crossed, I got into a grove on the opposite side, where, pacing up and down, I began to ruminate on all which had occurred.

CHAPTER XI.

An affair of mighty magnitude, I can tell you, has a man of nineteen years of age upon his hands when he is in love. The passion occupies all his thoughts; no rest nor peace for him morning, noon, or night. He can neither eat, drink, sleep, play, nor study. Love, love, love! — of love he dreams at night, and of nothing else but love does he ever condescend to think by day, — except, indeed, when he sometimes thinks it treason to think of anything else. Under such circumstances too, a most fit place for conning over the matter to himself is a grove of fine elm or oak, whose thickly interwoven branches, denying access to the sun, produce a grateful coolness to temper

the fever of his blood, and a still, delightful shade, incentive to reverie and thought.

In such a grove as this was it that I paced up and down, down and up, and up and down again, thinking, and thinking, and thinking all the time on the late occurrences. One thought chased another thought from my mind, and elicited a third thought in lieu of it; and this third thought produced a fourth thought, and so on, till I in a short time found that all my old original thoughts having left me, were replaced by a set of entirely new and hitherto unguessed-of thoughts. I absolutely looked with astonishment at the great change I saw in myself. No! to come at the real truth of the question, there is nothing in the whole world like calm solitary reflection, on a sunny day, beneath the shade of a fine old tree. It is quite amazing what new notions are sometimes struck out beneath an old tree! Many things which, being acted, seem *that*, appear, when afterwards reflected on beneath an old tree, to be *this*, and *vice versâ*—that is,

they bear the semblance of being something altogether different from what we before imagined.

So it was with me. When in the presence of Miss Denison, my agitation of mind, the confusion of my ideas, the various images which whirled through my brain and distracted it,—the wish to please, the fear of giving offence, and, equal almost to any of these, the terror of being noticed by the rest, and of incurring ridicule,—had so dazzled my understanding as to render it impossible for me to fix a steady observation on any one point: but now, by putting circumstances together and viewing them through a different medium, I saw them differently, and began to suspect that Miss Denison's embarrassment might perhaps have had an origin less fatal to my hopes than that I had before assigned to it.

"Oh, God!" said I, quickening my pace—"I never did nor said anything which could have possibly given her offence!—that, therefore, which I took for the sign of anger—her embar-

rassment and blushes — might have been caused—" I almost blushed at my vanity when I thus mentally assigned a cause so flattering to it.

My heart leaped at this new view of the subject; whilst my spirit, taking wing and soaring above the dark clouds which had before dulled it, ascended through a clear, pure atmosphere, to, I know not what high region in the heaven of gladness. But its sojourn there was brief: is not gladness always so! She was going to leave me;—to leave me, too, at the very moment of the birth of Hope,—at that in which her presence was most needful to my present delight and future happiness.

Lady Barbara and her daughter were already attired in travelling-dresses. I shall never forget the impression this made on my mind. I had meditated an hundred things to say, yet, what between grief and shyness, I found myself unable to utter a single syllable. My heart was too full, my mind too agitated, my head far too crazed: Lady Barbara, all haste, hurry,

flurry, and confusion, was good-byeing and my-dearing every one there; and in such an extraordinary flow of good humour, that—to the Thoughtful how inexpressibly oppressive are the lispings of Thoughtlessness! — the high wind of her glad spirits scattered mine the Lord knows where.

A servant announcing that everything was in readiness, Lord Derlincourt gave his arm to Lady Barbara, and left the room with her. I, for my part, had before sidled up to Miss Denison, with the design of leading her down stairs; but whilst debating with myself whether I might as yet venture on taking so great a liberty, Meclenbury stepped up, and, taking her by the hand, followed his father out of the room; whilst I, thus forced to bring up the rear, felt like a fool, and looked extremely sheepish,—or rather, perhaps, I resembled a lurcher, wishfully eyeing the burden on a keeper's shoulders, and longing to tear down the game he dares not touch.

Lady Barbara got into the carriage first, and seated herself comfortably—very comfortably indeed! This took time, and afforded me an opportunity of drawing more near to Miss Denison, now about to follow her mother. I did so, and stretched out my arm for her to lean upon in getting up the steps. The offer was accepted—yes, and rewarded with a smile. She turned to me and smiled—smiled on me—on *me!* But it was not a smile of pleasure,—no, nor was it altogether one of sorrow: it had, methought, a twofold character. That smile made a most deep impression on me. In writing this, I almost fancy I can again see that smile. Oh! the first smile of Beauty, giving an uncertain promise to bestow the love it has inspired — what time, or tears, or trouble can ever wash its memory from the heart!

Her lips too moved; but so gently were the thanks which came from them pronounced, that they scarcely reached my ear. She turned hastily aside, pulled her bonnet more closely

over her forehead, and mounted the steps. As she rose, methought her hand pressed somewhat more heavily on mine than was necessary for her support. She dropped a veil over her countenance, and flung herself back. The door was closed. "Good b'ye, good b'ye! a pleasant journey to you!" was said and repeated on every side. The carriage drove off.

At that instant, raising herself again and leaning forward, her eyes were directed towards me; but the veil prevented me from clearly distinguishing her features. She moved her head in token of adieu. Was this to me? I believed so, and sent a blessing, which, though too lowly uttered to be heard, was *seen* upon my lips. She acknowledged it by another motion of the neck. I watched her receding from me through the avenue,—I watched her till the distance snatched her from my view. How sad I felt—how lonely! Beatrice—fair creature! shall I ever again behold thee?

CHAPTER XII.

I REMAINED at Pickering Hall some weeks after the departure just recounted. During this time there was a great deal of company in the house; besides which, we visited several families in the neighbourhood. And now—I shall surely blush before arriving at the end of the story, but it must be told—I have to relate a most abominable offence against all decorum by me committed.

I was for a long while absolutely inconsolable at the loss of Miss Denison, and for the first week or ten days afterwards would infinitely rather have passed my time in entire solitude and contemplation of that fair Being who had appeared before me in, as it were, a

dream, merely to mock me with a hope of happiness, than have flirted with the Queen of Hearts herself; yet such an elasticity is there in the mind of youth, and so easily, where other objects divert attention, are forgotten the wounds inflicted by Eros—

"That blinded boy who shoots so trim,"

that I at the end of this period began shrewdly to suspect the county of York possessed other females, who, though not certainly *quite* so fair and beautiful as she I first beheld, were nevertheless very, very fair, and exceedingly beautiful indeed.

There was no very great harm, however, in this *general* admiration. The real mischief consisted in there being an *individual*, one who, when I was in her company, made me commit a temporary treason to the memory of the former,—a sort of spiritual infidelity; and it was never till, leaving the presence of the newcomer, I retired into solitude, that I found leisure to recollect how highly indecorous was

such a piece of perjury towards one whose image I had a thousand times sworn to hold within my heart enshrined and separate from every other earthly object.

This was bad conduct: contrary to all rule and regularity, and a direct infringement of one of the principal articles of the code of laws anciently laid down and adhered to by the Courts of Love. I was quite aware of this. What punishment would have been inflicted on me by those high, puissant, and noble dames who used formerly to sit in judgment on such culprits as myself, I could not tell, but shuddered to imagine.

I was shocked at the indecency of my behaviour; but had my existence or the salvation of my very soul depended thereon, I could not have helped it. I was young, ardent, and affectionate to boot; my blood was warm, my nature impassioned. There was a void in my bosom: I felt an imperative necessity to love some human being:—my heart was open to

every new impression, my imagination o
wing! What could I do?—ay, what
I do? Had Miss Denison been there, I sh
have preferred her, not only to the other
to any one else in the whole world. Bu
was absent. The absent are always the
party. "Besides," I said, "I have no
tainty of being loved in return; therefore
not, properly speaking, be accused of infid
—can I? Again: I never vowed to *her*;
only to *myself*; therefore I am *bound on*
myself: and this is *not* binding—is it?"
son decided in the negative; yet my l
reproached me. How sadly love does pl
one, to be sure, at nineteen years of age!

One morning, Lord Derlincourt, saying i
a pity I should have come so far from h
and go back again without having seen mo
Yorkshire than Pickering Hall and its in
diate vicinity, proposed that his son an
should make a round of the county.

As Meclenbury approved of this pla

could not venture to object to it; so, setting out with him on the following morning, we commenced our tour, and getting into the West Riding, went to Leeds, Halifax, Kirkly, Pontefract, and visiting everything worth seeing in the environs of these towns, proceeded on to York, from which city, making a cut across the country, we passed over the wolds and arrived at Bridlington.

The whole tract of land we had just traversed was altogether different from any which I had for the last few years of my life been accustomed to behold.

The country around Eton is, it must be owned, fair enough and flowery; but then it is also miserably flat and detestably trim and tiresome. It is a pretty, fine, fashionable, finical, foppish sort of a country,—quite that kind of a country which one may imagine to have just come out of a bandbox; so very nice and neat, and gay and elegant: so highly dressed and cropped and cultivated, it puts one

quite out of patience! I do so hate a country that is highly dressed and cropped and cultivated! I'm a bit of a barbarian, both in mind and manners, thought and habit. Oh that I lived in a wood, and wore a jacket!

Cambridgeshire, again, is flat, fenny, foggy, flooded, filthy, foul—abominable:—cold, bleak, blighting, blasted, cheerless,—damp, dreary, dismal, direful, devilish;—with a dull, dirty, detestable stream, rightly enough called Ouze, winding a weary, wormy way through one of the most extraordinarily hideous lands ever yet by mortal man beheld. I hated it;—nothing but good company could possibly have made it endurable.

Far different from either of these was that through which we had just passed, and which, abounding in rocks and precipices, in hills and woods and rushing rivers, in dilapidated castles and ruined abbeys, might well serve to light up a poet's fire, or call gladness to a

youthful bosom. All this was beautiful; but Bridlington!—the sea—that sea which I had seen in childhood, but never since beheld!—the main—the deep—the ocean;—sublime, immense, trackless, terrible!—the broad expanse of unchanged waters, vast in space, eternal in duration, which, such as they were, they are; and, as they are, will be for evermore;—how my heart leaped to look on them!

Were I to reach the years of him whom Scripture mentions as of longest years, never should I forget my wild exulting joy, as, stealing out alone upon the evening of our arrival, I stepped upon the beach, and gazed around me—gazed with a most holy awe.

The moon was up; a cloud obscured her disk; but the dark colour of the parts most distant from her beams more beautified the silvery brightness of those through which they flowed. The cloud sailed on, and she again shone forth upon the steep and rugged rocks

above.—The steep and rugged rocks above sent back the rays, and rendered visible the darkness of the deep caves they could not penetrate.

All was still! The chough had sought repose within her eyry, and the screaming sea-mew found a place of rest. All was still!—a pure and holy stillness!—the winds were hushed; they dared not break on the serenity of God, then looking on his works! Yes, all was still!—all but the bright moon-columned wave, which, gently rippling on, poured forth its golden treasures at my feet.

No, never—*never* shall I forget the soft yet wild tumultuous joy,—the love and the adoration, compared with which the dull piety of men, muttering a set formula of prayers, is a cold heartless mockery; the pride, yet the humility I felt, as, gazing on the scene, I drank in draughts of beauty:—drank till I was drunken!

I sank upon my knee, extended my arms

towards the sky and the Cœlicolites,* and over the wave, and on the shore, and round about on every side; then clasped them to my bosom, and bowed my head unto the earth.

"Oh God! how great, how good, how bountiful thou art! how deeply to be loved, how much to be adored! Take me,—oh! take me to thyself, or let me rest for ever here in worship of thy majesty!"

* Mr. Bouverie seems to have coined this word: I cannot find it anywhere, nor do I remember to have ever seen it. The true word—but even that, being Latin, can scarcely be admitted in English composition—is Cœlites. *Grates tibi ago, summe Sol, vobisque reliqui Cœlites,*" is the expression which Masinissa used when congratulating Scipio on his arrival in Africa. "Somnium Scipionis."—*Note by the Editor.*

CHAPTER XIII.

THE waiter was just laying brea
the table. "Well, Peter," said
lenbury, "I 'll be hanged if yo
me to have grown a single day ol
last saw you!—you bear your years
i' faith,—how many do you count?"

"Six-and-sixty come next Dece
please you, my lord. Yes, I thank
ship, and I thank Providence too fo
no infirmities as yet whatsumeve
about me, as most folks does at m
gouts, no rheumatisms, no nothin
there sort. I 'm a little hard of

you mean? Why, I never in my whole life saw any one so hale and hearty as you. I only hope I may be as good a man at forty-five as you are sixty-six.—But tell me, how go times with you now? have you got any company in the house?"

"Not a living soul, your lordship;—none but your lordship and this here young gentleman, at present. Last week we had a fine large party came over to see the cliffs, and the caverns, and the likes of them; but they left us on Saturday, and went round the coast up to Whitby. But there's Lady Barbara Denison, with her beautiful young lady, and Mr. Gigglingtone, her ladyship's now husband, staying in the town, and come here, as they tells me, for the benefit of sea air and bathing, and has hired a house for two or three weeks or more."

I gasped for breath, but said not a word.

"Lady Barbara and Miss Denison here, did you say, Peter?—the deuce! what brought them here, I wonder! How long have they been at

Bridlington, and when did they arrive? But first tell me where are they living?"

"They are all living at about the distance of five minutes' sharpish walk, in that largish-looking house that looks over the Pier, with green-coloured palisades afore the door, and a little garden. But please you, my lord, when your lordship has done breakfast, I 'll have the honour to show your lordship the way there."

"Thank you, Peter, thank you; but I think I know the house already: at all events, I shall be able to find it out by myself, I dare say,—Bridlington is not so very large a town."

Mr. Peter evacuated the room.

"Well, Bouverie, this is something more than we bargained for in coming to Bridlington,—is it not?—Come for bathing! Well, I 'm glad of it with all my heart: but see how it is when persons like Squire Gigglingtone intermarry with their betters. Observe, it is not *Mr. Gigglingtone* who is come here with his wife, Lady Barbara Denison, but *Lady Bar-*

born Denison who has brought Mr. Gigglingtone. He seems not so much to be united to *her*, as tagged on to the tail of her petticoat! However, we must go and pay them a visit after breakfast: will you come?"

"I—I!—you know, Meclenbury, I am under your orders—you are captain; you know I never object to any proposal of yours."

"What! I suppose you had liever go out scrambling over the rocks than be plagued with that old puss. Do as you like; then, I'll go alone—for *I* must go whether I will or not; besides which, I shall be glad to see Beatrice."

"Oh no, no, no, Meclenbury, I did not say that—I did not tell you I should not like to go! Did I tell you I should not like to go? How came you to think that! Besides, too, I *ought* to go—it would be very rude and uncivil of me not to do so."

"You seemed to hesitate, so I thought you had some other plan in view."

At the earliest hour in which with propriety we could make a visit, we set out: and having found the house, were shown up into a parlour, where we saw the mother and daughter sitting alone.

Lady Barbara, tricked out in all the finery of the finest fashion of the day, and lolling back in an arm-chair, held in one hand a book, which I afterwards discovered to be a novel, entitled, *The Hapless Fair One; or, the Deserted Maiden's Complaint;* whilst she occupied the other in carelessly patting a rather large sized white poodle, who was lying quite at his ease and fast asleep on a soft cushion close to her.

Miss Denison was also engaged in reading; and both of them were so absorbed with their separate occupation, that neither the one nor the other heard the door open, nor seemed to be at all aware of the arrival of visiters, till the servant having announced "Lord Mecklenbury!" we had fairly entered the room; when

hastily laying down their books, they rose to receive us.

With the facility acquired by a long converse with society, Lady Barbara instantly drawing off her thoughts from the novel, fixed them on us, and seemed to be not in the slightest degree disconcerted at our entrance; whereas her daughter, on the contrary, not having yet acquired the happy knack of being at ease on every possible occasion, and having perhaps her mind bewildered with the story she was reading, seemed disturbed at our unexpected appearance; for, casting her eyes towards us, no sooner did she discover who were her visiters, than, starting timidly back, she hesitated, as if doubtful what step she next ought to take.

She then seemed about to address me; when Poodle, for such was the angel's name as well as nature, who, dissatisfied at having his nap interrupted, had begun to growl and show his teeth when the door was opened, jumped from off his chair, made a circuit of the room, and

remembering, I suppose, the good old proverb, "Never show your teeth unless you bite also," came slyly behind, and giving me a private snap on the back part of my leg, made the blood start, and occasioned me such a sudden and violent pang, that I mechanically stooped down to rub the place.

"Ah, Poodle,—Poodle, Poodle,—naughty tiresome dog!—fie upon you,—fie for shame!—you ought to be ashamed of yourself!—ah—ah—ah!" said Lady Barbara, flapping his sides with a cambric handkerchief, whilst pursuing him round the room, till, reaching the chair, on which he jumped, he — as every true-born Briton does—seemed to consider himself in his own castle, and therefore secure from molestation,—quietly curled himself up and went off into another sweet slumber, as if nothing worth notice demanded his further attention.

Such was the comfort I received from Lady Barbara; but her daughter no sooner beheld the assault thus unwarrantably made, than, her

cheek colouring up, she uttered an exclamation in which displeasure against the perpetrator of it seemed mingled with apprehension of the injury he might have done me.

"Oh, heavens! Mr. Bouverie," she said, "I fear the dog must have hurt you;—not very much, I hope, has he? What a nasty, ill-tempered, snappish creature he is! I wish my mother would send him away."

I felt pleased and proud at the anxiety she betrayed, and being at that moment placed in such a situation that neither Lord Mecklenbury nor Lady Barbara could perceive the action, I ventured to place my hands together on my bosom, and reply, in a low but rapid tone,

"Whatever pain I may have felt, it is quite —*quite* forgotten, in gratitude for the interest which Miss Denison is pleased to take in my welfare."

In uttering this, I smiled: our eyes met, but it was only for a moment; she instantly

averted hers, and, scarcely seeming to have heard me, began to busy herself in making further inquiries.

"Oh, yes!" she exclaimed, "I see it bleeds—I must go and tell my mother's maid to bring something to put on it."

Saying this, without waiting for my answer, she hurried out of the room.

All this at last attracted the notice of Lady Barbara and Lord Meclenbury, the former of whom asked if the dog had hurt me; and on my replying that the bite had at first given me a great deal of pain, but that the smart had now nearly subsided, said she really was amazingly sorry for it, and, moreover, immensely surprised that she never could persuade Poodle to lie still when any one came into the room. She, however, in some measure extenuated his fault, by saying that he was always a very naughty dog, and so petted and spoiled that he really did not know how to behave. She positively believed she should at

last be obliged to tie him up to the chair with a silk cord, for he was always getting into mischief. "How should you like that, Poodle, eh?—to be tied to your chair with a silk cord for having bit Mr. Bouverie's legs."

"Oh, my dear, *dear* madam!" exclaimed Lord Meclenbury on a sudden, holding up both his hands in a manner which manifested an excess of horror—"how *can* you possibly allow such an expression to proceed from your lips? Do, pray, I beg and beseech of you, never again use it. Let me entreat and implore you not to do so!"

"How, then!—why—what have I said?"

"Oh, madam!—really now—I cannot, indeed I *cannot* think it necessary to tell you—you *must* be aware."

"But no—really, indeed—I do assure you—you positively frighten me quite out of my wits!—What is it?—do, pray, tell me. Have I said or done anything wrong?—what is it?"

"Oh!—upon my word—it is——I am c confounded—indeed I am!—*Legs!*—how sh ing!—really it is altogether indelicate! tively it almost makes me blush!—nobo good female society has legs. Feet indeed· yes!—that is different—and hands, and a and eyes, and face, and fingers, and so fo these are all allowable in any company: *legs!*—only think what an abomination! gentleman should never have legs—no, lady either."

"A gentleman and a lady should hav legs! Why, you must be joking!—how they to keep their feet on, then?"

"I can't tell, I'm sure;—but a man cert ought to have no legs—not at least whe company with ladies,—or at least he s should be *supposed* to have any. When out hunting or shooting with great c creatures like himself, the case is some altered; he may then be allowed both to

and to talk of his legs;—but in the presence of delicate females, never! The *very* expression *legs* should be prohibited in their company; much less, therefore, should they *themselves* ever use it;—unless, indeed, they are talking about a partridge or a chicken, or a hare, or a pheasant, or some other bird or beast; then, indeed, it is permitted, but never may they apply it when speaking of a human being. I really am surprised that you, my dear Lady Barbara, who have lived so much in the world, should need being told this! How, then! did you never hear of the severe rebuke once given by a Spanish ambassador to the magistrates of Montpellier, when, as the former escorted a daughter of France through that country as his sovereign's bride, they, thinking to do her a signal honour, presented her with a dozen pair of extraordinary fine silk stockings?"

"Good gracious me!—no, never. Pray do tell me, what did he say? I'm dying to know."

"Say! — why, his Excellency looked very angry indeed, and told them he considered their conduct as a direct insult to his master; 'for,' he continued, 'I would have you to know that the Queen of Spain has no legs whatever!'"

"Good gracious me! — he said *that!* Is it possible! And pray what did they do with her legs?—for she *must* have had legs when travelling through France, I suppose:—cut them off, I dare say?—How very, very shocking! It quite makes one shudder, I protest it does!"

"Yes, indeed; and the young queen, thinking she should surely have her legs amputated as soon as she arrived at Madrid, was so frightened at the idea that she fell to crying bitterly, poor thing! but her royal consort knew better than to be guilty of such a silly piece of barbarity, which would have been quite as inconvenient to himself as to her, and soon undeceived her as to the true usages of Spain. In

last, the queens of that country are permitted *to keep* their legs, but not to *talk* about them."*

Mecklenbury had just finished speaking when Miss Denison returned with the lady's maid: who bore in her hand a small bottle containing a certain liquid, with which, notwithstanding my vehement protestations to the contrary, she absolutely insisted on my letting her bathe the wound: which she did over the stocking, and whilst thus employed, murmured between her teeth, but quite loud enough to be overheard, a thousand treasonable expressions against Poodle, whom she not only blamed exceedingly for this particular action, but also evidently hated for general ill conduct.

"What are you muttering to yourself about, Luscombe?" inquired her ladyship. "How dare you call Poodle a nasty beast!"

* I have a confused recollection of having met this story somewhere—I think in Hume's Essays. It was, I make no doubt, very current at the time of which Mr. Bouverie is writing.—*Note by the Editor.*

"I 'm sure, ma'am, your ladyship, if that dog stays in the house snarling and snapping every one, I don't care —"

"Hush, Luscombe, hush!" gently exclaimed Miss Denison, placing her hand before the waiting-woman's mouth, so as to prevent her from proceeding; "be quiet; hold your tongue this instant! — I am sure, mother, it is very improper to let Poodle growl at and annoy people in this way. He flies at every one who comes to the house, and bit poor Luscombe herself the other day. Every one complains of him. He really ought to be tied up in the stable."

"In the stable! Tie Poodle up in the stable! Do you think I will suffer Poodle to be put into a stable with grooms and all sorts of persons, like a common vulgar dog, and get full of fleas?"

"Upon my word," said Lord Meclenbury here joining his voice to the rest, "Mr. Poodle is indeed a happy dog, to have his part taken

by such a fair champion as your ladyship: I really envy him. And as for you, Bouverie, you cannot, out of mere gallantry, but forego all sentiments of rancour towards your foe; particularly, too, as it seems he has done you no very great injury. One thing only do I fear, that the fascinating creature may chance to be mad: then indeed the consequences of his bite will be serious."

"Mad!" exclaimed her ladyship, starting from her chair, and keeping in readiness to bounce off if needful; "mad! good gracious me, my dear lord! what can you possibly mean? You seriously alarm me, and frighten Mr. Bouverie out of his wits. only look, he is as white as a sheet! Why, I shall be forced to have the darling hung if he is mad! Poor fellow! Poodle, Poodle, Poodle, you are not mad, are you Poodle, you dear darling?" Here the dog wagged his tail and lifted up his head in a manner which seemed to reassure his mistress. She continued: "No, poor fellow,

that he is not; see how well he looks! Besides, he lapped his warm milk and tea this morning quite greedily. Mad dogs never drink tea, you know. How *can* you imagine anything half so horrid?"

"Because, my dear Lady Barbara, Poodle's conduct gave me *reason* to do so. If he is not mad, he must at least be crazy. It is but charity towards himself to believe so, as nothing less can possibly excuse the insolence of his behaviour to my friend Bouverie. Indeed, you really ought to teach him more civilised manners, or else put him to live with dogs like himself; or, at all events keep him out of the society of Christian men; for he is, by very many degrees, the nastiest, most ill-tempered, snarling cur I ever beheld; the whole country is open-mouthed at his folly, impertinence, and wicked propensities."

Mrs. Luscombe having by this time, as she thought, sufficiently bathed my wound, received my thanks for her kindness, and left the

room; soon after which, Meclenbury, taking up his hat, asked me if I were ready to go, and without waiting for a reply, took leave of Miss Denison and her mother, who invited us to dine with her on Friday,—that is, on the fifth day from that time.

CHAPTER XIV.

When under the influence of any passion, either of a pleasing or of a painful nature, I like to be alone, in order freely to indulge the ideas which rapidly flow through my mind; and I, therefore, on leaving Lady Barbara's house, wished to retire into perfect solitude, as I should most certainly have done could I with any sort of propriety have refused Lord Mecklenbury's proposal of taking a stroll with him upon the pier.

In our way thither, the conversation principally respected Lady Baby Gigglingtone, as he most generally denominated her; and he, advantaging himself, I suppose, of the connexion

between the families, was extremely jocose at her expense.

On these occasions I usually maintained a perfect silence: the utmost approbation I allowed myself to give of his sarcasms was a smile which it really was not always possible to avoid: though I at the same time felt extremely angry at his speaking in what appeared to me so disrespectful a manner of one called parent by the only woman who had ever made any real impression on my heart.

During our walk, I had no great leisure for meditation. However, Thought is a very cunning personage, oftentimes contriving to insinuate himself into very small chinks and crannies, where scarcely any one besides would ever be able to make good a lodging: and so, indeed, I found; for if there chanced to be the slightest interruption in the dialogue between Lord Mecklenbury and myself, Thought immediately took advantage of it, crept in, and

fixing himself in my bosom, began a colloq with me respecting my last interview wi Miss Denison.

"Most certainly," I said, "she is the on one I ever loved,—that is, whom I ever *reall truly* loved. Why, certainly I have *lik* others; but then what, after all, is *that?* was not love, but a mere foolish momenta fancy. I am sure she is the only one I ev shall love, or will love, or indeed *can* lov The strongest possible proof of this is, that no sooner set my eyes on her to-day, than felt perfectly confounded at ever having be unfaithful, and instantly made a vow ——"

"Why, what in the world is the matter wi you now, Bouverie? I've not heard the sour of your voice for this last half-hour; there yc are, as grave as a judge. You're a cup t low, man,—come, look up!"

I roused myself at this, and began talkir as fast as my tongue could gallop; but, hov

ever, soon again relapsed into my former taciturnity and train of reflection.

Having reached the pier, we were leaning over one of the balustrades to observe the rising tide, then running in, as seafaring men term it, *very hot*, when, chancing to turn my head, I saw approaching us at some distance an object which surely was—save, indeed, Mr. Patrick O'Feagin the celebrated giant from the county of Tipperary in the kingdom of Ireland, whom my father once took me to see by way of a curious thing—the very largest and longest—the very broadest and biggest sprig of mortality I had ever before viewed.

He was dressed in a short blue jacket and waistcoat, with trousers reaching down to his heels. His stockings—as I afterwards found, for I was then too distant to distinguish them—were also blue: these, and a sailor's hat, a check shirt, large thick shoes, and a great knob walking-stick, made me at once set him down as

a seaman, a purser, perhaps, I thought, or some other petty officer belonging to one of the vessels then lying off Bridlington, and who had come ashore to loll away his leisure hours, and take a comfortable whiff on the pier-head, and whose appearance there would scarcely have attracted attention, had it not been for the very extraordinary magnitude of his dimensions.

"Heaven bless my soul!" I exclaimed, clapping one hand on Lord Meclenbury's shoulder, whilst pointing out the object of my surprise with the other — "what Mister Wight is that! Did you ever behold such a thing! Who on earth *can* it be? A sailor, evidently. But, good Lord, what manner of vessel may it be in which he can stand otherwise than double between decks!"

Lord Meclenbury was going to reply; but I was too full of my subject, and prevented him.

"Why, sure it can be no other than *Quinbus*

Flestrin, the great traveller, the celebrated Man-mountain himself, whom we have heard so much of!* Don't you think this likely, my lord? He 's just come ashore, I dare say. I wonder where he 's been this trip. Confound it! how he shakes the old rotten timbers under my feet! Let 's be off; for Heaven's sake, come away from this place,—it's quite dangerous, I protest!"

Laughing with all his might,—but laughing, be it understood, in such manner only as is meet that that manner of man called a *gentleman*, may laugh,—Lord Meclenbury caught me by the arm, and, by way of thanking me for the idea, gave it such a gripe as almost made me scream.

"You surely have a design upon my life, Bouverie!" he said at last; "why, that is the —*little* pet, as Lady Barbara calls him.—But hush! he sees us!"

In truth, recognising Lord Meclenbury,

* Quinbus Flestrin, or the Man-mountain, was the name given to Gulliver by the Lilliputians.

he had increased his speed, and, striding towards us, was close at hand.

No one who was not present at the meeting can tell how delighted was Mr. Gigglingtone to see Lord Meclenbury; how overjoyed he felt at coming on his lordship so unexpectedly at Bridlington; how he hoped his lordship would remain there a long while, and thus allow him frequent opportunities of paying his respects to his lordship: nor, the ceremony of my introduction being over, how many inquiries he instituted respecting his lordship's health, and the health of his good father the Earl of Derlincourt, and of his amiable mother the Countess of Derlincourt, and of his sister the charming Lady Julia, and of his other beautiful sister—whose name he could not quite remember, and of the health of all his uncles and of all his aunts, and of all his cousins, of all his horses and of all his dogs.—I verily believe, had he known the names, he would have inquired severally about the health of all the

pigs and all the poultry, all the cats and all the rats and little mice at Pickering Hall, so determinately bent did he appear on having a bill of health of the whole family.

"Mr. Bouverie and myself have just been calling on Lady Barbara," said Lord Meclenbury, when he found room to slide in as much, "who has been so good as to invite us to dinner on Friday."

"Charming, my lord — quite charming, — perfectly delighted to see your lordship and Mr. Bouverie! — infinitely indebted to Lady B. for procuring me the honour of your lordship's company: got a few friends coming on that day—happy to present your lordship."

"Thank you, Mr. Gigglingtone; but I hope they are not very fine folk, for we are but travellers, and having only travellers' costume, should, I fear, make but poor figures amongst fine people."

"Oh no, my lord,—not at all, my lord!—I do assure your lordship there is no one your

lordship need be at all afraid of: only a couple of friends of Lady B.'s, and me, Mr. Lawson with his lady, and a young man, Mr. Curteis, who is staying with them."

"Curteis—Curteis,"—I said; "I was at school with a boy of that name, I wonder—but the name is so very common."

"He is a man of very considerable property—very considerable property indeed," replied Mr. Gigglingtone.

"Pray," I inquired, "in what part of England does it lie?"

"In the county of Surrey, sir."

"In Surrey, is it?—near Boxhill?"

"The very same, Mr. Bouverie,—the very same;—a remarkably fine estate—well let;—a fine young man—very nice young man indeed—handsome youth!"

"It must then be he: I shall be glad to renew my acquaintance with him. Pray, do you know how long he will remain in this neighbourhood?"

"About a week or ten days longer, I believe, Mr. Bouverie; — promised afterwards to do Lady B. and myself the honour of passing some time with us at Beverley."—(Has he indeed! I thought: how I envy him!)—"His property is a very fine one indeed: his father was an old curmudgeonly dog,—spent nothing —absolutely nothing,— hoarded it all up,—so much the better for the son—ha, ha, ha!— Died about six years ago—kicked the bucket all of a sudden—left a fine estate, besides an immense sum of ready money in the funds— all of it comes to young Curteis, next December, when he is of age. Spend it well, no doubt! Fine, frank, open-hearted young man;—a little too fond of play,—his only fault;—desperate Nimrod — rides like fury; — best shot I ever saw."

All this was told in a very jocose and pleasant manner, with many a loud laugh on the part of the relator, of whom Lord Meclenbury and myself shortly afterwards took leave.

The conversation then still continuing c Curteis, " It is strange enough," said my cor panion, " that we three old Etonians shou meet at Bridlington, a rather out-of-the-w place, it must be owned ;—what brings him her I wonder ?"

" Why, what brings *me* here ?" I replied,- " he had a mind to see the country, I suppos besides, he seems to be lucky enough to ha friends in Yorkshire, as I have. By-the-by are you acquainted with them ?"

" No, not personally ; but I know very we who they are,—they reside at a little distan beyond Great Dryfield : we shall see them o Friday, and be introduced of course. I su pose Curteis has, by this time, forgiven you th confounded good thrashing you favoured hi with at Eton."

" I hope so, I am sure : I have forgiven hir long ago, and with all my heart, the drubbin he bestowed on my poor carcass. I shall

really glad to see him again: there is something very delightful in unexpectedly picking up an old schoolfellow in an outlandish spot like this —one meets on such different terms. I wonder if he is much changed since we saw him last!"

"I hope so,—there was room enough for amendment;—he was always a nasty, surly, ill-tempered, bullying sort of a chap:—I never liked him; but somehow or other he contrived to squeeze himself into my party at Eton, will you, nill you. I was not at all sorry when you shoved him out of it."

We had by this time arrived under the gateway of the inn, and as Meclenbury wanted his dogs, he went on to get them: he whistled, but the door of the stable being closed, they were unable to answer the invitation otherwise than by barking, and we therefore still continued on in order to release them.

On turning the corner, we saw the hostler at

that moment rubbing down a handsome bay horse, whose head was tied up by a halter to a wall fronting the dog's stable.

"Halloa there, hostler, just run and open that door, and let my dogs out, will you!—That 's a nice clever-looking mare, Bouverie," he continued, going up and patting her neck; "I wonder whose she is! i' faith, indeed is she, as tidy-looking a thing as I would wish to see. Hold up there! be quiet then—still! Ay, feet as sound as a rock,—an excellent roadster, I warrant! I should not mind having such a one;—only look at her legs, Bouverie, how well she stands!"

Out rushed the two greyhounds like mad, and, jumping up, covered their master with caresses.

"Down, dogs! down, I say, down! Whose mare is that, hostler? She 's as handy a looking mare as ever I saw in my life. How many hands does she stand, think you?"

"Can't exactly say, my lord; somewhat

about fourteen or fourteen and a half, I should guess, if I judges rightly," replied Tom, measuring her with his eye.

"She's been hard rid, I see;—she sweats like a devil!"

"Yes, please your lordship's honour; and if so be your lordship had but seed her some twenty minutes or so agone, you might ha' said so, indeed. She was all of a lather when she comed into our yard; and here 'as I been all this here blessed time since rubbing her down to get her a little dry loike."

"How far is she come then? to whom does she belong?"

"She comes from t' other side of Dryfield, my lord, up at Squire Lawson's; and her measter rode her over in less than forty minutes, as he tells me. It 's a right-down sheame to worry and hack a poor dumb beast after such a manner, over these rough roads too. I doesn't look on it as christian-loike!"

"No more it is, my good fellow," replied

Lord Meclenbury, "and here's a crown
your humanity. Well, she is as nice tig
looking a lass as I ever saw! So then
belongs to Squire Lawson, did not you say?

"No, my lord, she 'longs to a Mr.—— C
teis,—is, I think, the gen'leman's name, and w
comes from Squire Lawson's place."

"Mr. Curteis, is he here now? Come, B
verie, let us go and see if he is in the hou
as you are so anxious to meet your anci
foe on friendly terms."

"I doesn't suppose you'll find un in
house now, my lord," said the hostler: "I s
un turn round that there corner and go alc
towards the pier when first he got off hoi
back; and he 's not come back yet a while,
I 've seed."

"It 's strange enough we should not h
seen him there," said I, "for we are just co
off from the pier!"

"Mayhaps, sir, you may have missed meet
one another; 'cause mayhaps he might h

stopped midway at Lady Barbara Denison's, *who lives* hard by. The gen'leman were here *the day afore yesterday*, and I knows he went there *then*."

It was certainly nothing extraordinary that Curteis, who seemed to be well acquainted with Mr. Gigglingtone, should have called at his house twice within the time specified; yet nevertheless, on hearing that he had done so, I felt a strange sort of a sudden palpitation at the left side of my bosom, and a kind of choking in the throat; nor could I help wishing he had been ten times at any other house in the neighbourhood, rather than twice to the one mentioned.

I confess, too, that this piece of intelligence, coming immediately on the one given by Mr. Gigglingtone respecting his visit to Beverley, considerably abated my ardour of renewing his acquaintance; and that now, instead of rejoicing at the idea of meeting him in Yorkshire, I would have given a great deal that he had

remained quietly at his own seat in Surrey, o taken a trip to Jericho, or Jerusalem, or t any other place in the habitable world as fa off as these, in that or any other direction.

However, I told my thoughts to no one indeed, to say the truth, I was ashamed o entertaining such;—or, perhaps, more truly speaking, I was *afraid* to indulge them, an tried to reason myself into believing that th acquaintance between Mr. Gigglingtone an Curteis was of a sporting nature.

Lord Meclenbury broke in on these dee meditations by taking my arm and leading m out of the yard, whence we went with the dog to scramble over the cliffs.

We remained absent about a couple of hour and on our return saw a man whom, if onl from the circumstance of his being about t mount the mare we had so much admired, w immediately knew to be Curteis. He had on foot in the stirrup, and was trying hard t place the other in a like position; but the hor

being rather skittish, swerved round, and thus brought the rider's face into full view; and his full face was, I thought, very similar to the face of the full moon, inasmuch as these objects are globular and shining.

"That cursed fellow!" I muttered to myself. "Has he been staying all this time at Lady Barbara's, I wonder?"

"Ah, Curteis," Lord Meclenbury cried out, "is it you! I was told you were here; I'm glad to see you. Here's Bouverie, too, will be glad to see you."

He lifted up his eyes; when, seeing who it was, he left his mare to the hostler's charge, and came up to shake hands with us.

"I'm glad to see you, my lord; and you too, Mr. Bouverie. How do you do? How long have you been in this part of the world?" he inquired in a gruff, rough, disagreeable tone of voice, which almost seemed to belie his first assertion.

"What a time since we have met, Curteis!

What have you been doing with yourself all this while? How long shall you remain here?"

"I count on about ten days or a fortnight: and after that, I intend going on to pass some time with Lady Barbara Denison at Beverley. By-the-bye, I find you were at her house just before I arrived this morning."

"Yes, and we are to meet there on Friday at dinner. But, I say, Curteis, what the deuce makes you so fond of Lady Barbara's society? —there have you been the whole of this morning. Tom the hostler tells me you visited them the day before yesterday; and by your own account you are going to pass some time with them at Beverley. Is it to Lady Barbara or her daughter you are giving chase? It is a hot one, it seems, at all events."

He laughed;—the animal! he laughed;—seemed to think it a good joke, and to be highly delighted at being *caught out*—just as all coarse natures are. The refined in spirit shrink

back at the approach of strangers, and hide love within their bosoms as if it were a sin to love.

"Oh no, no, my lord, that won't do, that 's no go; you're joking, you're joking; you can't think I am going to make myself a benedict, I'm sure: she's a fine girl nevertheless, isn't she?"

A fine girl! I inwardly exclaimed,—a fine girl! Is it possible! He dares then—he dares to speak in that gay, airy, lightsome, laughing manner, of a pure Being in whose presence *I* stand abashed and speechless;—the wretch!

"Well, well, Curteis, I don't know yet how this may be,—but we three, it seems, are to meet on Friday next, when we shall be able to discuss old school-business. Bouverie has been longing to see you."

"Much obliged to you, Mr. Bouverie!" he replied with a sad attempt at a smile,—"but now I must be off. Lawson said he would wait

for me near the pike at four o'clock, and I 'm a good bit after my time already, I see : so good b'ye, my lord ; good b'ye, Mr. Bouverie."

In saying this, he mounted his horse, and rode out of the yard.

" What does he mean by the *pike?* Turnpike, I suppose! He has a vulgar cant enough.—I do hate such slang expressions!"

" What an extraordinarily exquisite fine gentleman you are, to be sure, Bouverie!" replied Lord Meclenbury, laughing. " So, then, you are ready to quarrel with a man whose acquaintance you were but just now so hot after. merely because he strips a word of a syllable!—Come, let us be gone."

CHAPTER XV.

I INTEND passing over, in silence, the time which elapsed between the scene related in the foregoing chapter, and the events which occurred upon the day of our dining with Lady Barbara; or, at least, I shall confine myself to merely saying, that though I several times met her and her party on the beach, I could never find an opportunity of conversing with Miss Denison alone, and that my love for the latter —as is the case with all passions — became stronger for being indulged,—as also, perhaps, for being mixed up with much uncertainty as to the place I held in her affections.

The economy of my bosom was also exceedingly deranged by another reflection, of a

nature by no means either pleasant or fl
ing. I had as yet no method of ascerta
whether the field was open and clear fo
manœuvres, or had been already taken p
sion of by an enemy; that is, whether I
not to consider Curteis as a rival. With
scorn, to be sure, did my lip curl whene
reflected on the possibility of such a t
He had, I knew, obtained a firm footi
the house; but I could not tell, and I
rather have put my hand in the fire tha
the question, whether his acquaintance i
family had been of long or short duration
whether his frequent visits to it proceeded
a wish of making his court to Miss Denis
from a feeling of general friendship; nor, l
could I find out whether, if the former of
were the case, Miss Denison received hin
favoured suitor.

These doubts cruelly tormented me by
and haunted me by night: but a most es
combustion did they excite within my bos

I was getting ready for the long-longed-for yet greatly-dreaded dinner-party. I partly dressed myself;—then sate down,—then rose up and walked about the room,—then again seated myself; and as at every moment the time for my departure drew nearer and more near, so in the same degree did the strain of my thoughts become more and more intense.

> "Oh that a man might tell
> Th' event of this day's business ere it end!
> But it sufficeth that the day will end,
> And then the end be known."

No, not even Brutus himself looked forward with a more desperate impatience to an event about to decide the fate of a mighty empire, than did I await that which regarded only the interests of my own little bosom.

"Is it possible," thought I to myself, "that Miss Denison, so beautiful in person, so pure and delicate in mind, so heavenly in all things,—is it credible that she should admit the addresses of such an one as Curteis! Is this to be believed! Clumsy, awkward, rude in man-

parison by no means advantageous to
son of my rival.

Some one came to the door at that
and knocked.

" Bouverie ! it's time to go : are you

" Come in, my lord,—I won't keep y
—sit down a moment, will you ? I'll
tain you five minutes."

We went down stairs, got into the c
and began our walk towards Lady B
house. As we approached it, I felt n
grow sicker and sicker, whilst my spirit
to sink a degree at least with every
made ; so that before we reached the
had descended to a very considerable d
deed below its usual level. But on o

ing her in his most fascinating style; I almost felt it in my heart to turn tail and run out again; so greatly was I astounded at a circumstance which, having partly anticipated, ought not to have surprised me in the least.

The ceremony of our introduction to Mr. and Mrs. Lawson, together with usual compliments to the rest of the party, occupied some time, and, what was still better, by engaging the attention of all present, prevented them from perceiving that which I so much dreaded being seen—the confusion of mind which overpowered me.

"Well, Curteis," said Lord Meclenbury, "how do you do?"

"Pretty bobbish, thank you, my lord; and how do you do?" he replied, coming forward to take the proffered hand.

"Here we are, you see,—you, I, and Bouverie,—ready to talk on old Etonian business over a bottle of wine."

Curteis was going to answer, when a little

child of between four and five years of age, Miss Gigglingtone, coming up, clasped him round the knees and forced off his attention.

"Come along and play with me, Mr. Curteis, —you're always talking to sister Beaty, and I wan't you to play."

I certainly bore no good will to little Miss Gigglingtone for the information contained in her words.

Dinner being announced, Mr. Gigglingtone took Mrs. Lawson out of the room, and was followed by Lord Meclenbury and Lady Barbara; so that Curteis, Mr. Lawson, and I, were left to contend for the honour of leading out Miss Denison.

We were all of equal rank; there was, therefore, of course, no precedency between us; —but I, as being the one least intimate in the house, might fairly, I thought, presume upon the courtesy usually accorded to strangers, and have offered my hand to Miss Denison without waiting for Mr. Lawson; only he being a con-

siderably older man than myself, I feared he would have looked on it as presumptuous in me to press on before him, and I therefore hung back. But he, a good-natured, kind-hearted man, thinking, I suppose, that, being married, he had no further business with any of the fair sex except his own wife, and that it would be a pity to balk a young man of his fair game, smiled, and pointing to Miss Denison, desired me to lead her down stairs.

I was going to obey, when Curteis, who had been at the other end of the room, coming up at this moment, also offered his arm. We were at her side at the same instant, so that Miss Denison seemed puzzled how to decide between us; but, after a pause, she arranged the matter by disengaging herself from us both, and taking the arm of Mr. Lawson, saying with a smile, but in rather an embarrassed manner,

"I must not quit my old friends."

They were quietly walking off together,

when Curteis, by no means satisfied with the actual disposition of things, changed them, by stepping up and exclaiming,

"No, no, Lawson, my fine fellow,—this won't do—no tricks upon travellers, if you please: this is my property, and hang me if I give it up to any man breathing!"

Having uttered this morsel of refined gallantry, which was accompanied by his usual hoarse laugh, he seized her arm, and began, in unison with Mr. Lawson, to lead, or rather to drag her out of the room: so there were the three jogging and jolting each other over all the tables and chairs they met, until Mr. Lawson, thinking it better to resign a vessel which had put herself under his convoy, than to risk letting her founder in such a dangerous voyage, gave her up entirely to Curteis, and joining me, we descended the stairs together.

"His property!—the wretch! the insolent, vulgar wretch!"—I said to myself. But if I were enraged at his conduct, I was not a whit

more satisfied with that of Miss Denison, whose refusal to let *me* escort her I took in very deep dudgeon indeed.

"Why did she take Mr. Lawson as a guide, when I offered my services?" I asked. "Because she could not take both Curteis and myself, and did not wish to offend either one of us." But she *ought* to have wished it,—she *ought* to have offended him for the express purpose of pleasing me. A vulgar fellow!"

In such manner was it that I tormented myself. I can smile as well as another at it all now: but it is inconceivable what tumults it raised in my bosom at the time. I felt more angry and crest-fallen than I can express, and resolved never to *think* of her again; and when Curteis seated himself by her at table, I made my mind — at least I *thought* so — very easy about the matter; and when Lady Barbara assigned me a place very distant from Miss Denison, I felt perfectly satisfied with the arrangement,—at least I *thought* so.

Some time elapsed before a word was spoken each seemed very anxiously awaiting till som one else would be good enough to help him t an idea. At last, we being all *aplomb*, wel settled in our seats, began to look about wit more confidence, and presently conversatio seemed to spring up of its own accord, withou any one's knowing why or wherefore, as th wind does sometimes.

I narrowly watched Curteis's conduct toward his fair neighbour, observing them both fro time to time with the corner of my eye, so a not to be myself observed, and had I had n previous grounds for suspicion, should not, believe, have felt my jealousy excited by th attention he then paid her. It seemed to me indeed, that his enthusiasm was principall directed to the accomplishment of the hig object for which he had been thither called that is, the filling his internals with good stor of wholesome food, which he devoured with th appetite of a hunter, making at the same tim

small account of the fair creature near whom he had seated himself, under the implied contract of being an agreeable companion.

As for Miss Denison, she sat by him thoughtful and abstracted; thinking, I supposed, about him. I observed, too, that whenever he *did* address her, she seemed under an embarrassment and restraint, as though she feared her partiality for him should be remarked: indeed, our eyes sometimes met, and then she immediately drooped hers, as though she felt ashamed.

"Yes, yes," I said to myself, partly with a pettish irritation, and partly in a feeling of deeper anguish, "it is now quite clear!—never could she have such a restrained manner to one to whom she felt indifference!—So then she really has taken a fancy to that cub! I wish her joy with all my heart!—Her mind must certainly be most refined!—Queen Titania and Billy Bottom the weaver!"

I was always a close reasoner, and having

before argued that Miss Denison's constraint
me was a proof of indifference to *me*, so dic
now conclude that her restraint towards r
rival proved affection towards *him*. I possess
a wonderful facility of tormenting myself.

I made a solemn vow to banish Miss Denis
and every thought of her, and every thought
everything which belonged to her, entirely a
for ever from my heart; and if I had kept tl
vow, what an irreparable loss would poor M
Denison have suffered!

The cloth was removed, the dessert appear
a few glasses of wine were drunk, and La
Barbara, with her train, left the room.

How rejoiced did I feel, to be sure, on l
holding Miss Denison rise and move away fro
the side of my hated rival! I really began
have a better opinion of her. Is any one su
prised at this after what I have just said?—if s
he knows very little of the human heart, and th
is all I can stay to tell him just at present.

We resumed our places: Curteis was seat

nearly opposite, and the deep mourning in which he was dressed seemed to make his huge, hideous, red, round, and shining face appear more huge, more round, more red, more shining, and more hideous a great deal. I thought I never could abide to look again at the full moon.

"How I do hate the sight of that man!—a great gawky, clumsy clown,—neither manners, mind, nor make! Why did I not pommel him to death at Eton!—ah, why did I not stamp the breath out of his body! So, then, the beautiful, the delicate Miss Denison—she whom I fancied so refined and intellectual in her feelings and ideas, has chosen—" I tossed off a full glass of wine, looked about me very gaily, and thus checked the tears which had begun to rise during this soliloquy.

Lord Meclenbury was seated next to Curteis: and now asked him what he had been doing with himself since he left Eton. This question and some others of a like nature being an-

swered, he beckoned to me to come and sit by them.

My aversion to Curteis was now become so strong as to make me hesitate accepting the invitation: I did so, however.

I perceived by Meclenbury's manner, that he had drunk just enough wine to put him in spirits.

"Well," he said, after some previous talk, "I've ever heard it said, there's nothing in the world makes one like a man so much as the having given him a confounded good drubbing at school; and that's the reason, I suppose, why my friend Bouverie here has been longing to see you ever since he heard you were in the country,—for you know, Curteis, he gave you the devil's own basting at Eton!"

Curteis was not so greatly pleased as Meclenbury anticipated at being reminded of this bond of friendship. He paused a little, then replied,

"It is so long ago now, that I've really

almost forgotten all about it: however, I do remember that my foot slipped and I fell down, just as I aimed a blow which would, I think, have put an end to the business at once. But for this accident, I don't think Mr. Bouverie would have had such an easy conquest."

"Easy conquest!—'faith, he had no easy conquest,—*that* much I, who picked him up, will vouch.—Had you, Bouverie?—I never heard you call it an easy conquest."

"No, indeed," I replied, "it was very far from that. I have always admitted that, but for the accident, I should have been beaten. I was on the very point of giving in when it happened."

"No, Mr. Bouverie," Curteis answered with a sardonic smile, "you did not indeed appear to esteem it a very easy conquest at the time; in fact, you seemed surprised at obtaining it: and it was, I suppose, joy for such an unexpected event which made you forget yourself, and strike me when I was fallen."

"Strike you when you were fallen struck you when you were fallen, Mr. Cu how can you say this?—I think it must b who forget yourself now. I struck you w saw you were *falling*, it is true, but most s not when I saw you *fallen*. Meclenbu leave my cause in your hands!—speak, did I do?"

"No, no, you did *not* strike him wh was down,—certainly not. I did, I own, moment *fear* that anger might have mad strike him—*but it did not*," replied Lord lenbury to my appeal.

I looked at Curteis—"There, sir."

"By Heaven! Mr. Bouverie," he replied an ill-suppressed anger, at the same time r his body in the sullen manner of one who to say a great deal more than he thinks i dent to utter,—"if you did not *strike* m at all events did something very german t that is, kick me when I was down. I never of any one but a Frenchman doing *that*."

"*Oh!*" I exclaimed, now colouring with anger, "this is *too* much! What! because when maddened by the pain of my wounds, and doubly maddened by thinking how idly you had provoked me to incur them, I just placed my foot upon your neck, you ——"

"What mighty nonsense you two fellows are talking now!" exclaimed Lord Meclenbury, who, fearing the dispute was likely to become more serious than he could have anticipated, attempted to laugh off the matter and treat it as a jest. "It was a well-foughten field on both sides; each of you behaved like a hero. You, Curteis, would have mauled Bouverie into a mummy, if his good genius had not tripped up your heels just in time to prevent you. It was as fair a fight as I ever saw; and as for his kicking you, that 's nonsense, you know,—downright stuff: he never did any such thing, that *I* 'll answer for."

Neither Curteis nor I replied a word; and I dare say we both impressed every one at table

with an idea that we were ashamed of ourselves, as indeed we each of us had need to be;—Curteis, because he sought the dispute; I, for having spoken angrily, when the question might have been decided by simply applying to Lord Mecklenbury.

We were both looking as if we did not know how to look, when Mr. Lawson, taking up the conversation, in his usual good-natured manner said,

"Come, come, my young friends, you are not met to rip up old quarrels!—Fortune is a fickle Goddess, who favours to-day those she disgraced yesterday. Few of us have much reason at the end of life to be either pleased or dissatisfied with her conduct; for she generally brings things even in the long-run of time. If Mr. Bouverie had the good luck to beat you at school, Curteis, you have had the better luck to overcome him since. 'Faith, methinks you contrived to jockey him, as well as me, finely, just before dinner:—there, my

lord, was I and Mr. Bouverie contending for the fair hand of that lovely damsel, your lordship's relative, when he stepped in between us, and carried off the prize before our face: just as that reprobate fellow, Voltaire, relates that Martinguerre took the fair Dorothée and Judith Rosamore from their lovers:—or as the Hermit in Ariosto's poem spirited away Angelica from Sacripante and Rinaldo."

All this was uttered in that light, laughing manner, which it may be supposed that a kind-hearted man of Mr. Lawson's age would adopt for the purpose of conciliating two foolish boys, and making them ashamed of having disturbed the quiet of a party by quarrelling about nonsense. The speaker seemed to think he had fully effected his purpose, and produced concord between the belligerent powers; for, having ended his oration, he smiled, and filling a bumper, drank to the health and prosperity of "The reconciled heroes."

I am unable to say what effect this produced

upon Curteis; but with regard to myself, I know, that instead of assuaging *my* resentment it tended to make it boil with ten times greater fury.

My heart fluttered,—I may truly indeed say it fluttered;—I felt shame, resentment, disdain and at the same time the greatest possible dread of betraying these passions to notice, and should, therefore, have done well to maintain a complete silence; but I was no longer master of myself,—I could not—no, not for my life and very soul *could* I have remained silent I began by assuming a calm, slow, even tone of voice. This, however, I could not long preserve. I spoke at first in almost a whisper,—I then raised my voice,—my sentences were broken, my words repeated, and I must have seemed to labour under a very violent agitation of mind, as, with one of the most disdainful curls which has ever tortured my poor lip, I thus addressed Mr. Lawson:

"It is easy, Mr. Lawson," I said, "to

perceive that *your* studies lie principally amongst *modern* authors: my good friend Mr. Curteis prefers drawing similes from the writings of the ancient classics. It was this fancy of his, do you know, which occasioned the battle of which we have been just speaking; for, fancying that I bore some resemblance to Mopsus, an interlocutor in the fifth Eclogue, he quoted lines of it which were, he said, perfectly applicable to me. I was foolish enough to be offended at this,—for I was then but a young, silly boy. Suppose that now,—seeing we at present are both of us too old and too wise to be so easily affronted,—I give the *same* name to him, and quoting from the eighth, instead of the fifth Eclogue, refer to the victory he obtained over me to-day, in the words of Damon!—

Mopso Nysa datur! Quid non speremus amantes?
Jungentur jam Gryphes equis, ævoque sequenti
Cum canibus timidi venient ad pocula damæ.*

* Mopsus leads the fair!
When such is Nysa's choice, what lover needs despair!
Griffons

"G—d d—n it!*—Heaven forgive the words!" hastily exclaimed Lord Meclenbury, in a low whisper, as he gave me a great kick on the instep, and at the same time pinched my knee almost black and blue,—"Are you mad, Bouverie!—What in the world can possibly possess you to-day?"

Griffons may mate with mares; a future age
Shall see the wolf and gentle hind assuage
Their thirst, promiscuous at the spring.

DRYDEN'S VIRGIL, Eclogue 8th.
Note by the Editor.

* "Heaven forgive the words."—The supplication is well made!—there is something so revolting to the feelings, so very very terrible to the idea of a well-constituted mind, thus lightly to invoke the wonderful Author of the Universe—that great Being to whom Newton, it is said, never made allusion without performing some act of reverence,—that certainly no man of reflection would be guilty of the enormity if he had *time* to reflect at the moment he is going to commit it. Unfortunately, such expressions are so common, that the best-intentioned, by mere dint of hearing them used, themselves acquire the habit of doing so without at the *moment* attaching any value to them: yet though this accounts for, it by no means *excuses* a practice which is not only irreverent and indecorous, but brutal and vulgar.—*Note by the Editor.*

"Now, Mr. Bouverie, I 'll thank you to construe that for the benefit of us country gentlemen,—ha, ha, ha!" said Mr. Gigglingtone. "I left school some years before you, and have had time to forget all my Latin: I mean, though, to brush it up again some of these days, when I 've got time,—ha, ha!"

"I would obey you with the greatest possible pleasure, Mr. Gigglingtone," I replied, elated at thinking of the pain I must have occasioned my rival, "but should be ashamed to do so when my friend Curteis is present. He is master of a language so much more classical and elegant than mine, that it really would be ill-natured and unjust in me to deprive the company of the benefit of his translation.—Ask *him* to do it!"

"No, 'faith," replied Curteis, "not I, indeed. In the first place, I don't think I ever read the eighth Eclogue at all; and even if I did, I have forgotten all about it long ago. I 've something better to do now than to go bother-

ing my brains about a pack of idle, loungi
swains and shepherdesses, with their oaten pip
whining and pining with all their rhapsodic
rigmarole stuff!"

Lord Meclenbury and Mr. Lawson exchan
ing looks, smiled, and lightly lifting up th
eyebrows, seemed to say to each other, "Tha
lucky!"

"Well, then," said the latter, assuming a g
look, "now that Mr. Bouverie and I ha
shown our learning to the company below sta
suppose we go into the drawing-room, and
to find out something pretty to say to t'
above stairs;—they have been expecting
long while. Mr. Gigglingtone, I believ
have all had enough wine."

CHAPTER XVI.

FINDING on our arrival in the drawing-room that tea was already served, we placed ourselves round the table, and forgot the conversation which had just so much disturbed us.

Cards were brought, and some of the party began to play at cassino. I was never much of a man to be civil for the sake of profit, but rather on the contrary: a dread of being thought interested has generally made me hang back when private advantage required me to press service, or offer adoration. Yet there could not be, I thought, any great meanness in attempting, though even at the expense of a little flattery, to draw over Lady Barbara to my way of thinking.

I therefore seated myself by her, an
trived by all manner of small talk—lar
would never have done,—by propoundi
dles—in the discovery of which, by-the-b
sometimes evinced considerable ingenui
well as by the aid of several very prettily
compliments upon her beauty and inte
endowments,—to interest her exceedingl
indeed, I am very sure — though I say
should not—that neither Dr. Samuel J
nor Mr. Alexander Pope would have su
so well in this: which plainly proves
great genius I must have been for a y
nineteen years old!

After a long conversation she rose, a
me at leisure to observe the conduct
daughter, who looked particularly beau
that evening. She was dressed in a
muslin gown, showing off her fine figur
greatest advantage, and wore just ab
forehead a very large, beautiful pearl se
with a number of smaller ones. Her br

high, her complexion by far the most clear and beautiful I had ever seen, and her hands and feet were of peculiar delicacy and smallness.

But that which pleased me even more than these, was the *expression* of her finely formed oval countenance, so much resembling those seen in Grecian statues, that, when she has been animated in conversation, I have often likened her to Hebe, receiving joy from a converse with those to whom her presence inspired delight; and at other times her features have assumed a state of calmness and repose, which made me assimilate her to Urania, pensively gazing on the course of Time, and pondering on the things to be hereafter.

"And, oh!" I sighed to myself, as I sate looking at her, "is it then possible that Fortune can reserve this fair Being for so poor a fate!"

Mrs. Lawson was not only a very pretty woman—which is always a very nice thing—but a particularly good-natured looking one also, such a one as I longed to have for a con-

fidant:—one does not mind telling one's sec
to a woman;—women never laugh at, but v
properly treat love as a serious matter—wher
men are apt to be jocose.

Fortunately, she came and sat down near
and, still more fortunately, began to talk ab
Miss Denison. She informed me of seve
matters respecting her family of which I
before ignorant; and told me many concern
Beatrice herself which gave me infinite delig
as they tended to prove the great goodness
amiability of her character and temper.

We none of us listen to praise of oursel
with greater delight than to that bestowed
those we love. The first is indeed very m
the same thing as the other; and I felt a
growing affection towards Mrs. Lawson for
high esteem in which she held Beatrice.

But pleasure never comes unmixed, as Je
de Meugn rightly says in his "Roman de
Rose;" and now Mrs. Lawson inclining
wards me, and speaking in a half whisper,

"*I rather* think," she said, "that our friend *Mr. Curteis*"—(I held in my breath)—"is smitten *with* the damsel's good looks. He is always finding some pretence for coming over to Bridlington: besides which—don't you observe?—he has been paying her attentions the whole of the evening."

"Always coming to Bridlington!—is he *always* coming to Bridlington?—But you see he is playing at cards at present—he is not near Miss Denison!"

"No, not just now. He is very fond of cards.—Well, I 'm sure, I can't tell whether he means anything serious. You were at school with Mr. Curteis—what sort of a boy was he? Do you think him likely to make such a one as Miss Denison happy?"

"By that question I suspect that *you* do not, Mrs. Lawson!" I replied with an animation which made my eyes sparkle.—"But," I continued, in a more subdued tone, "he is, I am told, a man of very considerable property."

"This," she replied, "is usually tho
be an admirable reason why *parents* shou
mote a match; but young ladies, you kn
apt sometimes to differ from their man
such points, and fancy that a confor
tastes, habits, and ways of thinking, a sin
of feeling and pursuits are even more e
to connubial felicity than a large estate."

It required no great wit to perceive th
Lawson was no enthusiast about my r
resolved to pump her as much as possib

"Yes, but Lady Barbara will, I supp
glad to have a rich son-in-law," I said.

"She will be glad, I dare say, to proc
her daughter the best match she can,—
to say, the best she can obtain wi
least possible trouble to herself. But, t
the truth, I apprehend she concerns hers
little about the matter, her attention bei
seemingly divided between Mr. Giggli
her little child, and the poodle dog."

"Is it possible," I exclaimed, "tha

Barbara can be so indifferent about her daughter's welfare! You are quite right, Mrs. Lawson: a similarity of tastes and feeling *is* necessary to ensure happiness."

"Necessary! it is absolutely *indispensable*," she replied; "and no two persons can, I think, have them more dissimilar than Miss Denison and Mr. Curteis.—The mind of the former is so superiorly refined and intellectual. Mr. Curteis has, no doubt, a hundred excellent qualities, but his spirit is of an order far below that of the other."

"Oh, my dear, dear Mrs. Lawson," I inwardly exclaimed, "do, pray, let me hug you in my arms and stifle you with kisses!" This ecstatic emotion, however, I was obliged to restrain, the usages of society not authorising me to give way to it; and, quietly as I could, I replied,

"You seem, then, to think that Mr. Curteis is not very refined and intellectual!"

" Do you ?" she inquired, looking me fu the face, as if surprised at the question.

" No," I replied, lifting my eyebrows, breathing forth my words in that slow, m rious, semi-solemn and somewhat comical ner which people are apt to use when spea what they feel they should *not* speak, — " Mrs. Lawson, I cannot—exactly—say—I—

CHAPTER XVII.

The dialogue between Mrs. Lawson and myself inspired me with confidence, by making me see that Miss Denison's behaviour to my rival, far from being a proof of love, might be the effect of dislike. I began, therefore, to look on him with a less malignant eye, and to regret having taunted him with so much bitterness below stairs.

He was then playing at cards with Meclenbury, and seemingly in high glee. The rest were occupied, I know not how, but not certainly with observing me. Miss Denison was looking over a book of prints then lying on the table. I went up, and began to talk to her about Pickering Hall, and the disappointment

I felt when she left it so suddenly. She replied to this, and then said she hoped I had quite recovered from the wound I had received from her mother's dog.

"He is extremely ill-tempered to strangers, Mr. Bouverie, though affectionate to those he lives with: he is very fond of me, and I used to be fond of him, but he behaved so very ill the other day that I shall punish him by withdrawing my love, and—"

"Oh, Miss Denison," I interrupted her by saying, "let not his offence be a reason for withdrawing so great a blessing! Can I myself but love one who has procured me a happiness beyond my most sanguine hopes — that of finding you deign to feel an interest in my welfare?"

I stood aghast at my own temerity: and as for Beatrice, she leaned over the table, and began turning over the leaves of the print-book.

In an intercourse with the fair sex, says Fontenelle, men behave like geometricians, who

having gained one point, make it a reason for demanding another, and so on till they at length obtain all they wish.

My first essay not having drawn down all the indignation I might have anticipated, and, indeed, no sort of anger being manifested by the one on whom it was made, I resolved on hazarding another. There was a handsomely-bound book lying on the table: I took it up.

"A more delightful book than this have I never met, Miss Denison. I can read it over and over again with renewed pleasure."

"What book is it?" she inquired, now lifting her eyes from the prints, and looking towards me with a countenance which, though it might be well portrayed on canvass, defies a verbal description.

"The History of Robinson Crusoe. I know of nothing so delightful as the account of his shipwreck, and long confinement in the island of Juan Fernandez. I never read it without wishing to be there.—Yet," I continued, after a

pause, "yet there was one thing wanting to complete his happiness — one thing to have made his prison a palace of enchantment!"

"What—what—pray what might that have been, Mr. Bouverie?" she inquired in a low, tremulous voice, indicating that she pretty well guessed the sort of answer I should return.

"The presence of some fair gentle Being with whom he might have shared it, Miss Denison. Such single addition to his lonesome existence would have changed for him the whole aspect of the creation, and transformed his solitary isle into a full-peopled Paradise."

"Upon my word, Mr. Bouverie," exclaimed a gay laughing voice, proceeding, I knew, from Mrs. Lawson, who at that moment came up to us—"very pretty indeed this!—you are really not quite so bashful a young man as I took you for! So, then, here you are, under pretence of praising solitude, saying the gallantest things possible to Miss Denison! I find you

agree with that Abbé—I forget his name—who said, '*La solitude est, sans doute, belle, mais il faut quelqu'un à qui l'on peut dire—Oh, que la solitude est belle!*'"

My hair stood on end as the wits flew out of my head, and it was lucky for me that Lord Meclenbury, by coming up at that moment, gave me an opportunity of hiding my confusion.

"Come along, Bouverie!" he said, tapping me on the shoulder, "take my place. I've just lost all my money to Curteis. Go and make him disgorge a part of it, will you?"

I was glad enough to obey, and so, casting a glance towards Miss Denison, left her, and was going towards the card-table, when Meclenbury, stepping up, laughed and whispered in my ear,

"I tell you what, Bouverie: if you go on in this manner with my cousin, I shall report your conduct—you know where!"

He then, without giving me time to reply, left me, and returned to those he had just quitted,

whilst I placed myself at the card-table in a flow of spirits, occasioned by the acceptan I thought, of my compliment. I was ju that mood of mind which is requisite to er the good-will of fortune — that is, I had a firm determination to obtain it. " Fort says the Abbé de St. Real, " bestows gifts on those only who demand them i santly and with boldness. To the f hearted she accords nothing but anger and tempt. Fortune is a woman, and mu forced into compliance."

It was, perhaps, in consequence of thi knowledge of her character that Fortun favour me. I had a remarkable run of luck. The first, second, third, and fc games, I won as gallantly as possible; Fortune played me false—Oh woman, wor —and bestowed her favours on my rival,- I was evidently her favourite; she returne me, and I was glad enough to take her notwithstanding her infidelity. I am no

only man who has done the same, I dare say; I won again and again; my antagonist bit his lips,—I saw a great big oath peeping out upon them—but he swallowed it again.

"Double or quits?" he said.

"With all my heart!" I replied — and won.

There was in my rival's throat a mighty commotion as of wrathful words striving to obtain freedom.

"Iræ Leonum
Vincla recusantum et sera sub nocte rudentum."

They *were*, however, mastered for the moment, and indeed to a certain extent tamed, for they only showed themselves under the moderate form of—

"Again, double or quits!"

Again I accepted the challenge, and again won.

Here Curteis indulged in sundry imprecations with which it is impossible to stain this page. He even went so far as to accuse me of unfair play, and threatened me with exposure.

The Lions were now indeed loosened. thundering out his brutal words, he thump down his fist upon the table with a force whi made the candlesticks dance, and every c present start round to see what was comi next: then, rising up, he nearly overset t table, cards, candlesticks, and all, into my la whilst I was so greatly astonished at what beheld and heard, as neither to know how look nor what to do. My first feeling was What will Beatrice say to my being an ac in this disgraceful scene, this drunken tav broil!

Every one crowded round and inqui what was the matter.

"Mr. Curteis," I at length said, "you f get yourself, surely sir; you did not mean say I won your money unfairly?"

"I said—I meant to say—I—I never lost many games in my life."

"And pray, Mr. Curteis, what is that

me!—we," I continued in a lower tone of voice, "*must* talk further on this business, at a more convenient time and in a fitter place."

Going to reply, he was interrupted by Mr. and Mrs. Lawson, who, dragging him aside, obliged him to listen to what they had to say; whilst Lord Meclenbury, drawing me also apart, inquired how the disturbance had arisen. I told him exactly the state of the case, and then said I would make Curteis pay dearly for his conduct, but that I should first give back the money I had won.

He interrupted me, by saying,

"What! return his money, and thus own you deserve his censure!—Indeed, Bouverie, shall you do no such thing!"

"By my life, then, shall he answer with his own for the atrocious insult he has dared put on me!—He shall bitterly rue this, depend on it. I'll show him, I now know how to handle a small sword, as I formerly knew how to use

my fists I 'll run him through the body, re on it !"

" Ay, this indeed you must do, unless h apologise, which I 'll almost take upon mysel to say he shall—he *must*.—Stay there !"

He then left me, and going up to Curteis, whom the evident disapprobation shown of his conduct had by this time brought a little to himself, prevailed on him to make such an apology as I, by no means willing just then t push matters to any undue length, was readil induced to accept, and he declared he had neve meant I played unfairly, but that vexation a an unusual run of ill luck had angered hi into saying so.

Even this apology, as I afterwards foun was rather wrenched from him than give however, of that I was not aware at the tim nor should have minded, had I known it ev so well: my object being to stand well in t eyes of the lookers-on, and principally in tho

of Beatrice. I cared very little about the conduct of such a coarse unmannered clown as Curteis, whose friends, Mr. and Mrs. Lawson, glad enough, I believe, to get him from a place where he had so disgraced himself, now hurried him off to the carriage, which had already been some time announced.

As it was growing late, *we* also prepared to go, and began taking leave of the company. I went up to Beatrice for this purpose. At the end of my affray with Curteis, I fancied there was an expression of pleasure on her countenance, from which I augured well, and now expected to receive some further token of congratulation: how great then was my astonishment at the sudden change I found in her manner!

If hitherto she had resembled the youthful Hebe smiling with timid bashfulness at love—the creation of her own beauty—she now appeared like Juno, commanding reverence and

inspiring awe: in accosting her, I could almost fancy she felt in the spirit of that haughty Queen—

> Ast ego, quæ Divum incedo regina Jovisque
> Et soror et conjux !

I could not have believed any one had power to be so different from herself, as, drawing up, she replied to my salutation by a slight inclination of the neck, and by a cold "Good night, Mr. Bouverie !"

I know not that this change of behaviour would have been apparent to a common observer: perhaps not—yet it nevertheless existed. There is a sort of freemasonry of hearts—an infinite number of signs and symbols which, though not formally covenanted on between the parties are, notwithstanding, perfectly intelligible to them, whilst they remain altogether imperceptible to the bystanders.

I hurried out of the room after Lord Mecklenbury, who had already got half-way down stairs.

"*What* can all this mean?" I said to myself—"what *can it possibly* mean or portend? *Is it* caprice? is it coquetry?—is it done to try me, or to plague me, or *what* is it? Have I said anything or done anything to offend her? Is she displeased that I left her to play at cards?—Ah! I see it now—she is grieved at my having made Curteis appear in so bad a point of view! She really, then, loves him—the clown!" I joined Lord Meclenbury at that instant, who took my arm as we left the house and prepared to go home.

During the walk, his conversation naturally fell on Curteis. He told me he was at first disposed to blame me for having ripped up the old Eton affair; but that really the man had since proved himself such a bear and such a beast, that nothing which could be said or done about him was too bad.

We were waiting for the porter to open the door.

"By-the-bye," he said, "I observed you

had a long chat with Beatrice this evening. She's a charming creature, isn't she? How particularly well she looked in her white muslin dress, and that fine pearl in her hair! What did you think of her?—But I need scarcely ask you *that* question."

My bosom heaved with a sigh, which I in vain tried to repress. "What do I think? Why, truly, I scarcely know what to think of her!"

"You don't know what to think, the deuce you don't! From what I observed of you, I fancied you knew very well what to think; but *I* don't know what Lady Mary Daultry would have thought or said, had she seen all that I saw."

"Oh! my dear Lord Meclenbury, a truce to all this," I was going to reply, when the door was opened, and he, complaining of fatigue, ordered a candle, wished me good night, and went up stairs to bed.

I longed to detain and lay my heart

open to him, and ask him his opinion and advice upon the events of the evening.

I stood in need of a confidant; but the moment in which a man is suffering from weariness is not exactly the one most propitious for engaging his attention to a love affair, and I therefore made up my mind to wait for a more favourable opportunity; but this did not occur for some days. I will speak of it in its proper place.

CHAPTER XVIII.

"So, then," I thought, as, pacing up a
down the room I passed over the various
currences of the day, "I have at last hit u
the true reason of her conduct. She pre
that man, that clown, to me! Well, be it
I'll not oppose the *tender passion!*——Wh
is it then possible?" She saw him placed
disgraceful — ay, even in a most ludicr
point of view—and then makes *me* account
for it, forsooth! How could *I* help it?
I give him a coarse vulgar mind, and coa
feelings! They seem to assimilate with
own surprisingly!" I clenched my fists,
struck them violently against my forehead, t
flinging myself back in a chair, remai

buried in thought, if, indeed, the quick succession of many agonizing ideas passing in a tumultuous whirlwind through the brain may be so called.

A reflection crossed me, — I started at it. "Ha!" I said, rising up and musing, as Lord Meclenbury's threat (made just before I sate down to play at cards with Curteis,) rushed across my mind. "Is not all this perhaps?— ay, ay, *so* it is! Lord Meclenbury most surely has been telling her of my conduct after she quitted his father's house. How foolish of me to neglect begging him not to do so! How could he have been so silly—so very, very imprudent! Oh that I had never seen Lady Mary!—but I'll soon undeceive Beatrice—the next time I meet her ——"

My thoughts now taking a different turn, arose from the lowest dungeon in the castle of Despair to the highest pinnacle in the palace of Hope, and, looking down upon my rival, danced with joy.

"Yes!" I exclaimed, "never have I successlessly contended with my rival. Eton I fought with and overcame him;—t day he disputed with me,—I rendered hi ridiculous, and overcame him. At cards overcame him. His anger only brought d grace upon himself; thus again I overca him. Have I done thus much to fail at la Impossible!"

"Can Richard this, and yet not get a crown?
Tut! were it farther off I'ould pluck it down!"

The seer's address to Anthony also cross my mind, and cheered it:

"Near him, thine Angel
Becomes a fear as being overpowered.

* * * *

"If thou dost play with him at any game,
Thou 'rt sure to lose; and, of his natural luck,
He beats thee 'gainst the odds.—Thy lustre thicke
When he shines by."

In repeating these lines for perhaps twentieth time, I fell asleep. Their salut effects, however, had passed before the mo

ing, when, in lieu of receiving comfort from reflection on former conquests, I began to fear lest the having obtained so many should serve as an argument with Fortune for not according me any more. I dreaded her thinking I had already had my full share of her good graces. I called over in my mind the many kings and great captains, who, having been always successful at the beginning of life, had found themselves shamefully deserted by her at the very moment in which they most wanted her assistance.

I awoke, wearied by a late vigil, and consequently depressed in spirit. It was early, yet the sun, already risen several degrees above the horizon, was pouring his beams in a full flood of glory through the window, which I always then left, and still habitually do leave, uncurtained, in order that the first object I behold may be the God-filling sight of Nature.

I arose and looked out. The air was still, whilst the sea and all around seemed so calm

and beautiful that I was tempted to take a stroll upon the beach.

At some distance from the town, and hidden from it by a high projecting point of land, rose up a mighty mass of rocks, heaped one upon the other disorderly, as if by the Giants when they warred with Heaven.

I had often before visited this cliff, and now clambered upon it from point to point till I attained the spot where I usually stationed myself. Above me rose still higher crags, some of them pointed, others flat, supporting one the other; and many of them based on a foundation so apparently slender that it seemed to require but a slight effort to tumble them into the dark green wave beneath.

Delved in the rock below was a deep cave, round whose wide, yawning mouth innumerable pointed crags opposed the waters eddying and boiling through the channel to demand an entrance. On and on they came, more furious and more foaming for the offered

obstacles; till at last, rising in one vast volume over them, they poured themselves in a *wild* tumultuous flood into the cave.

See! the barrier has been passed,—and hark!—now it has reached its utmost limits, and the beaten cave returns a hollow sound,—a sound begetting holy thoughts!—I have often since heard the music of Gluck and Lully—of Handel and Piccini, but never did they create the unutterable delight,—that abandonment and oblivion of all terrestrial feelings,—that entire ravishment of soul, which *then* embraced my being. *Theirs* were the voices of mortals struggling in a fretful, fevered fear, for the plaudits of a multitude of poor things listening to them, in the sickly atmosphere of their own rank breaths. *This* was the voice of Almighty God Himself, calling on me through the pure expanse of his blessed creation, and commanding me to fall down and worship.

I *did* worship—"Oh God! great and good!"

it was my only prayer, — except indeed tears which almost choked me.

It is surprising that, raised as my soul was to a contemplation of Heavenly ob I should willingly have descended to thin earthly things!—that reflections on the Cr should have been disturbed by thoughts o created!—Little does he who marvels know the ways and tendencies of a love mine. Those reflections were *not* distu but love to Beatrice, and gratitude to the tor uniting in my bosom, produced a fe of the most pure piety and passionate a tion.

"Ah, that she now were here!—were r —that she would love me, and mate with —that hand-in-hand we both might cor this, or some such lovely, lonely spot, and the changes of the varying day—the roseat fast-footed Morn, as from a plenteous ur casts forth flowers upon our earth and wi it to life and gladness!—the glowing noo

and the temperate Evening—the silent step of Night and that of Darkness, creeping unperceived along through Twilight, until Darkness gain an empire over all things—all, but those far-rolling orbs, to meditate on which is highest holiness! Yes, that she now were here—here in this temple, and that we both might bow, and breathe our humble offerings of praise!"

I wish I could again shed such tears as those which at that moment trickled down my cheek!

CHAPTER XIX.

I had for some time been busied with such meditations, when turning my head in the direction of the town, I observed, approaching me, three females, who, though too distant to be exactly distinguishable, were yet near enough to make my heart flutter.

As they came nearer, I found my conjecture was correct. The party consisted of Lady Barbara, her daughter, and her maid. This caused me considerable embarrassment, as, not having anticipated it, I was by no means prepared for such a meeting. I had dressed hastily, and in a manner which, though very appropriate for scrambling over rocks, was by no means fit for going into company — and

then, too, such company! I had put on an old and passably shabby great-coat, my linen was that of the preceding day—my stockings were ungartered—I was without a neckcloth—and, in short, made a pretty figure. No man likes to make a pretty figure before any woman, much less before the woman he loves.

Hiding myself behind the point of a projecting rock, I hesitated as to whether I should or should not venture on going down. During this mental debate, I happened to step out a little beyond bounds, in order to observe them more distinctly; but was still so placed as to render it impossible, I thought, for any of the party to distinguish me. However, I was mistaken in my reckoning, for Lady Barbara—it is very strange that silly persons observe fifty things which pass unseen by more talented ones—spied me out, and immediately attracted her daughter's attention by pointing up to the spot where I stood. I could almost fancy I heard her say:—

" La, Beatrice, my dear,—do look!—do think, why there's Mr. Bouverie, I test! What *can* he possibly be doing in place?—dear me, how very odd!"

Having now no choice, I descended, qui as the unevenness of the road permi and on reaching the beach, went tow them with as much shamefacedness as I in my life, I think, felt.

" Never, surely," said I to myself, " d more ungainly figure present itself befo Being so divine. She will think me the awkward, ill-dressed clown, that ever clouted shoon!"

I was like Cymon presenting himself to genia.—

" He would have spoke, but by his glimmering sen
He found a want of wit, and feared offence."

She on the contrary, came on like Una pearing to Sylvanus.

" Sometimes dame Venus' selfe he seems to see,
But Venus never had soe sober mood;
Sometimes Diana he her takes to be,
But misseth bow and shafts, and buskins to the knee.

Prepared for a repetition of the cold formal demeanour of the preceding evening, I was pleasingly disappointed at finding it far less so than my fears anticipated. There was, it is true, a slight hesitation of manner on her replying to my first salutation; but this wore off by degrees, and I perceived, or fancied I could perceive, that whatever impression Mecklenbury's account had originally made, the night's reflection had deadened its effect.—Whatever evil a woman may hear of one she loves, there is always in her heart a something which pleads too strongly to be long withstood.

Except that now and then stepping aside to pick up some shells, amber, and sea-weed, with which the shore was covered, she never left her mother's side, and thus any explanation,—even had I, under such circumstances, possessed courage to demand one,—was rendered quite impossible; but having at last collected a certain quantity of these marine productions, she asked her maid for the basket, and began to fill it.

I watched her whilst thus employed, observed a small bit of very transparent s fall to the ground. No one perceived i that moment. I stooped, picked it up, k it,—on my knees I kissed it,—and thru it into my bosom, pressed it to my heart has never since quitted me for a single ment, nor shall it ever quit me till the of death; no, not even then—it shall ac pany me to the grave.

Some time afterwards, I had a locket of the purest gold, set round with rubies, opening with a spring, so that I could mysel in the treasure; before venturing to do w however, I used the locket as men treat a l when the devil has been in it. I in a m exorcised the locket; washing it a dozen in the purest rain water, and with the soap. With these and some other caba ceremonies, I flung off the contamination it I thought, contracted in passing through workman's hands.

Lady Barbara having by this time walked herself into an appetite, manifested a desire to return home. I accompanied them nearly to the entrance of the town and then took leave.

I stood looking towards them till they had just reached the point of land before mentioned, and which, when passed, would hide them from my view.

Just before turning it, Miss Denison looked round. In an instant, without premeditation or design,—without knowing, caring, or even thinking what I did, I raised both my hands, and pressing them for a moment to my lips, flung them passionately forward in token of adieu. I was too distant to distinguish her features, but they seemed to linger for a moment, then again hastily averting them, she was lost to my sight.

Were we always happy, we should never be delighted; had we no paroxysms of grief, neither should we feel violent emotions of plea-

[illegible] wretched state of us

poor mortals, that we are forced to
brief joy at the expense of long sorro

Had I not been tormented for the
or five days with doubts respecting
nison; but principally had I not be
distracted at her conduct on the
night, the events of this morning
have exhilarated me so much.

I was giddy, drunk with joy, I
what I did, nor where I stood,—my
ed, my knees shook, my heart beat,
cheek burned like a living coal.

My first connected thought was to
the spot whence I had observed thei
and there enjoy the unspeakable
passing over in solitude each minu
which had occurred.

I ran—I leaped—I may be said
flown along the sands; like Camill
them not beneath me, neither did t
at the pressure of my foot: I gained
tom of the cliff. The Alpine Bouqu

Chamois bound not more lightly on from rock to rock in quest of pasture, than did I, when rising to the summit of the crag I had lately descended with so much labour.

I flung myself upon the spot I had before occupied. "Does she know I love her?—Whenever yet did love remain a secret from the beloved? She *does* know it. Does she return me love for love? A deep question, and on its answer depends my eternal happiness. Yes she *does* love me! her blushes when we meet, her embarrassment when I speak to her,—her look, her voice, her very anger towards me yesterday; each, all, everything gives me assurance that she loves me. Yet—"

Who ever loved and felt no fear? To these glad revellings of the heart succeeded apprehensions too numerous to be recounted: my spirit rose and fell by turns, was elated and depressed, like the wild wave which, swelling at one moment up to overflowing, then sink-

ing down again, laid bare the sounding pe
in the gulf beneath.

Dubious, unquiet, fevered, unable to fi
attention, as to rest my limbs, I arose,]
to and fro upon the cliff, then descending
the beach, leaped and releaped, and l
again, over a broad and frightful cl
through which the tide, rushing with
mendous violence, threatened destruction a
forfeit of a false step.

CHAPTER XX.

On reaching home I found Lord Meclenbury already dressed, and waiting my return with some impatience: reminding me of a project we had formed of going to Flamborough Head on that day, he desired me to dress and get breakfast over as quickly as possible.

We were soon ready, and, mounted on two sorry hacks, pursuing our journey at a slow pace enough towards this far-famed promontory of the north. Our excursion had been planned and agreed on the day before, but the occurrences of the morning had so entirely driven it from my memory that it never, but for Meclenbury, would have recurred to it; and certainly I should not commemorate it in this

place were it not for an accident, whose consequences greatly retarded the prosecution of my schemes.

We were both of us scrambling over a mass of rocks, situated below the Pharos, when my companion's foot slipping, he mechanically caught hold of my coat in order to regain his equilibrium; but this, instead of benefitting him, augmented the evil; for the unexpected pull put me off my balance, and we both rolled down a steep shelving precipice of twelve or fifteen feet deep, into a narrow ravine, at the bottom of which the rounded pebbles were just making their appearance above the retiring waters;—well was it for us that they *were* retiring for, had it been full, or even half tide, we never could possibly have extricated ourselves from the difficulty.

I was considerably bruised, and should probably have been much more seriously injured had I not had the good luck to light on Mellenbury, who lay beneath me, and who, in all

dition to having his face dreadfully lacerated, and being otherwise wounded, in the fall itself was struck on the knee by a large pointed stone he had loosened and dragged along with him.

Though in great pain, I was not so seriously hurt but that I could get up; and I shall never forget the extreme horror impressed on me by my first glance at Meclenbury lying beside me motionless, with his face bathed in blood. I sate up to look at him, with my body leaning back and resting on my arm. My first thought was of his being dead;—then I reflected on the despair of his parents, and my next impulse was to shed tears.

This, however, I did not; but looking at him more narrowly, and perceiving he was only stunned, I rose, and getting some water in the palm of my hands, sprinkled his face and wiped off the blood with my handkerchief. My care revived him. He spoke—how sweetly did those accents fall upon my ear! I have often since had the hard fortune to hang over the bed

of sickness, doubting—till I myself have grow sick with doubt—if she I watched were dea or only in that trance which so resembles death but I know not whether the first wakening sig assuring me of her existence, ever imparted deeper transport to my heart than I experienc on first hearing Lord Meclenbury's voice.

My fears being thus calmed, I left him; ar hobbling, as well as I was able, and as close I could, towards some fishermen I perceived a distance, hallooed with all my might, ar contrived to make them understand that w wanted their assistance.

They ran towards us, and in a little tin contrived a litter, on which having laid th wounded man, four of them transported him c their shoulders to the ale-house, where we ha left the horses, and whither I, though with muc difficulty, contrived to accompany them on foo

This adventure necessitated us to take u our quarters at Flamborough Head, when

we did not effect an escape until the sixth day after our arrival at it.

We reached Bridlington late in the evening, and my first wish was to inquire about Lady Barbara and her daughter, of whose society our most unfortunate accident had so long deprived me, and who were not, I knew, to remain much longer in that part of the country. But, however great my anxiety to hear something of a person so dear to me, I refrained from asking any questions, as I intended to inform myself personally about them on the morrow, and at the same time tell the reason of my long absence, such an explanation being, I felt, indispensable after our last interview, and, I may say, our secret understanding on the sands.

On the following morning Meclenbury and I were seated at breakfast, when he said,

"So, then, Lady Barbara is off, it seems; Peter just told me they left Bridlington on Tuesday, the day before yesterday."

"Off! Left Bridlington!" I exclaimed "you can't mean that! They were to ha stayed here another week."

"They seem, indeed, to have hastened th departure; I fully expected to find them hen

"And where are they gone?" I inquired

"To Beverley, I hear. It appears also th Curteis is to join them shortly; if, indeed, he not already gone."

"Curteis!—is he—is he *really* gone to B verley House?" I inquired, as if I had not f fore known he was to visit them. In truth, last interview with Miss Denison had tende to tranquillize my mind that I had not b been very much occupied with thought Curteis, and thus the assertion respecting came like a sudden flash of lightning to zle me.

"Yes," replied Meclenbury; "does th prise you? Mr. Gigglingtone told us to visit them. He kept one part of the

though. There seems to be a treaty of marriage on the tapis."

"*What!*—a what!—treaty!"

"Even so: I hear that Curteis has been making up to Beatrice for some time past, and he is now going to Beverley, to see, I suppose, if he can finally bring about matters."

"Going to Beverley to see if he can bring about matters!—Why, what matters can he wish to bring about at Beverley?"

"How you do repeat one's words, Bouverie! What matter?—why, I told you the matter, didn't I?—the matter, I suppose, of marrying Miss Denison—they say he is dying for her."

"*Dying! He* the insolence to be dying for her—*he* dying for Miss Denison—*he* marry Miss Denison, indeed! Never, Meclenbury, never. She is too good, too beautiful, too amiable, too excellent for such a one as *he*. I dare say, nevertheless, he may have the impudence to wish it—but ——"

"But?—but what?—What is it you mea
Bouverie?"

"Why, I mean this,—he's a monstrous i
pudent fellow to pretend—ay, even to *thi*
of Miss Denison. What! shall your cousin-
lady who has the honour to be related to t
Carlingfords—unite herself with the son o
stock-broker out of Basinghall-street? Wh
will your father say? Besides, *she won't* ma
him."

"Why, I must own," replied Lord Mecl
bury, "that it is not quite the match my fat
or any of the family would approve; but wh
can he do? Beatrice is, unfortunately for h
fortuneless, and dependant on that most si
woman, her mother, who will, no doubt, p
mote that or any other tolerable match, if on
just to rid herself of one whose merits put h
own absurdities to the blush every hour in t
day. Besides, too, it will make room for t
newly-born brood of little Gigglingtones.

ter all said and done, Curteis, it seems, is a man of fortune."

"Yes," I replied, with a sneer which I did not even try to repress, "his father's *till* was well stocked, I have no doubt! So, then, you approve of this most splendid alliance! And pray, my lord," I continued in a more subdued tone, "who was it informed you of this so shortly after our arrival?"

"Peter was in here telling me of it just before you came down to breakfast; and ——"

"Peter again!—Peter, that cursed fellow! —then I don't believe a word,—no, not a single syllable about it! I tell you what, my lord, I've a very bad opinion of that man—a very *bad opinion indeed of him!* I take him to be the idlest and most gossiping rascal that ever breathed. Peter, forsooth! Peter! —I wish, with all my heart and soul, Peter would mind his own business! There was I ringing away at the bell this morning till my

arms ached, before I could get that lazy ras to bring up my boots;—chattering, and *dri ing beer*, and listening to a parcel of lies. F companions! What should *he* know ab such matters? an idle, good-for-nothing gabond, gadding about the town, instead attending to his work!"

"Your very best friends, my dear B verie," said Meclenbury, "must own you be somewhat quick and hasty, and admit th if not *inexorabilis*, *acer*, you at least merit other epithets of *impiger iracundus*, bestow upon the son of Thetis; yet it is not often t a man may see you so moved as at prese What the deuce is amiss with you? Wh makes you so angry with my poor old frie Peter? and why do you seem to take Curtei marriage with my cousin so much to heart?"

"Curteis!—marriage—cousin!" I cou bear it no longer; but, clasping my two han before my face, and leaning on the table, " Heaven!" I said, "is it possible!" It

my only exclamation, and that was breathed forth rather than spoken.

Tears came—not such tears as I had shed some few days ago, when, calling to mind my different interviews with Beatrice, I reflected on the probability of my union with her:—not such as these, but bitter tears, tears of anguish, disappointment, shame—of hopelessness! tears, which I then thought could never be succeeded by a smile, nor cease to flow but when my heart ceased to beat.

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Lord Meclenbury, starting up and coming round to me, "what is all this, Bouverie? Have I said anything to offend—to *hurt* you, I mean?"

As he hung over me, I took his hand and pressed it in mine; but my heart was too full to speak.

"Answer, Bouverie! Tell me,—is it possible—do you yourself love that girl?"

Without looking up, I breathed my answer,

"Yes."

"And why did you never tell me
fore, when I have so often jested
on the subject?"

"For that very reason, Mecklenbu
jested, and love is a very *serious* matt
you spoken gravely, I should willin
told you all about it. I longed to d
felt ashamed."

"How very foolish!"

"I own it so; but no matter.
love her, —deeply, desperately lov
love her as woman never before w
There!" I continued, looking up—
confessed all—I have no longer any
conceal—no further shame of talkin
about her. Ask what you choos
answer."

"Well, then, Bouverie, tell me, is
aware of your affection for her, and
any reasons to think she approves of

"She *must* know, and *does* know,

of my love; and on leaving this place, I fancied I was not indifferent to her: but this hasty departure confounds all my ideas; and the talk of her marriage with—a curse on the man's name!—overthrows everything and distracts me."

"As for her hasty departure from Bridlington, she, not being mistress of her own actions, is not answerable for it; and with regard to the marriage, it may, for aught I know, turn out to be village gossip. I hope so with all my heart. But let us go into the garden; we can talk over the business 'under the greenwood shade' better than here: besides, the cool air will refresh you."

CHAPTER XXI.

When we got into the garden, I instr
ed my companion in the whole affair, and
him my reasons for hoping to be well rece
by his relation. I could not, however,
reproaching him for having spoken in su
loose manner of my conduct to other wor
and saying that he certainly had done me
siderable injury; for that, though her b
viour, when we afterwards met beneath
cliffs, made me hope a night's reflection
sufficed, if not entirely to eradicate, at l
to enfeeble the impression, yet our sudden
parture from Bridlington, and long abs
from it, must necessarily have tended to re
and confirm the ideas he had first raised of
inconstancy.

When I had done speaking, he recommended me to go immediately to Beverley, obtain an interview with Miss Denison, and explain that which certainly did, he said, need explanation — my reasons for having made so long a stay at Flamborough Head. I replied that this was precisely what I should like to do, but that there seemed to be an insuperable argument against such a course; for that my appearance at Beverley House would be regarded as an intrusion by its inmates, they never having invited me there.

He promised to remove this difficulty by accompanying me there himself.

"We will," he said, "go, as if in continuation of our tour, and put up at the *town* of Beverley, whence we can ride over to call on Lady Barbara as often as we like. You will then have opportunities enough of seeing and conversing with her daughter; and if ever you stand in need of my good word, depend on me, you shall have it; for, besides that I owe you

something for my former malice, I would rather a gentleman should mate with my dam little playfellow than such a one as teis, even though he should be ten tin rich. But all this must be done as q as possible, because, in the first place, tl law you give your rival the better; a the second, because I know not how s may be called upon to attend my fathe mother on their journey."

"When do you expect to set out?—B bye, I saw a letter on the table this mo My inquiries ought to have come earlier; upon my word, I have had so many an about myself that I really had no spirits t after Lady Derlincourt. Pray, how is mother now?"

"She has had nothing new to compl since we left home, and indeed her g health has been rather better than b nevertheless, her physician still contin think it will be prudent to winter in th

deiras; and as neither she nor my father are fond of a long sea-voyage, they intend travelling through France, crossing the Pyrenees, going on through Spain and Portugal, and thence taking ship for their ultimate destination. Now, as they mean to proceed very slowly, we must set out very early in the year, perhaps in a month or six weeks' time; and so, as you and I have nothing more to do at Bridlington, we will, if you like, leave it immediately, go to Pickering Hall, where we will remain a couple of days,—for I should wish to see my mother,—and then proceed on our journey to Beverley. What say you to this arrangement?"

"That I have no words to thank your kindness, my lord," I replied; "and that in two hours from this time I will be in readiness to attend you. Grant me this interval, for I wish, as King Henry the Fifth expresses it, 'to commune awhile with my own bosom.' So, adieu!"

Saying this, I quitted him — hurried gained the beach — arrived at the rocks wl I had seen Beatrice at our last meeting, climbing to the accustomed spot, sat d Here I held debate with myself, and, wi much calmness as the frenzied state o mind permitted, put together every cir stance which had happened during our quaintance, but principally that of her l viour to me at our last meeting, and th the report concerning her marriage, and asked what conclusion I might draw fron general view.

After much mental conflict, I decided, I believe people generally do decide in cases, — that the matter was as I wished matter to be, and the report altogether true.

Having thus reassured myself, I again scended to the sands, and going as near I could guess over the very path we had t together, I recalled to mind every expre

she had uttered, and each change her features had undergone when uttering it. Each gesture, word, and look was painted so vividly before my imagination, that, sometimes almost fancying her to be again walking at my side, I likened myself—and this was perhaps the first instance of my having, if I may so call it, embodied my ideas in the form of poetry—to a departed spirit returning to the world in order to glad himself with the sight of the objects dearest to him when living in it.

Again I mounted the rocks, again looked down in the direction I had seen her approach; then, finally descending, went to the spot on which we had parted; it was the very spot, the exact spot—so at least I tried to fancy. The tide had just quitted it,—and kneeling beside it, I took up some of the sand, which, on returning home, I most carefully preserved.

Thus possessed of a memorial of the place, I rose, and, retreating with my face towards

the point I was leaving, continued looking o
it till the jutting promontory hid it from m
sight. I then returned and hastened hom
Was not this most foolish? yet better be th
frenzied fool to *do* such acts of foolishnes
than the dull heartless fool who laughs at
Oh! Folly takes more forms than one.

If the terror of incurring ridicule had hithe
to withheld me from making Lord Mecle
bury a confidant of my passion, that bar
communicativeness being now removed, I a
ply made up for the long silence it had la
on me. Like the notes congealed by a fro
of Russia within the trumpet of the renown
Munchausen, and which the benign influen
of a more southern climate loosened in a lo
strain of melody, so did the words whi
shame had chilled within my bosom now m
at the approach of kindness; and thus t
general tenor of our conversation during t
journey related to the hopes and fears I e

tertained respecting the probable result of my attachment to Beatrice.

Though I at first joyfully accepted the proposal of going to Beverley, and though I still intended to profit by it, Time had done his usual work, and brought reflections to abate somewhat of the pleasure I experienced in receiving the offer. During the two hours I passed alone, I had found leisure to consider that our visit to Beverley would necessarily be attended by a number of circumstances unpleasant to almost every one, but particularly irksome and odious to a man of my peculiar temper and feelings.

From the very bottom of my very heart and soul did I ever detest any sort of publicity in affairs of love,—any show or showing off of sentiment, or, in short, anything which possibly might draw the eyes of people on me. I hated, too, any consent-asking of papas and mammas; any such sort of thing as—"Sir, I

wish to speak with you in private, *upon a very serious subject*, on which," &c.—For mine own good part, I would fain only have asked her I loved, with whose single consent I should have been perfectly satisfied. In short, I had an insuperable hatred to all manner of humbug, and avoided it as all good people eschew evil things: not, after all, that there was any *real harm* in the usual arrangements of those matters; I had not a word to say against them for general purposes, only they didn't suit *me*.

Also did I abominate all that harlequin spectacle which troops with Hymen—costumes and customs, pomp and parade, forms, fancies, feathers, finery, and fashions, ribbons and "rings and things and fine array," coaches and horses, friends and favours, cakes, company and compliments, dancing and music, mirth and merriment, and, in short, all that mighty agglomeration of ceremonies so much to the taste of vulgar persons, so exceedingly odious to those who have a soul—that most uncommon thing!

Oh, Love! how graceful showest thou thyself in chaste and delicate bosoms,—how gross and loathsome in unpolished breasts! Riot and blind revelry befit thee ill; and they who worship thee in purity and truth, steal on unseen towards thine altar, kneel and pour forth their hearts' deep ecstasies in awe and breathless adoration.

How much rather than any such foolery would I with Beatrice have sought the shade of some time-honoured grove, whose choristers, whilst dancing through the sun-tipped leaves on high, made unison with us, and voiced melodious vows of love; or,—seated on the flower-enamelled banks of some fair rivulet, where birds, and beasts, and butterflies with painted pinions, and all the varied forms of busy things which form the unfolded flock of nature, roamed around us,—clasped her gentle hand in mine, and, asking if she loved me and would love me always, have received her answer in that downcast look which telleth

more—oh, more than *words* can utter; then, leading her to some near hermitage, bidden the holy Eremite, its habitant, t our fates in everlasting bonds,—the G served, and he himself alone, being witn our bliss!

This should I infinitely have pref being from my very infancy, as once I hinted, a bit of a barbarian; but lying did, under the misfortune of being bor civilised land, I felt constrained to c with its established usages, and to woo an *en règle*.

I still, therefore, kept to my purpose of to Beverley, though I anticipated a tho evils at the place; amongst which the g was that of meeting Curteis. The bare i contending with whom for supremacy affections had in it something more re than I am able to express. Then, too, it for granted that both Lady Barba Mr. Gigglingtone would do their best t

the pretensions of my rival; and then I shuddered in reflecting on the effect their counsels, aided by the hourly ities of Curteis himself, might have d on the mind of one already impressed ord Meclenbury with an idea of my tancy, and whose prejudice on that point een confirmed by my long and, as yet, unted-for absence from Bridlington.

he course of our conversation, Lord Mecy inquired how my father was likely to my marriage—"For," he said, "Bouyou are somewhat young to take unto lf a wife, it must be owned!"

arted as though he had put some unexquestion, and raised a difficulty which never have occurred to the mind of a able Being, or which *if it had* occurred, l have been dismissed forthwith, as it alhad been by me, who never ventured to t a welcome. In truth, he asked me that I had never yet fairly dared ask my-

self: I knew my father's opinion on thes
jects so well, that I could not for one m
indulge the thought of his consenting t
a greenhorn—so he called me!—and a yc
brother to boot, should marry a girl w
fortune, and thus be burdened with th
pense of a family before I had the me
providing for it.

Not only had he always expressed h
averse to early marriages, but had—*and*
hated—treated the matter with ridicul
short, he was, I knew, sure to have t
reasons at least in store—and all of them
lent—why I ought not to do as I liked i
particular. Now, as I never could conti
overthrow his reasons, I thought it best t
out of their way, lest they should ove
me; from which desuetude of communi
it happened, that when Meclenbury thr
expectedly dragged me into their comp
stood struck, as they say, all of a hea
"afraid with much amazement."

empted to slur over the question, but
bury was by no means the kind of man
this. He *would* have an answer, and
me so long and forcibly on the point,
as at last fain to confess some fear of
r's not wishing me to marry for some
come, unless, indeed, I could marry
.

irst difference amounting to anything
a *tiff* which we ever had was on this
; for not only did he use all the gentle
ts which a sincere friendship dictated,
entreat, and implore me to go no
in this affair until I had received
r's approbation, but, finding remon-
produce no effect — though I was se-
ached by some of his expressions—he
his plan of attack, and began to ply
good round scolding words: and at
plainly told me that if *I* was such
as to persevere in carrying on a
ffair uncountenanced by my family,

he at least would be more my friend than t assist me in doing so; and he summed up b telling me, I was no longer to calculate on hi former promise, for that, retracting it from tha moment, he would neither accompany me t Beverley, nor be in any manner implicated i a business which, prosecuted under such un favourable auspices, had no appearance but o terminating in sorrow and distress, not to m only, but also to his cousin.

Behold me, then, again put on my ow resources. How mad I felt! At the momen I do believe I regretted not having left hi in the ravine at Flamborough Head — I di all but tell him so. Most men would have bee affronted; not he the least in the world, fo being a man of reason, he could make all rea sonable allowances for my unreasonablenes and though possessed of good and amiable fee ings, had happily—oh, happily for him!—qui passions.

He attempted to console me; said the

were many women in the world as beautiful as Beatrice,—which of course I didn't believe a word of,—and with larger fortunes, whom my father would rejoice to see me marry. He had done as wisely to speak to the winds! I would not be consoled, nor listen either to any advice of giving her up, nor of asking my father's consent before I demanded hers. No; I resolved that, as he would no longer be my friend and accompany me to Beverley, I would thenceforth be my own friend, and accompany myself there. I would get a private interview with Beatrice, make her promise never to marry Curteis, nor any man but myself, and then fashion my future conduct according to circumstances—that is to say, first obtain, if possible, my father's permission to marry, or, failing in this, marry her first and obtain his permission afterwards. However, I was fully resolved to see Beatrice and have her consent before I said a word about the matter to any one.

In the midst of such reveries, at about t o'clock on a chilly evening, wrapped up in large rocolo and a sulky fit, I was leani back, apparently asleep, in the corner of small carriage, of which Lord Mecklenbury w Phaeton, when it suddenly stopped at a pc ter's lodge, the gate of which being thro open, we entered the long avenue of trees whi led to Pickering Hall.

CHAPTER XXII.

We found the family just preparing to go to bed; our arrival, however, delayed them for at least half an hour, during which time we learned Lord Derlincourt's final determination of leaving home at about the end of three weeks, remaining a few days in London, and then setting off for Paris.

Lady Derlincourt had taken her candle, and already proceeded half across the room, on her way to bed, when, suddenly turning round,

"By the bye, Mr. Bouverie!" she said, "it never occurred to me till this moment; I have some letters for you. Julia, my dear, there, take my key, run up into my dressing-room, open my trinket-box, and in the drawer on

some days ago, Mr. Bouverie, and as
sired me not to forward letters, lest they
miss you when moving from place to p
put them by very carefully, and thou
them no more till this instant."

A short time only elapsed before La
lia returning, placed three letters in my

I had then lived too short a time in th
to learn, as I have since learned, to
and grow pale at the sight of a letter.
pected to have found one from my fat
answer to that I had written to him, j
fore we began our tour, to inform him
movements.

I was disappointed, however, in this r
two of them were addressed in my
hand writing, and the other in that of

wrote to scold me when I remained from home longer than she thought proper. So I crammed them all into my pocket, intending to read them at leisure.

I remained below stairs in conversation with Lord Derlincourt and his son just long enough to forget all about the letters; and it was only when emptying my pockets as I undressed, that, finding them under my hand, I broke the seals and read them.

Of my cousin's two letters I chanced first to light on the one of oldest date, informing me that my father, having been unwell for some days, desired him to write. His illness, however, I was happy to see, was not of a serious nature, nor by any means such as, judging by the general context of the letter, demanded my presence. As the letter expressed no alarm, so it excited none.

His second was of altogether a different structure, and calculated to impress me with much more serious apprehensions. It stated

that, the *crisis* of the malady having now
there was no longer any *danger;* and tl
writer expressed surprise at not having y
me, as though, in order to spare my feeli
had mentioned his uncle's illness in the g
terms possible; he nevertheless intende
understand that an immediate return
have been desirable.

I was thunderstruck, and referring
first letter, searched for some passage
might seem to demand my return; but it
vain I looked: nothing whatever of the s
according to my apprehension at least
found; and I at that moment felt exc
irritated at my cousin's absurd delicac
called it, in writing so darkly as to ren
true meaning unintelligible.

The third letter, from Peggy, now r
to be opened: it bore the date of my
first letter, and was as follows:

"My dear Master Lionel,

"Master Princep has writ a line to say, I suppose, that my poor master is in the doctor's hands; but as he is very *tender-hearted*, and may not like to fright you, mayhap, by saying how ill my poor master is, I have writ you this here bit of a scrap to say that he 's very ill, and you oft, by good rights, to come and see him; and indeed, my dear Master Lionel, 'tis very wrong of you to keep away in such manner from your poor father: and you was away to Cambridge for your larning and studies, and the like of all that, for nigh on two months; and when the vocation comed, and I thoft you would have come home to see us all, away you start agen with that young Lord; and it is going on nigh on four months since I ha'nt seen the color of your skin, and I don't know if I should know you again.

"And my poor master used to plague himself about you bitterly at first. 'Peggy,' says

he when he seed me, ' I wish Lionel wa
to ride out with me ;' at another time, ' I
I wish Lionel was comed home ;' and now,
I meets him, he says ' Good morrow, P
and away he goes, and never says a word
you, because why ?—Master Princep is a
with him and his mamma, and they does
ther all he wants : and indeed, my dear M
Lionel, you oft to come back. And so no
at present, from your loving nurse and h
servant, MARGARET TRUEM

" Tunbridge Wells."

I rang the bell, and begged the servan
answered it to order me a post-chaise f
earliest hour possible in the morning. My
gination, naturally vivid, made me figure t
self my poor father, pale, fevered, emac
stretched on a bed of sickness, and repro
me for my shameful unkindness and w
filial affection in not having before been
him. How *I* reproached *myself!*

The next thing I did was to write a short letter to Lord Derlincourt, informing him of the melancholy circumstance which necessitated my leaving his house at an earlier hour than he would rise, and thanking him very warmly for the kindness I had received during my visit at Pickering Hall.

I then got into bed and tried to sleep, in order to prepare myself for rising early in the morning, and for a long journey during the following day; but sleep became not my visitor for many an hour. I was most affectionately attached to my father, and could not think of his situation without a feeling of disquietude and terror which it is utterly impossible for me to describe.

I was not, to be sure, on coming to reflect on the matter, particularly flattered that he had so soon forgotten me and allowed my cousin to engross all his affection: "but still," I said, "a momentary oblivion—which too, after all, may be more in Peggy's imagination than in reality—



him from writing more strongly on the oc
and me from instantly setting off to see a
of whom I was so fond; though I could
reflection, but acknowledge that, even
done so, I could not have been a whit
advanced on my journey.

There was, however, one part of his
letter which I could not for a long while
means comprehend. What can he, I
myself, possibly mean by reproaching
not coming, when surely, instead of p
me to do so, he seems to make light of
ther's illness?

Many men would have been extrem
dignant at this inconsistency; but it for
of the contradictions of my character to b

of mankind mad. I imputed his conduct to great delicacy of feeling; and supposing him to argue that, in however gentle a manner he had stated the illness, it was my duty nevertheless to have set off immediately, I admitted the justice of his censure, and laid the matter aside without bearing him any grudge whatever.

For more than an hour after reading the above letters, my mind was so entirely engrossed by the subject of them as scarcely to admit of any other thought: scarcely even did any on Beatrice break in to draw off my attention. This is not so unnatural as may at first sight appear; and they who are surprised at it must be ignorant of the true essence of love,—or, at least, of such love as *I* was capable of feeling, and which, though principally attaching itself to a single object, was not so enslaved or fettered by that object but that it could diffuse itself in small portions over the whole universe. They who (I have often observed it) affect to concentrate their affections in one point,—that is, on their

wives and children, and to hold all othe
as nought,—do, in fact, *not* love even th
and children, but their own ease and
only—in short, *themselves*. He who
true principle of love within his bosom
with kindness, and be ever willing t
solace to every member of the creati
whom it has pleased its great Creator t
power of distinguishing between pleas
pain. Now, in what part of the creatio
I find a being who had such claims on
as a parent, to whom I owed not o
existence, but the care, anxiety, and
ness he had bestowed on my nurture a
cation.

When at last my thoughts, straying f
father's sick bed, glanced towards her
ing whom I was about to sacrifice for h
my heart felt a pang; for I knew n
events might happen during my absence
at that time too young, too thoughtless,
too ignorant, to be impressed with a co

that he who does right will, in the long-run,* have reason to rejoice. Wisdom is not the property of youth, however gifted it may be; and if youth sometimes gives forth its maxims, it is only done as magpies utter words, which in *their* mouths have no meaning. In going to my father I was actuated by the simple impulse of *feeling*,—*principle* had no part whatever in my conduct; but the gratification of that feeling cost me dearly.

My plans were laid in the following manner: I was first to post with all possible speed to Tunbridge Wells, where my father, for change of air as well as for the benefit of the waters, had hired a house; to remain with him till his health was re-established; then, again to come into Yorkshire, obtain an interview with Beatrice, and arrange our plans for the future as circumstances permitted. It never occurred to

* In the long-run—true; but that run is often a very long one indeed, and frequently puts a man out of breath.—*Note by the Editor.*

me to ask how I should get my father's permission to take this second journey.

Having settled all this, I contrived to fall asleep, and did not awake till the servant came to call me; when I rose, dressed myself, saw my trunks well lashed on to the post-chaise, and, lastly, went to knock at Lord Mecklenbury's door.

My temper was never sulky or rancorous. If I have not always followed the precept of St Paul, "Let not the sun go down upon your wrath," I have at least generally adhered to it in principle, and rarely allowed the sun to *rise* upon it.—No, I am not rancorous, thanks be to God for this! What miseries have I seen produced by the petty passions so common with those common spirits to whom He has denied the God-like gift of mercy! I have, it is true—I have bestrod a vanquished foe, and as he gasped forth his soul, still bent my brow on him relentlessly — yet I am not rancorous — for he ..... but let me not anticipate.

However angry I might have felt with Lord Mecklenbury for the determined manner in which he refused assistance, I retained no resentment at that moment; so, finding he did not answer, and therefore concluding him to be asleep, as was indeed natural enough at five o'clock in the morning, I went in, awaked him, related the occasion of my sudden departure, and saying I would soon write, took leave with a heavy heart.

CHAPTER XXIII.

I HURRIED over the country, and on a at Tunbridge, was told that, though my had been extremely ill, he was now in way of recovery.

When I entered his room, he was sit his bed-gown, in a large arm-chair. I still pale and emaciated, but evidently co cent; he smiled cheerfully, and held hand, which, taking in mine, I pressed to and kissed again and again. I scarcely but rather *murmured* joy, whilst a sensa delight thrilled through my frame.

He informed me he had been very ill i and as I was explaining the reason why not come before, my aunt entered, and s

afterwards hinted that much conversation would weary the patient. I took my leave therefore, for the present, intending to go and arrange my things in the room I had occupied before my departure, but found, on inquiry, that my cousin Solomon had ensconced himself there during my absence.

"Confound it!" said I to myself, "what a bore! I wish Solomon would keep his own room, and leave me mine. He has bedeviled all my books and knick-knacks of course; I must go and tell him to turn out. Oh, there he is!"

Just at that moment I saw him at the other end of the garden, and, running up, I asked him after his health—I thought this but civil, though I was in a pet—and then began to beg he would quit my territory.

To this he objected, on the score of having been established in it by the authority of his mother. This plea of legal occupation I overthrew in an instant, by submitting that the

room was *my* room, and not his *mother's* room. Then he muttered something, — then followed a few sharp words from me,—then he replied by others which put me in a passion, and I told him flatly I was in my father's house, and that he was only in his uncle's; whereupon he said he would tell his mother, and then I answered he was welcome to do so if he chose.

And he *did* so choose: so when next his mother saw me, she gave me as good a rout-about as ever I received in my life; asked me how I could be so wicked, and so wilful, and so wayward, and so unnatural, as to make such a piece of work in the house when my poor father was ill; then she denominated me a very badly dispositioned, and a very ungrateful, and a very unfeeling, and a very good-for-nothing young man; and lastly, she declared she would never have anything more to do with me—never take my part again; and, above all, protested she would let me run on in all my evil extravagant courses, till I became so bad that my father would turn me out of the house.

after which I should surely come to the gallows, or might haply be eaten up by hungry wolves in a desert island, like naughty Harry in the story-book.

My aunt was an excellent woman, a most excellent woman! but somewhat passionate. I became frightened out of my wits, my crest fell, I gave up the point, and lost my room.

I always hated to be put into any room but my own, and therefore, naturally enough, hated Solomon for making me occupy his: but I had numberless things to think of besides either my room or Solomon.

During the whole journey out of Yorkshire had I been reflecting how in the world I should ever be able to get into it again; and *if* I got there, what I should do when there. I was to go to Beverley—well, what then? Suppose I should find the report confirmed respecting Curteis's marriage? why, in that case, I should have to come back again. But, on the contrary, suppose it *untrue;* then, even then, I should have to discover whether Miss Denison

approved of my suit; and suppose approve of it, I should have certain pr ries to arrange with her friends, whc not, perhaps, be over anxious to mar relative to me without first having o the approbation of my father, who, I wel would never give it, as he had a deci like to early marriages.

Since my arrival, now about three ago, I had taken an opportunity of sli ting a general question to him respecti riage; but he had replied in terms so on the folly of a younger brother's ha himself with a wife and family before of twenty-eight or thirty, when he sh settled in a profession and able to them, that I clearly saw I had no hope quarter, and not even *my* extravagan so high as to prompt, or at least to n *seriously* think of carrying off Miss De spite of everything, and of risking t affairs might take.

No, my object in wishing to go to Beverley was to discover whether there was any truth in the report I had heard of her marriage with Carteis; and if not, to declare my passion—relate how I was circumstanced with my father; inform her of his prejudice against early marriages, and ask if she would wait for me till I was able to overcome it.

I have told all this in as few words as possible, without delaying the story by a delineation of the passions which agitated my mind as I thought on the possibility of her being already engaged, and indeed, upon that of her not accepting me, even though she should be perfectly free to do so. Never yet did mortal love, and not feel fear. What then must *I* have felt who loved more passionately than mortal ever did?

I was beset with difficulties. In the first place, I had no money, and my father was not likely to open his purse-strings for the purpose of sending me on a second trip into Yorkshire;

besides, he would want to know my reasons returning there so shortly. Besides, again, had in a late conversation with me manifes a very particular desire for me to remain wh I was.

He was very anxious I should study s exceedingly curious books he named, in or to my taking a good degree at Cambridge, paratory to going into orders, and settl down, as he called it, in a quiet and respects line of life. Now, though I had never und stood that the erudition necessary either obtaining a degree or taking orders, or for le ing a quiet respectable life, was very great, as I chanced to be, as he sometimes told one of the very greatest blockheads in ex ence, it was requisite that *I* should comme betimes, otherwise I must unquestionably fai accomplishing the laudable object he had in vi

With so many obstacles to overcome, hov the world was I ever to get away? Luck my father himself put it in my power to e

trive *this* in the manner I will shortly detail. It *is*, however, important for me to premise that, however much the wish of my going into holy orders was in my *father's* heart, he had never yet contrived to thrust it into *mine*. I had always hated the very thought of being a parson; and now for my reasons,—they were sage and philosophical!

I always imagined I should look so much better strutting about in a red coat, than when walking demurely in a gown and cassock. I should, I thought, show off to so much more advantage in the former than in the latter costume; do such infinitely more execution amongst the members of the fair sex, who were, I well knew, all of them, to a woman, as fondly attached to that colour as I was to themselves, and would, I fancied, if I once clothed myself in the dismal dress of a parson, and took on me the indelible character communicated by a bishop's holy hands, straightway shun me like a leper.

Is it not strange that such fervor passionate feelings as I possessed sh have resided in the bosom of one beset such outrageous follies? Yet so it was, with the deepest and most intense love veneration for all that was great and g holy and sublime, there existed in my bc as much silly, absurd vanity as in that of *petit maître* that ever lived, and I was at t the most ridiculous and impertinently trou some little silly coxcomb in the world.

It is true, indeed, that my visit to Brid ton had produced a great and most ha change in my behaviour and notions. "Ne says the Abbé Prévôt, "would Love have worshipped as a deity, had he not possessed power of working miracles." Yet my anc prejudices still clung round me, and I i gined that Beatrice—to whose sole appro let it be understood, I had *now* any wish commend myself—would not admire a cass I could not get over the idea at all.

CHAPTER XXIV.

One fine morning, I was taking a stroll in the garden, when I perceived my father coming towards me at the other end. Pretending not to see him, I was about to turn down a path in quite a contrary direction, when he called out to me,

"Lionel, Lionel! come here!"

"Now," said I to myself, "I know by his tone of voice what is coming."—"Yes, sir," I said, going towards him.

Just as I suspected, he began to talk to me about reading for my degree, getting into orders immediately afterwards, and settling down respectably on the living he had in store for me in Kent.

If I did not like the trouble of re
a degree, I absolutely hated the idea c
down respectably on a living in Kent.

I thought I might, perhaps, b
compromise matters, agree to one-h
proposal, and so get excused the ot
so I told him I would certainly rea
degree,—not a very difficult honour t
but that as for taking orders, I fea
quired more erudition than I possess
so. "Only think what a vast deal
learning, and thought it must requir
a sermon!" I said; "and you know
often told me I am a great blockhead.

"Blockhead, blockhead!" he cut
by saying; "why, so you are, Lior
sure, in many things. You are idle a
ish, and behave like a fool and an
enough, Heaven knows, for that m
as for being a blockhead—absolutel
head, I never exactly said *that*. Y
the means of acquiring knowledge,

people, I suppose: but then you are so confoundedly idle, there's no making you do anything. Besides—learning! What does a parson want of learning!—the rector of a little country village!—chut!"

"The Devil in his wrath," I muttered to myself, "take all rectors of little country villages!"

I had not well placed my battery, and resolved to change it. "But, sir," I replied, "to tell you the truth, I have a serious objection, a very, very serious one indeed—one founded on fear and terror, of going into orders! I have lately been thinking most seriously on what I have heard my aunt so often say, that I am not *good* enough to be a clergyman. She tells me I am very immoral, and irreligious, and badly conducted; and, in short, she says I 'm very wicked. Now, how dreadful a thing will it be for me to charge myself with the cure of other people's souls, when I am not, it seems, able even to take care of my own! In this world it would be a great disgrace to

me to attempt it, and no one can say how
may be brought against me in the next. W
knows but that I shall be damned for
presumption!"

"Why, what on earth can you possi
mean, Lionel?" cried out my father in ama
as, turning round, he looked me full in
face. We are all of us particularly religio
moral people; I see no reason whatever w
you should differ from the rest of the fam
You are not aware, are you, of any very ex
ordinary vices in yourself?—I hope not."

"No," I replied, hesitatingly, and rat
cut down at the little success my manœu
was likely to obtain,—"I cannot exac
say that I do feel anything very, *very* b
about me; but my aunt is of a differe
opinion—and you tell me she is always rig
—so I was willing to take her word on t
present occasion, particularly, too, as I mu
confess myself never to have felt any decid
call, as she names it, from the Holy Ghost,

no internal yearnings of the Spirit, nor admonition to preach the Gospel and disseminate its glorious truths; and this, you know, my dear father, is what my aunt declares to be indispensable to a teacher of the congregation of Christ."

Here my father began to explain my aunt's expressions, and inform me that she never accused me of any great immorality, though she sometimes complained of my not being sufficiently steady. "But this fault," he continued, "will, I hope, cure itself by age; I don't despair of seeing you a very respectable member of the Church." In saying this, he smiled, and was going; but I let him see that I wished to say something more,——I hesitated,—then lowered my voice some keys below its usual note, for I knew myself about to enter on a dangerous and forbidden subject, and felt more frightened than a schoolboy who, going to ask leave out, expects to obtain a good flogging instead of a furlough. At last,

"I have just been reading the Life of Duke of Marlborough," I contrived to sta mer out.

"Of the Duke of Marlborough, have yo Well, what of the Duke of Marlborough Has his grace's conduct anything to do wi the present subject?"

"I think," I replied, still stammering, "tha he is one of the finest characters I ever hear of." I saw my father frown; "nevertheless," I continued, "I should like to be the Duke, or to resemble him."

"Indeed! — would you, really? Now I, for my own part, would infinitely prefer seeing you carried to your grave. I would rathe myself heap earth upon your corse than behol you clad in the gorgeous but disgraceful tra pings — the splendid infamy of that scandalo deserter of his country's interests and his ma ter's rights!"

It was too late to retreat; besides, I g warmed.

"*Well, then,* — but, my dear father, you *know*, one may be in the army without resembling the Duke of Marlborough. I dare say I shall never be so great a man; I don't *think* I shall—but I should like to try. If I were to go into the army, I could avoid his faults, you know. I have no call for the Church; and in the army, I *know* I should make a figure."

It was well that anger was my father's predominant feeling at that moment; he would otherwise most probably have annihilated me by laughing outright at my modest supposition of possibly *not* quite equalling the duke's renown. He replied—

"Make a figure would you!—a pretty one —in the army! How dare you, sir, even ask me such a thing! What! to wear the livery of and receive wages from that hateful Hanoverian house, which has usurped the throne from our lawful monarchs, and sent them wandering over the face of the globe as pensioners on the bounty of princes who used to tremble

but to hear them named!—who have ousted our hereditary—our *family* and *household* kings, monarchs descended to us through a long line of illustrious heroes, who have held the Frenchman in fetters, and raised our country to a pitch of power and glory which—has now passed for ever! Serve *them*, would you!—*them!*—for struggling against whose robberies your grandfather lost his head! Are you my son? Out on you! At your peril, sir, let me ever again hear you talk in this fashion!"

I was crushed, and, indeed, made perfectly ashamed of myself, for every feeling I possessed vibrated in accord to each word my father uttered; and no wonder either, for, from my earliest infancy, I had been in the habit of hearing the pretensions of the house of Hanover execrated, and its members spoken of as usurpers.

I had imbibed all these political notions when a child, but had since seen and lived with so many people whose opinions were diametri

opposite, and who insisted on the Stuarts
a weak, tyrannous, and priest-ridden
whom it was impossible for England to
pon the throne and preserve her liberty,
ey had not taken such deep root in my
s in my father's; and therefore, though
o love or loyalty to the house of Hano-
ill my dislike to it was not sufficiently
to make me object to serving them, if
ey would return the compliment, and
e from the horror of a gown and cas-

ever, I plainly saw it would be of no
talk any more on the subject, and was
; away, ill enough satisfied with my
myself, and the result of our confer-
hen he, with the remains of an asperity
by my application, said he intended
ld return to Cambridge immediately,
as only idling away my time at home,
ing nothing but ride moping about the
y, instead of reading Euclid and Pear-

son's Exposition of the Creed: he told me e
that he insisted on my writing to him
quently, and reporting the progress I made.

Here was indeed an unexpected turn of
fairs—now then presented itself a fine oppo
nity for me to slip off into Yorkshire!

CHAPTER XXV.

In three days — to me each day was an hundred years — from the time of the conversation related in the foregoing chapter, I set out for Alma Mater. On the eve of my departure, my father again spoke to me on the same subject, in nearly the following words — words which, indeed, made too deep an impression at the moment for me not to remember, and be pretty correct in repeating, even at this distance of time.

"Now, my dear Lionel, let me, before parting with you, impress upon your mind the very great importance of your studies, and of your making them, for the next few years at least, your principal, if not your sole object. If you

do this, you will afterwards be able to
your own amusements and do as you lik
but I can tell you, whatever you ma
suppose, that your greatest pleasure wi
be to continue as you have begun; fo
yet did any human being make one
knowledge without desiring to gain a
There is in the possession of learning
delight, an enchantment, accompanied
sensation of noble pride, which is to
only by the learned: *I*, little, very li
I have, would not exchange *that* little
diadem!

"I do not, you see, threaten you, m
boy, for that would be unkind, and
have less influence than gentle remons
on a mind constituted as I hope and
yours to be. Nor do I attempt setting
you the use you may make of learn
advance your fortunes in the world;
nour, and not profit, are the object
gentleman's ambition. Lucre is the in

of a merchant — fame is a lure for worldlings; but *self*-approbation and *self*-esteem are the load-star of every true and high-minded gentleman, such as you, I hope, will prove yourself to be, my dear Lionel. But let me warn you against the error, that most vulgar error, of supposing that, because born in a station of life which the world calls that of a gentleman, you therefore necessarily and on that sole account must *be* a gentleman. None are born orators, but many are so made: thus also a man is not brought into the world a gentleman, but *becomes* so; and this is effected, first by the education he receives from others, secondly by that which he *gives himself* — by profound study — by deep and long meditation on his own mind, on the actions of other men, and on the nature of things. Never yet did a fool or a weak man become a gentleman; because the first, being unable to view matters in their true light, cannot distinguish virtue from vice; whilst the latter

wants power to resist those temptations
amid the various events of human life, s
stantly assailing him."

Then pulling out a paper—"Here," l
"is an order on my banker for a sum of
amply sufficient to defray all your expe
the next half-year;—and now farewel
bless you!"

I was struck to the very heart with t
and affectionate kindness of this behu
and, whether proceeding from the effe
had on me, or from a presentiment of
evil—for we have forewarnings of
though they are never accompanied by
mation of how to escape it—I know not
felt tears rise into my eyes. Flinging m
round my father's neck, I kissed him, t
him, blessed, and said "Farewell!"
the last word of mine which ever met hi

I left Tunbridge; I was young, and
is not apt to be inconsolable,—though
my journey to town I never thought

father nor of his affectionate parting from me without its recollection impressing me with a fond and melancholy feeling. Yet I did not always think of him: on the contrary, my fancy frequently wandered into Yorkshire, and I set about devising some method of going there, transacting my affairs, returning to, and securely lodging myself in Neville's Court, Trinity, before he, or any one else except her on whose account the journey was to be undertaken, should gain a knowledge of my desertion.

I then looked at the order my father had given me on his banker. Liberality was always one of his many virtues, and I found it had now surpassed my hopes. Assuredly was there no very great crime in stealing from books eight or ten days, which I could afterwards make up by an additional application to them. Yet though there was no great crime in this abstractedly, there was a crime in the present instance and under existing circumstances;

and I very well knew that I was going t
that which I ought to leave undone, to r
direct opposition to the will of a most indu
and affectionate parent.

One of the worst features too of the m
was, that I should be compelled, I foun
use much deception ;—such, for instance, s
writing a letter and sending it under cov
some one at Cambridge for him to put int
post, and thus have the post-mark, as if I
self had been there. My heart smote me
conscience accused, and my reason refuse
absolve me from the penalty of self-humili
for this piece of little roguery—a sort of t
my father most especially abhorred. St
must either resolve to be guilty of it, or
up my plan.

I resolved not to give up my plan, but t
guilty of this piece of little roguery.
woman, woman ! from the days of Eve t
present time, you have been doing little
than tempting men to get into scrapes !

The following is the line of conduct I laid down for myself:—I should arrive in town too late to do any business on that night; but on the next morning I was to take a place in the coach—the nasty, foul, filthy, coach!—which I hated, and abominated, and abhorred, not only because it *was* nasty, foul, and filthy, but because it struck me as not being a romantic conveyance for a person on such an expedition as mine. I once heard of a person who, going to do homage to the lady of his heart, had all his horses shod in silver. I wished I could do the same.

Well, this foul and filthy coach was to convey me to Beverley, at which place I was to put up, and, taking special care not to be seen by any one who knew me, and particularly by neither Curteis nor Lord Meclenbury, I was every day to go over to Beverley Park and watch round it from morning till night, till at last I should see Beatrice alone: I was then to accost her, and hear that on which it ap-

peared to me the whole happiness of my life depended.

If the result of this explanation wa wished, I was to hasten back—go to Cam —shut myself up—see no one—bury amongst books—grow exceedingly lea take a splendid degree—astonish all my —spite my foes—delight my father,—a him into such ecstasies at my success, such good humour with myself, that he not possibly refuse me any request: I w to ask for, and of course obtain, his per to marry Beatrice, and our nuptials v follow immediately; but what our fate be afterwards, except that we were to premely blest and happy beyond what ever were before, or could be again, I kn I had no distinct project for futurity, r view of a more distant prospect. My i tion was dazed, bewildered, and all m were engulfed in the one single though unutterable bliss I should enjoy when

all in all to each other, I should have obtained *a right* of leading her out alone, of climbing locks, of wandering through open lands where flowers abounded, through thick-leaved groves where birds were singing, over lawns and glades, and many other lovely, lonely spots, where none, save God, could see us! All of which is surely very pretty and very poetical; but they who like living after such fashion must needs go and seek for it in Heaven, for there is nothing resembling it here below, I can tell them. Here, all is business, bustle, bitter strife, and struggle—a furious struggle to preserve, from those who fear or envy us, that which we,—*whilst* struggling to preserve, would often fain fly down—existence!

CHAPTER XXVI.

I ARRIVED in town—went to bed early
betimes,—walked to the coach-office, s
cured myself a place for the next mor
went to the banker, and got credit
account for the sum my father had gi
After this, returning home, I wrote a
which, dating from Cambridge, I enclo
friend at that place, and begged him
it into the post.

All this being arranged to my satisfa
began to consider how I might best em
many feverish hours which must elapse
the commencement of my journey.

The day was excessively hot and op
I thought it would be no pleasure to sit
looking out of window at hackney-coac

dirty dustmen, or listening to the voices of gentle fishwomen proclaiming mackerel to sell and live lobsters; neither did I much like the idea of sweltering in a burning sun, about that immense accumulation of brick and mortar, stone and plaster, called streets,—roaming from kiln to quarry, and quarry to kiln. I always cordially hated great towns, in which, as my poor friend Jean-Jacques used so often to say, a man may reside all his life without once suspecting that God exists. My thoughts turned towards fields and flowers, green meadows and shady bowers; so, working my way up Oxford-road, I got into the Park. It was filled with a heap of silly apes, riding about, and driving about, and smiling and bowing, and paying compliments, and kissing their hands to one another, and doing all kinds of odd things.—I glided through them as fast as possible, and soon arrived at the Ha-ha hedge separating Hyde Park from Kensington Gardens. Here at last, I said, I may find some degree of solitude, and enjoy my own reflections. A beautiful spot of

ground is this Kensington Gardens: the
ness of the grass, the freshness of the a
verdure of the trees—the many benches
beneath, and the alcoves interspersed
them, make it one of the most delightful
of public resort I ever saw.

I entered at the gate near Bayswate
took possession of the first vacant bench
—but it did not satisfy me long—I wis
be nearer the water, so away I went an
myself down beneath the elms growing
the Serpentine.

I shortly got weary of this also,—that is
I felt weary of myself, and of the laggin
I counted—not the hours, but the very n
as they passed. I had no moment's re
mind — intensity of thought allowed it
thought even — if I may use an expres
seemingly hyperbolical — denied me the
of thinking,—that is, of so connecting m
as to think to any good purpose. A
rose,— mine was a most unquiet spirit
sure! People have often expressed

why my *body* should be so restless. Could they *but* have beheld my *spirit!* — at one moment *lifted* to the third heaven, and wantoning ove the stars in all the joys of paradise—at other, plunged in a deep abyss of misery, l calling *De Profundis* on the Creator to troy it!

gain I rose, and recommenced my travels, ng about without any fixed object but that illing time, till I at last found myself upon glade of land in which is situated the e lake opposite the Palace.

Here, in those days, stood a small grotesque lding, resembling a hermitage, constructed h large unhewn stones laid irregulary to- her, and clothed with ivy, whilst its interior ornamented with shells, coral branches, l various other marine productions.

It was so thickly surrounded with wood, t the rays of the sun could scarcely ever etrate its interior: it was quite the sort of e to suit me, and I had just turned the p of an old tree near its entrance, on the of which I had already placed one foot,

when, looking up,—I thought I shou
sunk into the earth! I stood mc
Beatrice was before me!

The noise of my approach disturb
we both lifted our eyes at the same r
and they met. Her first impulse se
be alarm, for her cheek grew pale,
was going to rise; her next was that
prise, mixed, perhaps, with some gent
ing. *My* first impulse was to kneel, y
not; but my knees trembled, and my
she has since told me, became white as

I entered, and was about to address l
she prevented me.

"Ah! Mr. Bouverie," she exclaim
voice which faltered so as to be scarc
culate, "are *you* here! How came
this place? Who told you that I—tl
I mean, who told you that *we* were i
don?"

I remarked the change she made be
and *we;* the peculiar emphasis she laid
latter, and the different import she se
attach to the use of the two words.

then knows," I argued with myself, "and wishes to hide this knowledge from my observation, that it *is her* only, and not Lady Barbara, I can desire to meet. *This* is something gained!"

Indeed, I could plainly perceive—or at least fancied I could perceive, that surprise was not her only feeling at my appearance: it was accompanied by pleasure. If an unbidden guest, I was no unwelcome one; and the conviction of this, together with the urgency of the case necessitating me to speak all I had to say as speedily as possible, inspired me with an unwonted courage — a courage I had never before felt in her presence.

I seated myself, and, in as few words as possible, said, that so far from knowing her to be in London, I thought she had been in Yorkshire, and that I never was more surprised than in meeting her in Kensington Gardens. "But how is it, Miss Denison," I said, "that I have the happiness of finding *you* here—and how happens it you are alone?"

She replied, that her mother had left her for

a few minutes, and gone with one of her a quaintances to see a sick friend who had apar ments at the Palace, and added, that she w not alone, for that her mother had left a foo man who was in waiting without the grotto.

I had perceived no footman in waiting, an I told her so, for the sake of gradually ap proaching the subject next my heart.

It is a desperate affair, let me inform you, the asking a girl that deep question—"Do you love me?" The very idea of it is apt to make the heart palpitate, and the lips quiver, and the limbs tremble. Many a man, when he has found the long-sought opportunity of putting it, wishes himself fairly again out of the scrape,—wonders how he shall begin the subject, — says something, —then hesitates,— then makes a full stop,—and so forth; quite confused, and unable to find words fine enough and grand enough to express his ardour, and in such wise he expends a vast deal of very valuable time: but *I* had no time to spend for I expected Lady Barbara back every in stant—yet, not to be too abrupt,

"*Have* you been long in town, Miss Denison?" I inquired.

"*They had* all come to town about three days ago, she replied.

"And shall you stay long?" I asked hastily; for at that moment it occurred to me that they might have come with the intention of remaining some weeks, in which case, I thought, I should be able to steal up sometimes from Cambridge.

"No," she said; "my mother and Mr. Gigglingtone are going on a visit in the country, a little way off."

It rather struck me that this question was answered in a manner which showed she had rather it had *not* been asked; whilst I myself did not quite like the idea of this visit in the country, a *little way off*—I didn't know what it might portend. Lovers are such very foolish people, and have such odd fancies!

"Indeed! and pray," I asked, in a somewhat uncertain tone, "to *what* place are you going?"

I was right in supposing the first question

had been irksome; for on hearing the second she became evidently embarrassed,—was, I may say, agitated,—as, with eyes directed to the ground, she replied,

"Into Surrey."

I was answered, and remained silent a few moments through very grief, with my arms crossed upon my lap. "Into Surrey!" I at last said, or rather whispered, in a voice scarcely audible. Oh Heaven! my heart did not misgive me then for nothing! "Yet,"—for as there were in Surrey an hundred other places to which she might be going besides the one I dreaded, I tried to moderate my feelings,—"Yet," I continued, "tell me, Miss Denison, to whose house are you going?"

"My mother's friends reside in the neighbourhood of Boxhill," was her reply.

"Miss Denison!" I rejoined, looking grave and beseechingly in her face,—"if but from compassion—from very pity, inform me *whose* house is it that you are going?"

There was no reply, and I repeated the demand.

"My mother wishes me to accompany her to the house of Mrs. Curteis."

"I thought as much," I said, and smiled—if indeed such a curl of the lip as was on mine deserved to be called a smile. "It is then true,—that which I heard,—you are shortly to be—— I cannot speak the word—but you know my meaning. Is it not so?"

She trembled, her eyes were again bent upon the ground, and she remained silent for a minute, as if reflecting on the answer she should make. At last, with a voice trembling from emotion, and without looking up, she said,

"What right have you, Mr. Bouverie, to ask me such a question?—at least, what right have you to insist upon its being answered?"

I know not how it happened,—unless, indeed, it was because my long-cherished hope of being beloved had now settled into certainty,—but all the natural shyness of disposition which had hitherto so often stood in my way seemed now kindly to have quitted me, in order to make room for the courage necessary to the

execution of a design I had in view, i
her question I replied rapidly in the fol
words:—

"What right, Beatrice!—*That* right
inalienable right, which all human cr
have to demand compassion from their fe
that right, which sorrows like mine may,
out fear of giving offence, claim from go
such as yours: a right, which love, th
pure, impassioned, and devoted, that ev
made bosom pant, gives to the sufferer o
for whom he sighs! Answer me,—I ent
implore—conjure you to answer me! i
tell me if this is true!"

Clenching her hands together on her la
moving her head forward, she seemed t
the signal of affirmation.

"Now, Beatrice, one word more! Y
going to—to—Well, no matter. Tell m
is with your own consent, and free unf
will, that you are now about to take
which must bind you for ever?"

I marked a shudder creep over her

frame, as, lifting her eyes, she clasped her hands before them.

"Spare me—Oh spare me!"—she passionately exclaimed;—"why—wherefore will you harrow my poor heart!"

"Because," I replied with a languid smile, "it is, I believe, the will of Heaven that love should always produce pain both to the lover and the beloved. I do not, Beatrice, ask if this is to be with your *consent*, but if your *inclination* was consulted. Were you not goaded on by the advice and importunities of your mother and Mr. Gigglingtone? Have you not had a reluctant consent wrenched, as it were, from you, contrary to reason and to your affections? Answer me this one single question in the negative, and I will this instant leave your presence and never again seek to set my eyes upon you."

Her reply was by a flood of tears: she sobbed—she shook,—I almost feared she would have fainted;—but no—that which I looked upon as a precursor of hysterics preserved her

from them. At last, mastering her feeling she became more calm, and now raising he eyes to mine, she, for the first time, looked u steadily in the face.

" I perhaps ought not, Mr. Bouverie," s said, " to listen to you, much less reply your questions; yet why should I attem hiding that which chance and surprise at yo sudden appearance have drawn from me—th which it would be now useless to deny?"

" It is now above six months since I fir saw Mr. Curteis. During this time he h made me three offers—I twice rejected them At the third my resolution proved less stron than the importunities of my mother, and he reproaches on my undutiful—and, as she calle it, silly behaviour."

" You never, then, approved of him—neve from the very first?—You never loved"—(almost shuddered as the word slipped from m and instantly corrected it to another form o speech)—" that is, your inclination was nev in his favour?"

" I will not say that I ever absolutely d

'; I never *liked* him—never, at least so iently as to wish him to love me. Yet, has the character of being very good and le——"

od and *amiable!*" I interrupted her ng. "Do Lady Barbara and Mr. Gig- ne think *that* of him?"

s," she replied, "and said, that I might ectly happy with him, — as indeed I might, had I not seen—had I not —that is to say, if I had happened to n;—indeed, Mr. Bouverie, this scene confused my ideas, that I scarce know was going to say—but believe it was, might perhaps live happily after a ne."

hitherto preserved a grave and solemn our towards her; my words were utter- hollow and sometimes almost sepulchral voice. This had been the effect of in- le and anxiety; but I had now no longer struggle with, and no sooner felt con- by her words, and still more so by her , her tone of voice and expression of

countenance, that not only was my rival disliked, but that *I* was loved, than my whole conduct towards her underwent a change.

"Live happily with him after a *little time*, Beatrice!" I exclaimed. "After *what* time?—Deceive not yourself, dear Beatrice,—you do not love him—you never *will* love him:—Time Time will but add loathing to dislike! You never *can* be happy with him—you *know* you cannot Ask your own heart—what promise does it make? No, Beatrice, throughout the whole of this wide world there is but one—one single Being who has power to make you blest! Beatrice, my love!—you, on whom my heart has been fixed so long that it cannot now be wrenched from you and live!—will you—dare you trust me!—let us be happy!"

I took her hand—it trembled at my touch her lips became pale as ashes, and her cheek white as the cambric which hid her heaving bosom. Her bonnet had been laid aside on account of the sultriness of the weather, and thus some of the tresses of her light hair descended straggling about her temples, through

the veins of which I saw the quick blood wandering, like the blue waters of the Meander through the golden harvests which encompass it. I imprinted a kiss upon those temples; but it was a kiss so chaste, so pure, so passionless and holy, that Angels might have seen and not blush at it.

I continued to hold her hand, which she made no effort to withdraw. I looked on her; but her cheek was averted, and her eyes were cast upon the ground. I pressed her hand; then she looked up and smiled, but still continued silent, as did I. Not another word was spoken on either side,—yet we understood each other as if volumes had been uttered. Volumes *were* uttered, but it was in an instant—at a glance—that glance which tells more than the tongue dares speak or *can* declare—which said, "Our souls are kindred, our hearts united,—let our fates be one!"

I quitted her, went to the entrance of the grotto, and looked about me on every side. There was no one near; and at the other end of the gardens I saw but few persons, and these

few seemed to have too much business of the
own to attend to mine. I flew past the tre
which intercepted a full view of the lawn; a
on looking down an avenue, saw the footm
whom Lady Barbara had left for the sole pu
pose of attending his young mistress, and
guarding her, walking most gallantly with
and saying, no doubt, the prettiest thin
imaginable to a couple of nursery-maids, c
of whom had a child in her arms. This w
fortunate.

Luckily also for me, they all had their bac
turned; and the man seemed to have his
tention so entirely engrossed by the fair
males of his flirtation, that he was not ve
likely to be much in my way.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Thus far everything proceeded to my satisfaction; but on again turning the plot of trees before mentioned, I perceived two females at a distance, coming, arm-in-arm, in a direct line from the palace. I was too far off to be able to distinguish who they were, but fear told me they could possibly be no other than Lady Barbara and her companion. They were certainly coming towards us: what a deep groan I uttered! One—two—four—six bounds, and I again stood — palpitating from the exertion and with terror — at the side of Beatrice, watching my emotions with astonishment, and quite at a loss to account for my having so abruptly left her.

I seized her hand, then glanced towards the spot where I had seen the females.—"Blessed

be the numerous trees, shrubs, and bush— which flourish in his Majesty's garden of Kensington !" thought I ;—" they will be my sa- vation !" They were hidden from my view— so were we, no doubt, from theirs.

I pressed her to my bosom for an instant— then drew her on. " Haste, dearest !" I said— —" quick !—there is not a minute, — no, not a second, to be lost !"

" How,—what !—what is it you mean ?" she asked, whilst looking in my face with inquiring wonder.

" Quick, let us fly !" I answered, still draw- ing her on.

" Lionel," she exclaimed, attempting to dis- engage herself from my embrace, " why, what — where are you going ? — what would you have me do ? I cannot, I must not,—I will not leave this place."

I listened not, nor heard, nor heeded what she said, but with a gentle violence made her descend the steps.

" But, Lionel, Lionel, I say,—dear Lionel what will my poor mother think at her return

She will be distracted. Consider—I must not go,—no, I *must* not! Let us return — think on what you are doing."

"I *have* thought, Beatrice, I *have* thought, deeply, desperately, madly thought—thought till my poor brain has reeled with thought! Come, come! — come, dearest, haste, or we shall be discovered."

Still, whilst speaking this, I kept drawing her on. We were now at the clump of trees before mentioned, which being passed, would disclose to our view the whole extent of the lawn, where the gallant footman was paying his devoirs to the nursery-maid. I found they still had their backs turned towards me.

I looked in Beatrice's face: her lips and cheeks were pale as those of Death, and her knees hardly able to support her weight; she trembled like a leaf in autumn. Catching her by the waist, and supporting her beneath the arms so that her feet scarcely touched the ground, I ran, or rather skimmed, along the broad glade fronting the Palace.

Arriving at the opposite side, I found that

the exertion of supporting her had fatigued me: I was obliged to stop a moment in order to draw breath. I took this opportunity of looking towards the party whose observation I so much dreaded; they had turned, and were walking towards us; but, fortunately, the man was far too intent upon his own affairs to have eyes for those of his mistress.

Again we set off, and were soon amid trees whose deep shade and low descending foliage rendered us secure from the observation of any one in the larger walks.

All this time Beatrice's agitation was so great, and her knees tottered to such a degree, that she was unable to support herself by merely resting on my arm, and I was obliged to give still further assistance by placing my arms beneath hers, whilst her head sometimes rested on my shoulder.

Luckily there was no one near us during the remainder of our passage to the gate leading in to Rotten Row. Here, then, we at last arrived; and then it was that, being secure from pursuit, I for the first time began to

reflect on what I had done, and to consider how I should provide for the one whom I had taken from her home.

Knowing at that time but very little of London, and still less of its environs, I was very much puzzled how to proceed, and my embarrassment became greater from the necessity I felt of hiding it from Beatrice. Weight upon the mind is like weight upon the body; it becomes less by being shared with another. However, I dared not part with any of mine just then.

I thought first of going to Kensington, or Chelsea, or to Lambeth; these being places where it was unlikely that any one should come to look for us: but as I stood debating with myself as to which would be preferable, a hackney-coach going towards London passed us, when, recollecting what I had so often heard said, that one may live for years in London unknown and secure from pursuit, I told the man to stop, and helping Beatrice into the vehicle, gave him directions to a street in the neighbourhood of Golden-square, in those days

a very fashionable part of the town. The coac
man mounting his box, drove off; and ther
was I began to think myself really secure.

The time occupied in performing all th
have just described was incredibly short: f
the moment of my first standing before Beat
in the grotto to that of getting into the hack
coach, not much more, I should think, th
quarter of an hour or twenty minutes c
have elapsed. But it is the race of *thou*
not that of hours, and days, and years, w
measures out to us the spaces of eternity;
what a dense multitude of ideas had ru
crowding through my brain during that
period!

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

LONDON:
PRINTED BY SAMUEL BENTLEY,
Dorset Street, Fleet Street.

THE

ELOPEMENT.

—

VOL. II.



LONDON:
PRINTED BY SAMUEL BENTLEY,
Dorset Street, Fleet Street.

THE

ELOPEMENT,

OR THE

DEADLY STRUGGLE.

O! multa dictu gravia, perpessu aspera,
Quæ corpore exantlavi atque animo pertuli!
Non mihi, &c. . . . . .
Sed fœmineâ vi—fœmineâ interimor manu!

Oh! labours,—wars,—strifes,—toils,
And griefs which I have borne, too big for words!
Not thoughts on *ye* so tear me, as to feel
That now I perish by a *woman's* hand.

[Hercules dying on Mount Œta.]

Cicero de tolerando dolore.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

LONDON:
RICHARD BENTLEY, NEW BURLINGTON STREET.
1838.



THE ELOPEMENT.

CHAPTER I.

In about half an hour, the carriage stopped, the door was opened, and the driver announced our arrival. Leaving Beatrice, I got out and went to look for a resting-place. In walking down Warwick-street, my eye was presently attracted by the well-known advertisement, "Lodgings to let."

I knocked and was admitted. On going up stairs, I found the rooms, though small and not over pretty, would do very well for the present. I did not, to be sure, much like the physiognomy of the mistress; but, as I hoped to remain only a short time, I did not let that hinder me from engaging the apartment, as I forthwith did, without considering that I ought

to have told her it was not for myself on
for me and another.

I then went to fetch Beatrice, intendin
I had settled her in the lodgings, to go o
procure some clothes and other things
she would of course want.

On returning, I, leading her by th
was proceeding up stairs, and had gain
top of them, when the old woman—f
was an old woman, and an ugly, ill-ten
old woman to boot, as ever I beheld—a
took snuff too—and ever since beholdin
have I always hated ugly old women wh
snuff. Well, this ugly old woman wh
snuff addressed me in her frog-like
thus:

"I didn't know, sir, that you was go
bring a lady, sir; I thought, sir, you ha
alone, sir; I am not in the habit, sir, of
in females, sir.—Pray, sir, ——"

"What in the world are you talking
so very fast, my good woman?" I inq
turning towards her.

"Good woman, forsooth!" said the ol

dame, looking very pert and insolent indeed—"perhaps as respectable as some other folks—folks who comes to hire respectable folks' lodgings should give a reference."

"Reference!" I repeated in astonishment; "why, what reference can a little personage like you possibly require from such as we? Are you afraid we shall not pay you for your lodgings?"

"I don't know, sir, about *that*, sir; but I knows *this*, sir, that when respectable people takes in lodgers, sir, they likes to know who it is they takes in, sir. Now, sir, I should be glad to know if that there lady is your wife, sir?"

Here was I fairly taken by surprise. That such a question would or could have been made, I never dreamt. I hesitated—I never in my life could manage to tell a handsome lie—my genius was not apt at this accomplishment, and of vast detriment has that been to me in my earthly career! I have known many persons protrude a lie with as much seeming facility as I could draw on an old glove—lucky folk!

" Yes—no—no, she is not my wife my sister. What the devil is it to you is?—You see she is tired and weary—she is rather an invalid."

" What a disagreeable woman that is pered Beatrice, clinging close to me—' like her appearance at all—let us go a

" I am afraid, sir, I shall not be accommodate you, sir. I don't mucl have *invalids*, sir, in my house—they be troublesome; particularly, sir, wher know what may be the matter with the

" Oh!" sighed I to myself in th ness of my soul, " that I might but that filthy, detestable old hag — tha and most hateful wretch! O that thrust her into the darkest, deepest, dampest dungeon that tyrant ever d that she might there be devoured by ce and lizards!"

Fortunately for Beatrice, she was unconscious of the old creature's reason jecting to receive us, and imputed her to mere ill-temper; but I, to whom t

perfectly intelligible, was ready to sink into the earth with shame. I now felt in how questionable a position I had placed one for whose happiness I would have sacrificed my existence, and smiled in doing so. The grossness of this low-bred vulgar wretch gave me a lesson.

I turned upon my heel, and we left the house without uttering a single word. I dared not trust myself to speak. A fine peal would she have made had I but opened my lips!—but the presence of Beatrice sealed them.

What next should I attempt! On the whole, I thought it best to take her to the hotel at which I myself was staying, and where, owing to the number of people who were daily coming to and going from it, we should pass unquestioned.

I desired our coachman to drive to it. On arriving, I introduced Beatrice as my sister, and desired the chambermaid to let her have one of the best rooms vacant. It was a hard thing enough, I thought, after all this toil and turmoil, to be forced to pass as no better than brother and sister; nevertheless, it was very

necessary we should do so till good mother Church should better provide for us.

My night was a night of deep and manifold cogitations. How to get married, and how to avoid discovery till I was married, were the two great matters in debate.

Some people are born *in* due time, and then everything works well for them through life. Others are born *out* of due time, and then they have a hard matter to get through life at all — everything goes crosswise with them—they are apt to play the very deuce, get sent on their travels, and seldom come to any good end.

Had our elopement happened a few years ago, my grand object of being united to Beatrice might have been accomplished without the slightest difficulty, as there was at that time roving about town a set of low rascally clergy, whose almost sole means of subsistence consisted in making clandestine marriages, and who, standing at the corner of the most frequented streets, used to bawl out to any young couple they might perceive, "Have ye

a mind to be married, my lad, to that pretty lass under your arm? You are as nice a couple as ever I beheld." If they agreed, straight the holy man whipped them down into a beer-cellar, or an inner room of some halfpenny eating-house, and there united them.

But though doubtless many of these nice couple still existed, their trade was at an end, and they were no longer suffered to ply for a fare, as the Chancellor Hardwicke, who was, as the French call it, "ridiculous" on these matters, had some time ago passed a bill in parliament entirely altering the form of marriage, and it was now necessary to have bans called in the church in which the ceremony was to be performed.

All this nonsense extremely annoyed me, and bore no good-will whatever to Chancellor Hardwicke for delaying my happiness in such a very absurd manner. What were we to do, and where live in the mean while? It was necessary for us to remain concealed till after our marriage; and the situation in which we

then resided was by no means propitious, it was just in the very beat of all those w knew us.

Where should we go? Into the city? was always fond of fine scenery, and Dr. Joh son declared the most magnificent in the wor to be "that of the full tide of human existen flowing through the heart of a populous city. But I never agreed with the learned Doctor i this particular; on the contrary, his description has always made me feel very much as if aboard a small badly-sailing vessel, pitching in a short chopping sea. Besides which, we should be constantly liable to run foul of Mr. Gigglingtone worming his way to some of his relatives in Basinghall-street or the Poultry; and though, to be sure, if I kep a good sharp look-out, I might make cer tain of perceiving him at a considerabl distance off, towering above the moving mu titude like the Eddystone Light-house ov the breakers, yet, as I could by no mea answer for having my attention always on th alert, I feared coming some day on him u

aware before I had time to see to the helm-cry, "'Bout ship—tack and sheer off!"

I next thought of going into the country; but in the country everybody is known, and everybody's business canvassed—*that* would not do. Resolving to go out early in the morning and let chance direct my discovery, I fell asleep at a late hour.

On commencing the search, I directed my steps towards Holborn, and after many fruitless attempts,—for though there was no lack of habitations to be let, they were none of them habitable, at least there were none in which I thought Beatrice would be comfortable,—I turned down a small street on the north side, and after a minute's walk found myself in the country; the prettiness of which pleased me so much, that, sitting down on a large stone by the wayside, I looked at it and rested myself at the same time.

Hampstead and Highgate were in front, the New River wound along to the left, and at the distance of about a mile stood Montague House*

* Now the Museum.—*Note by the Editor.*

embosomed in a grove now beginning to lose
verdure and to put on the first slight yell
tint of autumn; whilst nearer to me stood a l
magnificent, though not less beautiful, r
dence than the almost regal edifice just nam

It was a tolerably large and square-built
tage, the walls of which were covered with r
trees and honeysuckle; the part of the gar
situated behind was filled with fruit-trees,
that in front with flowers and shrubs. Its
pearance pleased me extremely, and going cl
up to it, I was as much delighted as surpri
at finding that a part of it was to be let. I w
in and soon arranged with the mistress,
time, however, taking good care to say tha
was not for myself, but for my sister.

This matter being well arranged, my n
concern was to provide for myself. This
easily done: shortly finding a lodging in E
born which suited me, I engaged it, and
then nothing more to do than to return w
my good news to Beatrice.

In less than an hour's time we were
possession of our new abode, and in less t

five minutes afterwards, were roving round the garden, and seating ourselves in the woodbine-circled bower at its extremity. Now for the first time in my life I enjoyed the presence of my beloved with a full confidence that that blessing would not be interrupted. I felt secure,—secure at least for the present; and what cared *I* or did I think about the future! I was happy—I was tranquil. What should have disturbed me?—there sate Beatrice at my side, and she was mine—mine for ever: what should have disturbed me, save intensity of bliss!

My hand held hers and pressed it, and hers returned the pressure. What a thrill of joy ran through my frame! I looked on her—we looked upon each other. I smiled, and she acknowledged the worship by a smile. Still we looked and still we smiled upon each other; still sate, and, mutely gazing, dived into and read each other's soul:—a revelry of love—a tranquil frenzy—a calm passion bewildering the senses with unbearable delight.

"Beatrice! how beautiful—beautiful—Oh!

how beautiful you are! Love me, dearest! C
love me always!"

My cheek drooped upon her bosom, s
resting there, I felt her hand press it s
closer to her heart. I heard her whisper–
gently whisper—

"For ever, dearest!"

CHAPTER II.

The next call on my attention was that of making preparations for my marriage, and this I went about immediately. I found on inquiry that St. Giles was the patron of our parish.—An elegantly-named saint, certainly, is this St. Giles! he and St. Gingo may walk about town together, and neither of them blush at the company he keeps.

I went to the Rectory, where I soon settled the business: our names were inserted in the list, and were to be called on the following Sunday.

Time passed happily along. I remained very little at my own lodgings, which were dull enough—I greatly preferred the rose-twined bower at the bottom of Mrs. Vincent's garden. By the bye, she must have thought me the very kindest and best-natured brother that

ever lived; for I was never away from m
sister—never, except just to sleep, to dre
in the morning, and go to bed at night.
liked Mrs. Vincent, our landlady, extremel
she was a very different sort of a personage
my friend in Warwick-street. She was n
over young, but was still handsome, and h
been very handsome indeed. A great bles
ing is beauty, both to the woman who possess
and her friends who look on it. I alwa
liked handsome women, the only good I kn
about ugly ones is, that, sure as fate, they a
virtuous;—this is certainly a merit.

All was delightful when I was in compar
with Beatrice; but the time I passed aw
from her was not always spent agreeabl
owing to the intrusion of a very disagreeab
visitor.

That Demon,—for he *is* a Demon to some fol
—I am sure he always showed himself one t
me,—that Demon, Thought, used sometimes t
break in, in a most unwarrantable, and, I ma
indeed say, a most scandalous manner on m
privacy, and, entering without my being a

all aware of it, take a chair by my side, and whisper horridly disagreeable things in my ear. One night in particular, when I was in bed, he opened the door, walked in, and without the slightest invitation—I want to know if this was proper behaviour!—clapping himself down at my side, spoke in the following manner:—

"This is all very well, Master Lionel, and a very pretty thing it is indeed, to run off with a very pretty girl of sixteen, who was just going to be married to some one else, and marry her yourself! Very flattering this, upon my word! —don't wonder the least in the world at your feeling a little vain of such an exploit!—But, between friends, what do you fancy Lady Barbara Denison—or, as you and your friends are jocosely enough pleased to call her, Lady Baby Gigglingtone—said, when she returned to the coral-branched grotto and found her daughter gone? For my own part, I don't pretend to know exactly what she said; but I think I can give a tolerable guess too. I think it highly probable she spoke in this manner:

"Oh, that most ungrateful daughter of mine!

Only to think of her having behaved to me in this way! only to think!—how I have doted on her for the last sixteen years, petted her and spoilt her—how I have been at all manner of expenses about her education—how I have done everything which the most loving and affectionate mother *could* do—how I have got her all kinds of dresses, and given her all sorts of 'rings and things and fine array,' as Shakspeare says, to set her off and make a good bargain in a husband—how I even *found* her a husband; and after all this—after *all* this, and only a few weeks before marriage—to go off with a man who has not a shilling!—What shocking creatures daughters are!—as the poet says in the play,

> 'For when we've dressed and tricked them out, so tempting, fine and gay,
> As men would serve a cucumber—they fling themselves away!'

An ungrateful hussy!—*that* she is, and I'll never forgive her,—no, *that* I won't—no, if she comes on her knees I won't, as long as ever I live; and I'll never give her another shilling—the cruel, ungrateful, illnatured thing

Oh, what an unfortunate mother I am to have such a daughter! Oh! Oh! Oh!'

"This is what Lady Baby will exclaim.—But Mr. Gigglingtone? Ha, ha! there is quite a different story! *He* won't be offended, I promise you. All this will be nuts and cream-cheese to him; and so *he*'ll laugh and say, ha, ha, ha, ha! and be very merry, for *he* will fare all the better for it, and so will all the little Masters Gigglingtone and all the little Misses Gigglingtone with whom the chaste loves of himself and Lady Baby may chance to people the house."

I had often tried to break in on the thread of Thought's harangue; but he was a great deal too glib for this, and still went on, seemingly undisturbed at my interruptions. However, he at last paused to draw breath, and I took advantage of it in order to speak.

"And why, then," I asked, looking sternly in his face,—"why did you not tell me all this before, you ill-looking hound?"

His sides shook with the violence of laughter as he replied,

"Did you ever hear of my going near any

one till it was too late for my advice to benefit him? The truth is, I am a terribly lazy, lagging sort of a chap, and don't care to hurry myself on the road."

I really felt disgusted at such a barefaced admission of selfishness; so, without even deigning a remark upon it, I turned round on my pillow, bade him go away, and let me sleep. But the rascal wouldn't consent to this, and fairly stating that he would neither go away nor let me sleep, began talking to me about my father.

"You know," he said, "the dislike he has to early marriages for younger brothers—he told you so not long ago—how do you think he will approve of yours? He hates and despises anything in the shape of a trick—in what manner do you fancy he will take that which you have just played off on him? By the bye, he has got your letter by this time: I wonder what he said to it! Delighted, I dare say, to find you safely arrived at Cambridge, and just on the point of setting-to hard at your studies! He'll be anxious to hear from you again, and

learn your progress! When he finds you don't write to him any more, I dare say he'll write to *you;* and when he don't get an answer, he'll write again, or to your tutor, perhaps, who will, most likely, reply that he doesn't know anything about you. The next we'll hear, is that you — *you*, not having sixpence, are married to a beautiful and most virtuous young lady without a shilling! An agreeable surprise to him, — don't you think so?" said Thought.

"To be sure it will—thou cursed Fiend!" I replied; "to be sure it will be a surprise and a great pleasure to him: dost thou think that beautiful and virtuous young ladies are to be picked up every day? No question but my father will be a little displeased at first,—I make up my account to *that;*—but he'll forgive me very soon—he'll make a thousand excuses for me: he always does and always will—he's so good and indulgent!—he'll take my youth into consideration, my love for Beatrice—her beauty and goodness, and ——"

"Ay, ay!" interrupted Thought, "I forgot

too—you have friends at his elbow, as il
there on purpose just to point out these t
to him; hav'n't you?—There 's your c
Solomon, and he 's a wise man, I can tell
Then there 's his mother, your aunt, and
not an unwise woman. Able-bodied adv
these; dare say they'll argue love, and y
and passion, and I don't know what besid
your favour. You're in a flourishing
Lionel!—Harkee, my friend!" he conti
suddenly laying his hand on my shoulder—
a familiarity which really the shortness o
acquaintance by no means authorised—and
turning to me with that half-closed eye,
of the lip, and shake of the head, which p
are apt to have when they wish to look
cularly *knowing*. "My dear fellow, tl
all very well; but, suppose that betwee
acts you should happen to go from this
to the next? what, should you chance t
in three or four months' time, before
matters are accommodated? in three or
weeks' time? in three or four days' time
morrow? to-night? What will you do t

Who is to take care of your poor Beatrice? To whom is she to fly for succour? To whom may she look for support? Who will receive her with kindness? — who will comfort her under the unutterable affliction of your loss? Who will assert and answer for her maiden purity and virtue? Who will be competent to do so, and to say that you have lived together only as brother and sister?"

I clasped my hands before my eyes, as if to shut out the crowd of ghastly images which the Fiend had conjured up, and which it nigh made me mad to look upon.

CHAPTER III.

Whoever possesses a great treasure
safe keeping of which his happiness de
will, let it be ever so well guarded, i
hourly terror of its being filched from
to him by some untoward circumsta
other. Mons. Harpagon, whose life a
ventures have been so pleasantly drawn
Molière, lived in constant dread lest his
—his dear, dear casket of precious stones
though buried in the garden, and withc
reach or knowledge of any one but hir
should be discovered and stolen by h
fligate son, and his profligate son's
valet and accomplice, La Flèche; whi
fortune, notwithstanding all his cautic
at length actually befall him.

So was it with me. I was in constan
lest *my* treasure should be purloined,

by my father or by Lady Barbara, both of whom would, I thought, keep a sharp look-out for us.

If any one in the street chanced to look at me, I instantly concluded him to be a foe. If I and Beatrice walked into the country, and we saw a person approaching, I felt assured of his being sent to apprehend us. I lived in a state of much mental perturbation, and this particularly as, in casting my eyes over a newspaper a few days after our arrival, I there saw an advertisement to "A young lady who had left her disconsolate mother, to whom she was requested to return." The description given of her person answered to that of Beatrice, and I made no doubt of her being the person meant.

I was full of fear: however, when Sunday came, terror was not strong enough to make me resist the great desire I had of hearing our banns called. Besides which, I had been so often rebuked for negligence in attending Divine service, that I myself at last began to get shocked, seriously shocked, at the impro-

priety of my conduct in this respect, s
ing now about to change my position
ciety and enter on the holy state of
mony, I really conceived it incumbent
to turn over quite a new leaf, — to b
moral in conduct, sober in thought, s
behaviour, and discreet in words; to
instance, to church on Sundays, and
that kind of thing, you know; and th
only with a view to my own salvatio
to have thought of *that only*, would ha
selfish,—but with an idea also of setting
example to others, in order that the
might have salvation. In short, I inte
fling off the old man entirely, and becom
a new creature, just as my good aunt J
and my cousin used so often and so ea
to recommend.

To the church, therefore, of the afor
saint, St. Giles, did I with such twol
tentions go. Beatrice, however, had n
nation to be seen in such a crowd: so,
her at home, I went accompanied by Mi
cent, of whom—I must not omit sayi

I, induced by the kindness of her general manner, had already made a confidant.

How long the service was! Heaven had but few of my aspirations on that day; unless, indeed, aspirations given to the creature, and the love which causes them, be, by the Creator, reckoned for the most grateful tribute to himself—"He who hath loved another, hath fulfilled the law."—How frequently used that sentence to fill my thoughts, and thoughts on it to swell my heart!

Not feeling interested in what was going on, I sought for amusement in looking round on the strange sort of beings about me. My eyes wandered from one pew to another, but were principally attracted by the figure of a man dressed in black, who sat not far from me, and who was seemingly even more weary than myself with the length of the service.

Instead, however, of fatigue agitating his mind, and putting it into a fever, as it did mine, it had the opposite effect, and acted as an opiate. He had been nodding almost the

whole of the time, and every moment I expected him to fall asleep.

At last, indeed, this event actually took place: his head sank down and rested on his bosom, whilst every now and then a hard-drawn breath (not to bestow a harsher appellation on it) declared that piety had succumbed to weariness.

In this state was he when the Rector began reading the bans, which he did so fast as to make it difficult for any one, to whom they were not familiar, to catch the names he uttered. He had already got through half the list, and come to our names—

"Also, I publish the bans of matrimony between Lionel Bouverie and Beatrice Denison, both of this parish: whoever knows any just cause or impediment why these two should not be joined together in holy wedlock, let him now declare it."

This done, he was going on with the next parties, when the whole congregation was suddenly startled at the sound of an immense snore. I beg pardon for this expression, but the

vulgarity of him who uses it, equals not, by many degrees, that of him who can merit its application—a snore projected by my friend in black, and who, awakened by the act itself into a consciousness of his indecent conduct, instantly started up, and rubbing his eyes, looked very much ashamed of himself; but after a moment's pause,

"I—I—I forbid those bans," he exclaimed.

Sinking back on the seat I covered my face with my hands, muttering to myself,

"We are undone!"

All gazed with wonder: some tittered, others laughed outright: the parson himself—even the very parson! — smiled, and, stooping down, whispered something to the clerk, who immediately left his desk, went up to my friend in black, asked him some question, received an answer, and returned forthwith to his principal, who, after putting a mark against our names, recommenced his task of whisking off as many there as he could in the shortest time possible, whilst I sat leaning down with my body so bent at my head rested on my knees.

"Don't be so distressed!" said Mrs. Vincent stooping to whisper to me and take my hand "you must not allow yourself to be so agitated.

A man must not allow himself to be agitate when he is drowning! I was in no mood to b consoled, and drawing my hand sullenly ou of hers, I pushed her off, and then wrung m hands together as though I wished to twi them out of the sockets.

Mrs. Vincent was far too good-hearted woman to be affronted with my behaviour o such an occasion; but whether she had or ha not been, would have made a very slight diffe ence at that moment when all I saw was Be trice forced from me—all I heard was h exclamations of grief—all I felt was my ow unutterable anguish.

Seizing an opportunity, when I thought th eyes of people were off me, I gently unlatche the door of my pew and crept on tip-toe out the church; of which place I no sooner fe myself clear than, laying foot to ground as ha as I could, I bounded home with the swiftne of a chamois.

I arrived out of breath, and bursting into the room where Beatrice was sitting in expectation of my return,

"Oh Beatrice, Beatrice!" I exclaimed, "we are lost,—ruined—undone! Your mother has sent that man, Willis, to forbid our bans. Haste, dearest, if you love me!—quick!—not a moment must be lost—he 'll be here in less than half an hour."

I imparted my terror to Beatrice, who immediately becoming violently agitated, looked silently for a few moments in my face, and then sunk into a chair and sobbed.

"Oh, Lionel! dearest Lionel! will they part us?—we were *so* happy!"

"Haste, love, haste!" I said, kissing her eyes, and then leaving her that I might pull the trunks into the middle of the room—"quick, there is not an instant to spare; but with despatch we may balk him yet."

I lost no time whilst uttering this, but tearing open the drawers, took out her clothes by armsful, and tumbled them together pell-mell into the trunks.

"But how," said Beatrice, suddenly lookin up—"how, Lionel, do you know that it wa Mr. Willis whom you saw at church? Yo never met him in your life, did you?"

"Know!—why, have you not talked to m often enough and described him often enoug for me to know him as well as though I ha seen him a dozen times? A tall man, with great, round, red, rascally face, for which an jury in England would hang him. It is he a sure as you are there. Who else *could* come t forbid your bans? Besides, what matte *who* it was?"

We had just finished packing up, when Mr Vincent returning from church, and seeing wha we had been about, asked What step we in tended to take?

"To leave your house this very moment, m dear madam," I replied; "I have not a sing instant to lose. Do, pray, tell your maid get me a hackney-coach."

"But *where* will you go?"

"Go—go!" Such a query had not occurr

to me, and I was at a loss how to answer.

"*Why*, where would you advise us to go?"

"*I do* not exactly know your object, nor why you are in such haste; if you tell me this, I may, perhaps, be able to give you counsel."

"My object!—why, my object is to get out of the way of that pettifogging attorney to be sure;—he who is come to separate me from Beatrice—*that* is my object;—there is need enough of haste;—the fellow will be here in five minutes,—I wonder he's not come already."

Mrs. Vincent's ideas were less combustionized than mine,—(no wonder! she had nothing at stake;)—and she represented to me that the need of hurry did not seem to her so extreme as I imagined, for said she, "having forbidden the bans, he has done all that he can well do to-day, Sunday: even if he knows that you are residing here, which is by no means probable, he will defer seeking for you till to-morrow, when he has informed Lady Barbara where her daughter is. Indeed it is not likely he will come at all unaccompanied by her."

It was quite in vain for the good w
reason,—she spoke to one who had e
tainly, but not to hear; and my only
her exhortation was, to beg that she w
mediately send for a hackney-coach. S
plied, and then asked me where I intend
I hesitated, and then replied that, hav
so unlucky both in London and its in
environs, I would try my fortune in t
try; make the coachman drive me tc
he stairs on the Thames—take a boat-
rowed down to Greenwich.

"Well, but—," she replied, "y
lodgings! you must give them up,
your clothes away!"

"True, true!" I exclaimed—"I h
forgotten all about that. Do, my d
Vincent, run and pay for them.
not stir out at present, or leave Miss
for a moment from my sight. Do just
lodgings,—pack up my baggage—just
for immediate use; I will leave the
your care, and send for them by and b

CHAPTER IV.

Mrs. Vincent readily consented to all I asked, and thus, in a very short time, I found myself in a situation to leave her. Taking with us only such things as were absolutely indispensable, Beatrice and I once more set out on a voyage of discovery, and with the hope of at last finding some land where we might be peaceably married.

My original design was to order the coachman to drive us to that *Hard*, or stairs, on the river nearest to the place of departure, so anxious was I to get out of London, where we had met nothing but disappointment. Once on the water, I fancied we should be safe; but on reflecting that I did not know how the tide ran, and that the fall at London Bridge

might then be so great as to render shooting [illegible] dangerous, I desired we might be taken to the Tower Stairs.

Here we embarked, and in about an hour's time, for the tide was running against us, were safely landed at Greenwich.

During our short voyage, Beatrice and I canvassed over the circumstances of the adventure which had just caused us so much alarm, and came to the conclusion that the man, Mr. Willis, to whom, no doubt, had been intrusted the care of getting the advertisement before-mentioned inserted in the papers, had either seen Beatrice—or heard—(it is quite astonishing how quick-sighted, and how quick of hearing such people are)—that we were living in the neighbourhood, and, from that circumstance, guessing our intention of being married in the parish, made inquiries at the Rectory, and finding his suspicions confirmed, took the step just related. The reason why he and Lady Barbara, accompanied by the tall Mr. Gigglingtone himself, and a *posse comitatus*, did not come at once, and, belaying me by the heels in

my lair, take away Beatrice, was now clear enough, I thought.—He did not know where to look for us! I having taken special care to keep the place of our residence a secret from the parson and his clerk: however all this might be, we esteemed ourselves very fortunate to get so well rid of them; not but that Beatrice used to be sometimes sadly depressed in spirits when thinking about her mother, and the anxiety she must have felt when, on returning to the grotto, she found her daughter gone from it. She used often to talk to me of this; but at such times I would generally contrive to turn her thoughts into another current: it was when I was away from her that they seemed to prey most on her mind, and I have once or twice, on coming suddenly into the room, found her sitting with her eyes red and swollen with tears.

It formed no part whatever of my design to remain at Greenwich, which I intended but as the first stage out of London, — a town in which I had lately experienced so much annoyance that I never could, I thought,



...osted a tidewaiter whom I saw on the
He told me there would be several
down the river on the morrow; some o
going to the west of England, and som
ing to the North; but, amongst them
would, he said, be a Margate hoy.

I thought we could not do better t
get aboard of the latter; and so in the
ing, having everything in readiness, we
into a boat, and told the waterman t
out into the middle of the river, and
the vessel which was then expected ev
nute. After half an hour's delay we s
coming, when hailing her to bring-to f
sengers, she slackened sail; we came
side, got on board, and in five minute
were going, with a fair wind and tide
in our favour, at the rate of between

Margate, I reflected it would scarcely be safe for us to live there or at any other place on that side of the river; my name being too well known throughout the county of Kent, for me to escape observation for so long a time as we should have to remain in it.

This consideration annoyed me very much; but getting into conversation with the captain, and bidding him observe a point of land stretching far out into the river, and to which we were then approaching on our tack, I asked him how it was called, and he replied, Shoebury Ness. We were then at a considerable distance, but nearing it fast: on our approach, it struck me as being a spot which would suit my purpose perfectly well; so, seeing some fishing-boats anchored on the sand banks, I begged the captain to hail one of the owners, and ask him if he would put us on shore; to which the latter readily agreeing, we took leave of the captain, and got into the boat.

At the village of Shoebury we remained the time required by law for the calling our



As we entered the church, the eyes
one were turned towards us. The serv
over, we approached the altar, and the
of the congregation, remaining behind,
round and encircled us during the per
of the ceremony. Shrinking from
attracted by her own beauty, Beatric
a veil over her downcast face, and clu
to my arm. There is nothing whicl
such an indubitable grossness of ima
nothing which is so deeply offensive to
of a delicate observer, as the bust
boisterous joy so commonly seen on t
tenances and in the behaviour of ur
people when they are going to be mari
which generally lasts with them for abo
or eighteen months after that period :
most unquestionable sign of a vulgar

for to me it *is* suffering—from the observation *of others*. I never liked to enact the part of showman to my own sensations; so, upon the present occasion, whatever might have been the joy within my bosom, none appeared upon my countenance. My cheek was grave and unmoved as I stood listening to the service; and in replying to the questions put to me, though my voice did perhaps falter a little, yet it was in too small a degree to attract the observation of the vicar or any of his surrounding parishioners, who one and all might, perhaps, have thought me the coldest and most passionless bridegroom who had been ever wedded to bride so young and beautiful.

The ceremony was over: we left the church, not in a carriage followed by other carriages, and surrounded by numerous servants bearing white favours in their hats,—not attended by a train of friends congratulating us on our happiness, and wishing us a long life to enjoy it,—not to a house in which we should be welcomed by parents, blest in the thought that we were blest:—not thus!

Such happiness had it not pleased Provide- to apportion to our lot. We returned, as had come, on foot, and accompanied only those whom I had requested to assist as witnes to a lodging in such as which Beatrice within the last month had never been.

On entering it and looking round, I co not help contrasting the actual scene which p sented itself with that which would have be under ordinary circumstances. The reflecti could not but cross us both,—not in such manner, however, as to make either of us reg what we had done, but so as to impress us wi a sensation of a, perhaps, not unpleasing mela choly.

"Now, then," said I, straining her to m bosom,—"now then, my Beatrice—my best a only loved—now, then, you are mine for eve And now you shall write to your friends, a I will write to mine; and we will both beg pa don for having dared to make ourselves happ without requesting their permission.

CHAPTER V.

On the day after our marriage, Beatrice wrote to her mother. The letter was expressive of affection, and of penitence for the alarm which her sudden disappearance must have occasioned; and which she only attempted to palliate, first, by stating the aversion she had always entertained to a union with Mr. Curteis, and then by mentioning the peculiar and unexpected position in which she had found herself with me, whom she had always loved. I had, she said, come upon her suddenly—placed before her eyes the unhappiness she was preparing both for herself and me—and pleaded so strongly, that, becoming lost and bewildered, and having no time for reflection, she scarcely knew what she did.

I, too, on my part, wrote a penitential letter

to my father: that is to say, it was a letter in which I expressed a very heartfelt sorrow for having occasioned him so much uneasiness. To have professed sorrow for the action itself, and said that I wished it undone, would have been an untruth: and an untruth—a deliberate untruth—to obtain pardon or profit, has never yet passed my lips. God be praised! I have never yet been reduced so low as to despise myself.

I explained how, on leaving Tunbridge, I had no design of taking the step I had taken; but that only intending to go into Yorkshire for a few days, I then designed to return to Cambridge, and follow up my studies. In short, detailing the whole affair as it had happened, I begged him to forgive me.

I also wrote to Lord Mecklenbury such a letter as a young man, under my circumstances, may be supposed to have written to his friend and confidant.

With what anxious impatience did we both wait for answers! The first we received was from Lady Barbara; and though, as far as the

events in this history are concerned, a full copy of the letter might be dispensed with,—for the whole upshot of her reply, all long as it was, may be comprised in a few words,—yet can I not resist the pleasure of here commemorating the extreme indulgence and maternal tenderness shown by this incomparable woman to a daughter who—I must admit it—had offended her on a point on which parents are generally apt to be too unforgiving.

"My dearest Child,

"How delighted we all were to see your handwriting again!!! You cannot tell what an infinity of pleasure it gave to myself and dear William, and everybody! I do verily believe that even *Poodle*, poor little fellow, was pleased. Immediately James came into the room with your letter,—you know how *sagacious* he is!!—he jumped off his chair, and barked, and ran about the room, *wagging his tail*, all the time we *were reading it!* Dogs reason as well as we do, I am *convinced* of it;—pray do you think they will go to heaven when they

die? I hope so, I am sure: but I am told it is very wicked to think that.—But, my darling! what a fright you put us all in!—how *could* you do so? I *must* tell you.

"When I came back and found you were *not in the Grotto*, I was immensely surprised, as you may suppose: but, thinking you had a mind to frighten me and play at hide-and-seek, I peeped about under the bushes for a good long while without finding you—as you may imagine,—*for you were not there!!!*"

"I began then to be *frightfully alarmed indeed!* I could not think what to think particularly as James, our footman, you know swore positively, *point blank*, that you must have been spirited away, and said that if you had gone by any other conveyance than a broomstick, or some such sort of a thing, *must* have seen you; for he would take his *bible oath* he had not stirred five paces from the Grotto all the time!!!"

"Well, I went home,—and *immensely frightened* I was, I can tell you!—terribly alarmed—monstrously nervous the whole day!—

thought people would think it so *strange!* They say such things always, you know, — they *talk* so! I do myself sometimes talk about people; — but then I don't like them to talk about me, for all that! I thought it best to have *you advertised*, my angel; and William thought so too; — so we got Mr. Willis to put you in the papers. Did you see the advertisement, my darling? *Blue eyes — light hair — fair skin — oval countenance — sweet expression!* I assure you, dearest, you have no reason to complain of our not doing justice to your *beauty!*"

"Well, with all our trouble, we could get no news of our dear little pet lamb, till your charming letter arrived, telling us that you had gone off with Mr. Bouverie, who had just led you to the *hymeneal altar!* as the fashionable *world* call it, and that you are very happy with your doting husband. — La! my dear child, how came you to think *I should be vexed with you* for liking Mr. Bouverie? I am sure everybody has a right to like who he likes: — I only wanted you to marry Mr.

Curteis because I thought it high tim
should marry somebody, and I thoug
a good match for you; but if you ha
me you liked Mr. Bouverie better! w
you not?—Ah! now, I know: you wa
do something very romantic—something
out of the common way, and be *put i*
and talked of. Didn't you, now?—con
fess! — Oh dear! — your papa,—that i
liam,—is ringing the bell: he wants his
fast, I dare say. I must leave you—goo
—He is in an immense hurry always! I
flurried, you cannot think. Adieu, dea
good b'ye!

"Your most affectionate moth

"Barbara Den

"P. S. Your papa has got what he
so I return to write *a few words mor*
darling. You cannot think, my ange
amazingly vexed I am about that poor
kind, good creature, Mr. Curteis;—and
lented he is too! he is really more clev
you *can imagine!* Poor dear man!-

afraid you have broken his heart!—bless me, *I hope* he won't think of going mad!—do you *think* he will, dearest? *I can't bear mad people—I'm afraid of them;* I'm sure it would drive me downright out of my wits if he were to think of coming here *when he's mad!* He would look so very, very frightfully wild and staring if he were to go mad! He's so big too! why, he'd play the very d—l in the house! La! how he would scatter all my nice china and pretty little knick-knacks about the floor! Why, I tremble to think of it! I do indeed—positively! Really, I shan't think it safe to be in his company!—I shall order my servants to say, 'Not at home.' Don't you think so, dearest? wouldn't this be prudent? *Tell me what you think, when you write.*—La! there it is again! here comes your papa, bouncing into the room, and dragging me *off to church.*—Sorry to leave you, my dear child, but a dear husband's wishes must be attended to, you know. So good b'ye again!—A charming man, this Dr. Simpson, whom we are going to hear; a fine man,—looks quite *enchantingly*

terrible when he talks about the e
wickedness of the times we live in! Y
tell how *amazingly he does frighten m*
times! — but can't stop another minu
my dear; I'm longing to hear what
say, and William is at my elbow jog
So good b'ye again! In my next lett
let you know what he says. Adieu!

"I 'm just come back from chur
dear, and can't help adding a few l
tell you what we have heard. What
charming, enchanting man he is!—Dr. Si
—*he is perfectly delightful*, I do assure
You 'ld be quite enraptured with hi
sure you would. *You positively ought*
been there,—I wish you had! What
very! Gracious me! *You ought to ha*
there, really you ought: the sermon
about married people; how we ought
have to our husbands, and how our h
ought to behave to us; and what c
should take of our children, and giv
good religious instruction. There was o
thing I did not like: that is, he do

people to eat hot dinners on a *Sunday*, because, he says, it is very wicked to make the servants work; and *the Israelites, he told us, gathered their manna on Saturday*, and ate it cold the day after. I don't agree with him *there*, however! By the bye, I wonder what manna it was!—do you know?—Do you think it was the same as people take when they are ill?—faugh!—how very nasty!—do ask somebody, and tell me next time you write.—But now I must really, truly go, for your papa is calling to me to go out in the carriage to pay some visits: so good b'ye again! Let us hear from you soon,—mind you write, now! and tell me how you get on together, you and *your inamorato*, as the Frenchmen say. Adieu!—La! there he's calling again! I 'm flurried out of my wits—good b'ye!"

The next letter which arrived came from home, yet not from my father: its address was in the handwriting of my cousin.—"Is my father then ill?" thought I: "has my conduct——" my heart smote me. "Perhaps he

is too angry to write to me himself," I - as with a trembling hand I broke the seal began to read as follows:

"DEAR LIONEL,

"We have all of us here been sadly shoc at the melancholy intelligence contained in y last letter;—*I*, amongst the rest, as your sin friend and well-wisher, am so, I assure y not so much because it informs us that have taken from her parent a young fort less lady, who, being affianced to anot might almost have been considered as his w as at your using such *deep deception* to poor dear uncle, whose heart, I do assure y you have very nearly broken; indeed, I sca ly know if he will ever entirely recover f the violent shock which your indiscretion *use no harsher word*, has occasioned. My loved mother often says she is quite sur will take ten years from his life.

"You cannot tell the extreme delight which he read aloud to us, two or three ti the first letter from you. His counten

quite brightened up, and he spoke of you in the kindest and most affectionate manner; saying that he had always felt convinced that you would, notwithstanding your *former extravagances* of conduct, turn out well at last.

"He answered your letter immediately, and desired you would again write to him within a few posts. Receiving no reply, he wrote again: the same silence continuing, he addressed your tutor, who replied, that he imagined you were *at home*, for he had not seen you.

"Conceive my poor dear uncle's surprise and anxiety! We could none of us imagine what had become of you. He ordered post-horses immediately, and we went up to town. Remembering to have heard you mention a coffee-house in Marlborough-street, I directed my uncle there, hoping to get some intelligence, and the waiter told us you had been there with your *sister* — conceive how very shocking!

"My uncle now fancied he knew what you



of your former *immoralities* ——— let me not reproach you at present.

"Well, with much difficulty we coachman who had driven you t where we then went. The mistre luckily not at home; but we inqu servant, whom, partly by threats, entreaties and coaxing, we made t you had left the lodgings and we Greenwich. To Greenwich we wen there heard you had proceeded do gate. We followed you there alsc purpose; no one could give us tl information respecting you, and obliged to return.

"My dear uncle passed above in such a state of mind as I never

though a very immoral action, might have been got over,—whom you would get tired of in a few days, and leave; and it was only on receiving your last letter that he became aware of the whole *melancholy truth.*

"You never in your life beheld such a change in any man as when he read your letter. He flung it on the table, swore like a madman, and said he would never forgive, nor see you again as long as he lived, for your undutiful conduct, and for the *trick you had played him.*

"Here it was that my excellent mother — you know what a wonderful woman she is!— and I attempted to soothe him by reason, and to show the impropriety, and, indeed, the sinfulness of anger. But it was of no use for us to speak to him then; he would not be pacified by anything we could say.

"He had a bad night's rest; nevertheless we found him more tranquil in the morning, and so then took an opportunity of again accosting him on the business. He now seemed to listen more patiently; and I hope that

in process of time we shall be able to
[illegible] him to you entirely; but it will
[illegible] time, and neither my mother nor m[illegible]
self would recommend your coming near h[illegible]
just yet. Give him time to get cool and r[illegible]
flect. Time will work miracles. Rely up[illegible]
it, both my mother and myself, howeve[illegible]
much we may blame your conduct, pity you[illegible]
and will do our utmost. In the mean
time, believe me to be, dear Lionel,

"Your affectionate cousin,

"SOLOMON PRINCEP."

CHAPTER VI.

However delighted I was at these promises of protection, I felt it would be scarcely delicate to show Beatrice the letter in which they were contained, and therefore formed some excuse for not doing so.

"There, that is the worst of Solomon," I said; "he is too good, too wise;—so confoundedly over proper and correct, that he has no consideration for other people's failings. Now, though my heart is filled with gratitude, I cannot help being offended at his talking about, 'this unfortunate affair,' 'deep deception,' &c. I dare say he would have done the same thing himself."—I was quite wrong in making this supposition! — he never would have done any such thing.

Some weeks passed. I had for a long time

begun to feel vexed with Lord Meclenbury for not having answered my letter. Beatrice, too, thought it very strange; when, one day returning from a long walk by the river, we were informed that some one was waiting for us above stairs. On going up, we found it to be Lord Meclenbury himself.

Scarcely could anything in the world have given us greater pleasure. "Well, Beatrice," he said — "and you, Bouverie, I could not consent to leave England without first coming to wish you joy, as I suppose I *must* do — though had you followed my advice, you know, you would have waited a few years. I should have answered your letter, but was from home when it arrived; besides which, my poor mother has been very unwell."

"How grieved I am to hear it! — and where is she?"

"Most probably at Dover by this time, where she and my father will wait for me to cross the water with them."

"You are going abroad, then, immediately?"

sorry I am! — I so much wanted your
e and assistance."

You may have as much of it as you like,
ood fellow, if you and your wife will
my father desired me to ask,—that is,
abroad with us. I have been to Tun-
, and from what I have seen and heard
think you cannot do better than go
us."

You have been to Tunbridge! What in
orld made you go to Tunbridge?— On
count, I'll warrant.—Well, did you see
ther? What did he say to you?— what
e say of *me?*"

ee him! — to be sure I did, — I went
e express purpose of seeing him, of *com-*
ng of your conduct in going off with
cousin, and of telling him that, in
y of your parent, we hoped he would
her family all the reparation in his
."

You told him all that! — Well, and what
e reply?"

[illegible] I am sorry to say, he look[illegible]
[illegible] I was in hopes to have m[illegible]
[illegible]ght. Nor a bit of it: he took the[illegible]
it a very serious light, and, with the
[illegible]ness that he never could
[illegible] daring hand to make such a co
without having first asked his permission."

"Asked his permission!" I exclaimed
"why, so I would have asked his permiss
to be sure, fast enough, had I had the l
that he would have granted it; but I k
perfectly well. I might just as well have as
him for his estate."

"You had better tell him this, Bouv
I think; mayhap he will look upon it
fair excuse. — But, joking apart, there
one thing I was very glad to see: he is
dently very fond of you; and I do re
believe that had he not in his first pas
sworn never to see your face again, I sh
have made him overlook it all. — He tal
you with great kindness; but he seems to
some odd fancies about not liking to be tho
capricious and to go from his determinatio

"You saw my aunt, of course, and Solomon. What did *they* say?"

"The former very little; but that little was much to the purpose and good. She sat by generally in silence. What a picture of piety she is!—As for your cousin, he said several things in your favour; so much so, that I really did at one time hope your father was about to relent and give in,—when, unfortunately, he—that is, your cousin—happened in some way or other to allude to the 'letter dated from Cambridge;' and this seemed immediately to revive all your father's anger, for he turned to him—

"'Ay,' he said, 'Solomon, and pray how can you excuse *that* piece of deceit? Can you palliate *that?*'

"Here Mr. Solomon was quite put out, and seemed not to know how to reply—he had made a slip, a *lapsus linguæ*, and was evidently abashed at the difficulty into which inadvertence had betrayed him—so, shrugging up his shoulders, and lifting his hands on both sides of his cheek, in the way which is peculiar to

him, you know, he turned sharply round on his heel.

"'*Now*, sir, *indeed* you do silence me quite. *That* I can not defend.'

"No more he could indeed! it was very wrong of you, Bouverie, I must own it; but I wished Mr. Solomon had not chanced to remind your father of it at *that* moment, for I verily believe he was on the point of saying he forgave you."

"It *was* con-*foundedly* foolish, to be sure, Meclenbury, wasn't it?—when he knows, too, as well as I do, how my father hates anything like a trick!"

"Indeed it was: I can't think how so sensible a man could have made such a mistake. I was so sorry that Lady Derlincourt's illness prevented my father from accompanying me to Tunbridge, for his age and situation would of course have given him so much more weight with Mr. Bouverie than I had. In fact, I do not know how he could have stood out unless, indeed, he had chosen to say that Miss Denison, our relative, was not sufficiently good

to mate with his family: and this I suppose he would scarcely have done!

"For my own part, I felt myself to be too young to talk very *grandly;* besides which, your father's manner awed me, and there was something in him which bade me not be over pressing on the point.—But never mind all this *now:* cross the water with us—take a house somewhere in the neighbourhood of Paris, where you will live cheaper than in England; for your income, though well enough for a student at Cambridge, will be a small one for a married man. Live there quietly for a few months, and, I trust that my mother's health will be sufficiently re-established by next summer to allow of our return to this country, when we will bring you back with us. What with the pleasure your father will have in seeing you, and the representations of your friends, all will, no doubt, be accommodated. Cry you content to this?"

"Can Beatrice and I be otherwise than content to put ourselves under the guidance of such generous and kind friends!"

Very little preparation was necess
wearing apparel, and that part of it o
we wanted for the journey, was to ac
us. Several other things, such as boc
pieces of plate and linen, which I had
warded to me from Cambridge, toge
a variety of things which Beatrice ha
her mother to send, were packed up
directed to the care of Mons. Dessin,
to be shipped on board the first vess
for Calais. We then engaged a bo
take us across the water in a little
owned, and landing safely on the K
proceeded on immediately to Dover,
found Lady Derlincourt with the re
family waiting our arrival.

CHAPTER VII.

' is hard to get a camel through the eye
needle;—difficult to thrust a rich man
heaven—and very rare to find a good
n earth. No wonder;—the component
of a *good man* are so many, that the odds
nsiderably against their being ever united
individual. For a man to be really
Nature must have gifted him with a
ition prompting to benevolence; then he
possess sense, instructing him how to be-
it, and then firmness of mind, enabling him
t up to his own principles;—in one word,
good, he must be wise—and who is wise?
fool was ever yet a good man; and no
one was ever wicked. Solomon—I mean
mon King of Judæa, not my cousin Solo-
—chose wisdom, rather than riches or

power, as an endowment. He could have *ha* no small share of the gift he solicited, even *at* the very moment of thus requiring its increase. He well knew that the possession of wisdom ensured that of the others, as also the attainment of something still better.

When a man has waded through crime or dishonour to power and riches, the vulgar exclaim, "What talent! what genius! what intellect!"—No such thing;—the man 's a fool! he has given up an everlasting seat amidst the eternal Gods, that, like putrefaction, he may shine for a few brief hours in a charnel-house of dirt and darkness,—this is surely a bad bargain—and no wise man makes a bad bargain; at least, the badness of the bargain is surely no proof of his wisdom.

Lord Derlincourt must, I think, have reasoned in this manner. His public character was dignified, his private reputation without reproach, and his daily habits and general tone of conversation manifested an extreme kindness of disposition. Except his son, Lord Mecklenbury, I never met with any one more wor-

thy of heaven. He was as free from faults as the frailty of human nature permits; and I herefore scarcely need add, that he was ex-mely indulgent to the faults of other men. ine, however, was not a fault for which he l to exert that greatest of all virtues, cha-'. I had been guilty of no crime in mar-ıg without my father's permission; but I committed an imprudence, and for this he ressed great concern, as he feared, from what son had told him, that my father would readily overlook my breach of the usual uette, and that therefore I should have a of trouble.

It is unlucky," he said, " that Lady Der-ɔurt's health obliges me to leave England resent; for otherwise I should, I dare say, ible to accommodate matters for you in a ter space of time than you will be able to it for yourself. However, please God, we l be able to return before the end of twelve ths: and then," he continued, clapping me the shoulder and smiling, " the first thing ɔ shall be to interest myself about your

affairs; if, indeed, you still want my int
which after all will not, I hope, be the
for I dare say all will be forgiven and for
long before I again set foot in Albion."

In order to be in the way, and take a
tage of any favourable turn of fortu
change in my father's temper, he recomm
Beatrice and me not to reside in any plac
distant from England, nor where the c
nication was not constant and direct.
he said, was on this account the most de
spot I could inhabit.

I liked this advice exceedingly. I
had a strong prejudice in favour of the
and of France—often longed to visit P
thought about residing in it, and jum
joy.

We crossed the water. I could fill a
in describing my sensations on first lan
Calais, and during our journey thenc
capital. Every object was so new, so
cheerful, so enchanting, so entirely
from anything I had before seen;—h

which afforded me the greatest pleasure, was to observe the changes in Beatrice's countenance, and the extreme delight she expressed at every new object: the houses, the fortifications, the people—the energy of their address, their action when speaking; the convents, the dark-cowled monks stalking about the towns; the postilions, their jack-boots and immense long powdered pigtails; the children, boys and girls, dancing around the carriage, and flinging bouquets of sweet flowers into our laps;—all seemed so to intoxicate her young heart, that its joy broke forth every moment in a thousand rapturous exclamations. Then, how delightful was it for me to sit by, and listen to her voice, and see her smile, and, unseen by all, to take her hand and press it in my own! Why may I not do so now?—Though my cheek is wrinkled and my hair is grey—though, as my figure, so my mind has changed towards others,—yet my love to *her* is as it was;—and though my blood is chilled, and my heart grown old to all mankind, my blood is still as warm, and my



my love! My, my!

On our arrival, we put up at ar
Faubourg St. Germain; but our st
very short. The season was advan
delicate state of Lady Derlincourt'
ing it advisable for her to travel sl
her party to hasten their departu
might begin the sea-voyage before
ther set in.

Lord Derlincourt, therefore, c
mained long enough to call upon
ambassador, get his passports pu
order, and then make arrangemen
gord, his banker; and her ladysl
that time sufficiently recovered f
they all set off on their long jou
Beatrice and me alone in the wi
world of Paris.

How we grieved to see them g

acquainted with a single soul!" The first impression on us both was a sad one: Beatrice flung her arms around my neck, and, weeping, drew me to her heart.

"I have you, Lionel."

Yes, the first impression was a sad one; but we were young, and sad impressions dwell not long in the hearts of youth, which soon accommodates itself to circumstances.

"Some natural tears she shed, but *dried them soon;*
The world was all before us, where to choose
Our place of rest, and Providence our guide."
Paradise Lost.

CHAPTER VIII.

Paris was an unknown world to us, from all we had heard, and the little we l yet seen, seemed so very beautiful a one, tl longed to become better acquainted with leaving the splendid Hotel de Metz as far too expensive, we established oursel apartments better suited to the smallness incomes, and then beginning a voyage o covery, we went over the town in every tion, and visited each spot in which either or people told us there was anything wor our notice. We employed about three or a month in this manner, and then sat to take breath.

During the whole of the time I did no with a single person whom I had ever seen. There were then but very few E

in Paris, and amongst them none of my acquaintances. My father's habits of life had always been so extremely retired, that he had no friends except in his immediate neighbourhood, beyond which his person and name were almost equally unknown. I have often through life felt the inconvenience of this: our family was naturally of such consequence, that neither intrigue nor struggle was necessary to acquire notoriety; and yet, except my own personal friends, there existed not an individual of whom I could demand assistance, under however difficult circumstances I might be placed. A man who *runs after the world* must always necessarily be a contemptible character; but every man should *go into* the world and live with it to a certain extent,—for if he does not, he is totally useless, and is a burthen on it. It is a mistake for him to suppose he finds freedom in solitude: quite on the contrary—he inevitably becomes enslaved by the few who surround him, and on whom his daily comforts depend. But this is morality, and morality is prose; so now to the tale.

I was not, however, without the *mean*
ing acquaintances; Lord Derlincour
ness had supplied me with these, by
me to, and giving me a very partic
troduction to the English ambassad
Stormont.

I now thought it was high time
advantage of this, and therefore call
his excellency. Lord Stormont was
man of business, and quite an Englis
quiet, stately, and cold as ice; as
from the people amongst whom he
as a black-beetle is from a butterfly,
from a bird of paradise.

I soon discovered that he was by
popular with them: he was too dry, t
and retiring,—too precise in behavi
concise in expression,—had too litt
for himself—how the French do hat
and seeming to feel a disdain for the
morals, politics, and religion of the
he did not think it worth his while
esteem, and so gave his opinions b
highest personages of the kingdom

much freedom and nonchalance as if he were talking to one of his own countrymen and rank. I have heard that the Count de Provence,* one day criticising our constitution, said that the insolence of the parliament to the king was so intolerable that he would rather be a private gentleman in France than the sovereign of Great Britain; to which his lordship coolly replied, "Chacun à son goût, monseigneur;" and then addressed himself to some one standing near.

This and many other things of a like nature, together with an habitual stateliness of carriage, an imperturbable gravity of countenance, and an utter neglect of most of those little *convenances* of society on an observance of which the French so greatly pique themselves, made him extremely disliked; and thus, though they were forced to allow he possessed good sense, they loudly proclaimed him to be entirely destitute of *talent*.

However, with talent or without talent, he was

* Afterwards Louis XVIII.—*Note by the Editor.*

very civil, and kind, and serviceable to me; so God bless him! Through his means I m a great number of acquaintances, both v my countrymen and amongst the French; I refrain from saying anything about them the present, in order that I may look back my affairs in England.

Since coming abroad, I had written two ters to my father. He did not answer eit of them. He was never fond of writing, no doubt thought my conduct afforded sufficient excuse for indulging his natural dolence. I have often heard wonder expre respecting the composition of the moon. my part, I wish I could find out of what father's heart was made:—there is nothin my own to aid the discovery.

This silence, however, on his part was great measure amended by the very com tory information I received from my co who told me that his uncle's anger dimini daily, and that he no longer spoke of n such strong terms of resentment, so th was to be hoped he would shortly fo

dutiful conduct." But then, to effect
cousin recommended *patience*—ay,
that sovereign remedy for all evils!
ld not, he said, by any means advise
se him with too many letters,—and
account whatever was I to attempt
ır him; — this I had no purpose of
s his anger was not yet sufficiently

etters were so very judicious,—con-
ıch good and sensible advice, and
ctated by such kind and amiable feel-
: not only did I forgive, but scarcely
tally commented on the sort of elder-
dictatorial style in which they were
–indeed, I used often to reproach my-
:ver having been in *a pet* with him
about such things. I remember once
ı Beatrice of him, and saying, "Well,
ıre Solomon should even give me a
he face, I must needs put it in my

iately on settling in our new apart-
sent to Mons. Dessin for our baggage.

In it were several books, and amongst t
some *good* books;—Cicero and Virgil, toge
with a few of the ancient classics:—Hu
History of England, his Essays,—and abov
essays, Lock's Essay on the Human Un
standing;—to none of which I had ever hith
deigned to bestow the slightest attention,
yond that I was obliged to bestow: — no,
even on Locke's Essay on the Human Und
standing! — a book which my tutor used so
recommend to my perusal, by saying, "Lo
is the *key* to everything;"—so it is!—I w
everybody would read Locke's Essay on
Human Understanding, — never then wo
anybody talk so much nonsense as alm
everybody does talk! All renown and hono
be showered on Locke, and on Locke's Es
on the Human Understanding! and long l
and prosperity to him whose many admo
tions, recurring to me when I became sett
in my new apartments at Paris, made
sit down in good earnest to read, study, a
understand it!

We had now been residing nearly t

s at Paris;—still, no letters from my —still very hopeful ones indeed from m.—We were invited to dinner at Lord nt's. Fortune placed me next to a Frenchman of, apparently, about eight- nty or thirty years of age. He was me, knew it perfectly well, and seemed s of making the greatest possible profit dvantage.

e was not a woman in the room to whom not offer incense, and scarcely one who t seem to accept it with pleasure. Both dinner and afterwards, he was constantly round from one to another, addressing a rds to each, keeping fixedly to none, but *lying*, as the French call it. To have m in exclusive possession, would have oo much happiness for any *one* woman; , it would have been wrong, unjust to t.

lressing me in a whisper,—"Pray," he in broken English, "will you be so as tell me who dat compatriote of who so ver, ver beautiful? How fierce

she is! Ah, qu'elle a l'air fier! how fierce! I should like to become acq with her, to find if she will always rem fierce."

I saw by the direction of his eye t meant Beatrice; but wishing to hear hi about her, I did not let him know ot nexion, and therefore simply replied th was called Mrs. Bouverie; and then plimented him on speaking English.

"Ah, ver littel, ver littel indeed! I l my English in a ver bad way; I was nier for some time: dat not pleasant, you I like your country peoples ver muc dames ver lovely, beautiful! Mais sont fières! mon Dieu! A Paris c'e autre chose. Tenez! dere is no woman Paris who not tink her de most happy whole world when I tell her I love her. I Mistress de Bouverie,—did not you was Mistress de Bouverie?—if she not she shall make fortune at Paris."

"Make her fortune at Paris! I wis all my soul she may!" I replied. "Y

she *is to* accomplish this, unless by getting a prize *in* your lottery, I can't guess.—But," I continued, "you must not call her *fierce*, for she is the gentlest creature imaginable. You mean *proud*; but she is not this either, and so you would say if you knew her."

"Ah, je ne demande pas mieux! I will become acquainted with her in future."

We all rose from the table, and went into the drawing room. Beatrice and I were standing near to each other, when my new acquaintance walked up to her.

"May the Marquis de la Barrière have the honneur of present his most humble salutations and homages to Madame de Bouverie, and to say how the town of Paris feel the honneur of her presence?"

To this compliment Beatrice bowed, smiled, and returned some answer.

"Is it for long time dat Madame has done Paris the honneur to live in it?"

"We have been here for about three months."

"Three months! is dat possible, dat ma-

[redacted] me have been here for three months—s[redacted] and I not see her! Where den she have [redacted] madame! dis ver bad of you, [redacted] to keep de world, and me [redacted] your ver humble servant, from the [redacted] of the greatest ornament of the town."

Turning the conversation at that moment, for I feared poor Beatrice might be puzzled how to answer so many fine compliments, I replied that a variety of occupations had hitherto prevented us from seeing much society.

"Ah, ah," said the marquis, "I see then it is you who have de pleasure to be the époux of madame: but it is not fit to keep such a beautiful jewel hid from mankind."

Most Englishmen would have looked d—d surly, and growled out something at being told what they *ought* to do; but thinking this might be thought foolish, I laughed, and replied, that our life had hitherto been retired not certainly from a dislike of society, but because I both had had business at home, and because we had employed our time in going about to see the lions.

lions! what, it has take monsieur all
to see the lions! Monsieur seem to
eat naturalist; he like to study de
naturelle. Ah, dat a ver pretty sci-
know Monsieur le Comte de Buffon
well; I shall have all gladness to
ou to him:—and I shall go to the
f de King, dat I may see de lions
I will be ver happy. Ver pretty
at of the lions—de histoire naturelle
nt."

some time before I could either stay
e or my own laughter, and explain
our language, and in my way of
word, *lions* only meant those parts
and the monuments in it which were
l as most beautiful and worthy of

a, ha! lions, den, in your language
t is most beautiful. Den I tell you
adame may see de lions every time
d her miroir.—Monsieur de Bouverie,
unfit of you to go about seeing what
utiful, and to shut up from the eyes

of other people what is the most beautiful th of any, —dat is madame.

"Madame," he continued, turning to Be trice, and speaking in a gallant and good natured manner,—"je vois ce que c'est: mon sieur est un tyran—is a tyrant, and vil not le you see nobody who shall fling themself at your feet."—He addressed me. "Monsieur! you make de tyrant,—you must not make de tyrant—you *must* not make de tyrant—you must know that nobody permis to make so bad as de tyrant with his wife at Paris:—de mankind of Paris not allow,—dey call out upon it.—dey make you battaille,—dey call you barbare—ridicule—execrable—abominable:—Paris is call de Paradis of beautiful dames and madame"—here he bowed to Beatrice —"is de most beautiful Eve which inhabit i —Ha—I see I must obtain—il faut qu je fasse expédier une lettre de cachet de part de Monsieur de la Vrillière, mon ar très intime, so dat madame be suffered go about."

All this was uttered with so much goo

humour and gaiety that it would have been impossible to take it amiss, — particularly too as before coming abroad I had been prepared for such speeches, and since our residence in France had heard them. Both Beatrice and myself, therefore, took it all in good part; and so, laughing, I defended myself by assuring him, it was far from my wish to act the tyrant to any one, much less to my wife, and said that I did not think she herself would accuse me of being one.

He continued, "Monsieur et Madame, shall they rest for a long while at Paris, — dat Paris which de Kings of France call, par excellence, 'Notre *bonne* ville de Paris'? I will take it for the greatest happiness of all my life to be always at deir service, to show dem some of the most beautiful lions;—dere is Versailles,—dere is Fontainebleau,—dere is Vincennes; — but it is late in the year for dat. Does madame like de theatre?—it will make her die with laugh to see the Sieur Molé in de piece de Molière which is call 'Monsieur de Pourceaugnac' — and Madame Damounie et

Madame Clairon, who act like a angel. Ou bien, does she better like le chant? — she shall den see Chassée, who sing like a divinity,— and not David himself dance better before the arche as Dauberval dance at the Opera!—I will be enchanté to make all dis be see to madame and to monsieur son époux, and shall beg to have the extreme honneur to lay my time and services, my servants and my equipage, and most principally myself, at the feet of madame!"

His time, services, servants, equipage, and himself, all at our feet!—only think of this! —no common friendship is manifested by such an offer!—his acquaintance is worth cultivating certainly! — How exceedingly polite and hospitable the French are to strangers! Show me the Englishman who would have done as much!— ay, know a man for ten years and ask him to lend you his favourite hunter for a day's run, then see what sort of face he'll put on the matter!

Such were my reflections as, expressing my warm thanks, I assured him of the extreme

pleasure I should have in cultivating his acquaintance, and then, giving my address, begged to be informed where I might have the honour of paying my respects to him. He took a card from a richly-embroidered case, bowed, and left us.



CHAPTER IX.

I was on the point of leaving the
the purpose of calling on the marq
my attention was attracted by the r
carriage-wheels in the court below.
afterwards the door was flung open,
valet announced, " Le Marquis de le F
who entering, approached with as n
familiarity and assurance of being
ceived as if he had been acquainte
all our lives. He bowed to me in
and then going up to Beatrice, took
and pressed it to his lips.

In a moment her cheek and neck w

r myself, knowing it was the custom
ce, and thinking it a pretty one, I felt
displeased nor surprised, but only
l at Beatrice's distress, and I smiled
to reassure her.

arquis soon perceiving he had behaved
ly, bewailed his misfortune in terms
most bitter grief, despair, and self-

.

lon, madame, pardon! — I demand
ten tousand times excuse for my ig-

I protest I did not know it was
ting reçu in England to kiss de
f beautiful dames. I thought you in
l copied de habitudes of Paris in re-
' politeness. De Parisians so fond of
:a,— tant de galanterie,— kiss always
nd in sign of devotion. In Eng-
ou kiss the hands of the king: — here
none but the dames' hand. Every
have its habitudes. Here, we pay
the fair sex;—dere, you over fond of
se — d'avoir de beaux chevaux, bien
—and de bull-dog,—and de fight with

de double hand—de box, as you c
de fist.—Ah! monsieur," he continu
towards me, "you must avow dat
of Paris are ver much more furthe
in the art of politeness and civili
de English."

I was about to take the part of n
by telling him that England was, w
exception, the politest, most gallant
civilized land in the whole world,
tence was half out of my mouth, wh
ing I was displeased, interrupted me

"Ah! pardon, monsieur,—mind
say dat of *you*—mind *dat*.—No,
parfait Parisien—you just as thoug
here all your life:—you have de ai
nure, la manière of a complete ge
Paris;—*you* cannot be better,—yo
—not one littel bit of de English
you. But you must agree dat yo
triotes in general—in *general*—are
you;—dey a littel bit—*tant soit peu*
et barbares."

I have always heard that Messieur

the happiest knack imaginable of
ost impertinent things in the world
ossible civil manner; and this re-
marquis may, I think, be looked
of the assertion being true.

I made no reply. I felt that the
his censure on my country was in
e neutralized by the delicacy of
it to myself; and I, perhaps, felt
red at being unlike what I was,—
nglishman — or, at least, at being
devoid of their cold, repulsive
the conversation taking another
or began talking about Paris and
the King, and the Dauphin, and
Provence, and the Duc de Choi-
nself, and also of the great estima-
he was held by all these great per-
about a variety of other matters,
ove his own immense importance:
said with a volubility of speech
n from restraint which made me
ith eyes of admiration.

," thought I, "certainly has a

tolerably good opinion of himself: I wonder if all he says be true? I wish I were like him with all my heart! I am so confoundedly confused in company, and shy—I may thank my aunt for that—she always told me I was a fool, so I got ashamed of myself. I wonder if, after all, I *am* a fool? I should like to know that! —I 'll ask somebody, and if I a'n't, I 'll—yes, I 'll tell her so,—that I will.—No, no; after all, my aunt is a dear, good creature, very moral and religious, and is striving and struggling now with all her heart and soul, she and her son Solomon, to make my father and me friends again—so I mustn't be angry."

I was called off from these reflections by an interrogation of the marquis, who asked if we ever went to the play. I replied that we had been there once, but that both Beatrice and myself, finding we could not understand a single syllable the actors said, had never been tempted to return.

"La belle raison vraiment!" said he; "comment donc, you not go to de spectacle because you not understand what is said!"

"La belle demande!" I replied; "why, the

seems to me a tolerably good reason for not going,—is it not, Monsieur le Marquis?"

"Not in the least in de world! If you not comprehend what say de acteurs, you shall understand perfectly well what de acteurs look; dat a greal deal more pretty. Ah! some of de actrices ver pretty—ver pretty indeed!—beautiful *lions*, I can assure you! You fall in love with some of dem, perhaps.—Ah, pardon me, dat is impossible at present; but you *would* fall into love with some, if you not de happiness to be the époux of madame, who so much more beautiful dan dem. What! will we make a party this night, and go to see dem give L'Œdipé, who is by Monsieur Voltaire?"

I asked Beatrice what she thought of this proposal; and as she seemed to like it, I assented; and then Monsieur de la Barrière continued,—

"Very great man, this Monsieur Voltaire—grand génie—very excellent man indeed, mais *un peu athée*—it is ver great pity!—no religion at all! He write again de religion catholique—he make ridiculous Monseigneur St. Jacques de Compostelle et notre bonne Dame de Lorette —he abuse de pape and de cardineaux, and

laugh at de Jews, and de Jesuits, and de J
seniens; — all one to him what he laugh a
so that he laugh. De king not like him a
all—for his majesté ver much religious—h
call him *philosophe*, and say he and the othe
philosophes will make de ver devil with d
church and de kingdom; and so his majest
give him congé, and oblige him to live a
Ferney, where he build a chapelle to God
But dat not enough to build a chapelle t
God;—he should be religious besides, and pa
respect to Notre Dame, la Sainte Vièrge.
like les dames and les vièrges in de religion-
dere is, in fact, no religion in de world at a
without les dames and les vièrges; do you th
dere is, madame?"

Shortly after coming to Paris I began to tak
lessons in French, and having now acquire
a certain proficiency in that language, hoped
might be able, with the aid of a book, to follo
the actors pretty well, and therefore accept
the offer of going to see Œdipus performe
and it being agreed that Monsieur de la B
rière should call for us at the proper hour,
took his leave.

"Well, Beatrice," said I after he left the room, "what do you think of our new friend? *I* like him: there is an originality about him which tickles my fancy. He has a good deal of talent, too, notwithstanding all his absurdities. But *you* don't like him, I see; and why? Certainly you can't complain that he did not pay you compliments enough."

"Enough! indeed he did: if he continues in the same strain, he'll tire me to death. It is all very well for the first visit or so; but if he goes on I shall wish we had not made his acquaintance."

"Ho, ho! Beatrice, I see how it is!—you are like all the English who come abroad—resolved from the outset to see nothing agreeable in the manners of the French. Now, for my own part, I meet a great deal to admire, both in the country itself and in its inhabitants, and regard it as by no means a little merit that one may always find something here to laugh at: whilst, on the contrary, all one hears or sees in England is so formal, dull, and stupid, that it gives one the vapours, positively, to think of it. Why, every one here is glad and gay, from

the prince to his page—from the duke to *the* dustman!—the streets teem with comedy, *and* the very stones laugh!

"Not long ago, I observed two hackney-coachmen in violent contention. I have seen the same thing twenty times in England and turned away in disgust. To *these* people I listened with extreme delight: such violence, such energy, such action, and such *politeness!* During the whole dispute, no sentence, however fated to *end*, was ventured upon without the introductory *Monsieur*—'Mais, monsieur, monsieur!—j'ai l'honneur de vous dire que vous êtes un fripon, un fripon fieffé—un scélérat!—un vaut-rien!' I protest I was quite grieved when, tired with the length of the dispute, each took off his hat to the other and drove away.

"Again, I once saw two little urchins quarrelling in the street. At last, one of them, the least, snatched a handful of mud out of the gutter, and dabbing it in his enemy's face, ran off as hard as he could scud, the other fellow after him; but the first had the start, and the big chap was forced to give over;—pant-

ing with rage, he stopped, and screamed out, with all his might, 'Viens ici, petit coquin! viens ici, que je te batte!'

"'La belle demande!' said I to myself; — 'but I hardly think he will do so much to oblige you.'"

After we had laughed a little at this, "Stop," I said, "I have yet another in store for you. Of all the scenes I ever witnessed, or ever perhaps shall witness, it is by far the most ludicrous. O that I were a good mimic! I'd make a large fortune by hiring a room in the Haymarket, and enacting it for the entertainment of John Bull, who never saw such a thing in all his life, I 'm sure.

"I was walking, as it grew dark, along the rue Traversière, — how I wished *you* had been with me, Beatrice! — when my attention was suddenly aroused by a mighty clangour of voices, above and below. I was walking on a causeway elevated above the level of the street. I looked up — I looked down. The first glance brought to my view a young lady of perhaps eight-and-twenty or thirty years

old, by no means devoid of person
but the redness of whose features
proved she had long habituated her
free use of wine, to say nothing wo
A coarse, white, dirty, dimity dres
was flung round her stayless body
lessly, that her neck was open, and I
it pant with rage, and her throat sw
words, which seemed too big for l
ance, struggled to obtain it. Ar
head was twined a coloured silk han
beneath the folds of which peeped f
and there, curl papers of various
On the fore-finger of her left hand
immense gold ring, serving as a gu
diamond one, made visible by the
three-parts-consumed rushlight fixe
pewter plate. In the other hand sh
big key of about ten inches in lengt
she brandished over her head, and
direction, as she stood at an open
of the first story of No. 15, Rue
sière. She, it seems, was hight
Augustine.

"*Below* me, and on her legs a-straddle, in the doorway of the same house, stood another lady, not quite so young, — she might have been forty-five, dressed in a coarse, tattered stuff gown, and high-heeled slippers, down in which descended ungartered silk stockings. Around her neck, which, like her face, was partly red and partly black and partly white, was a gold chain, on which she had slung a Cross. At her girdle hung a rosary, and in her ears were diamond pendants. She, it appeared, was a demoiselle, and named — *Rosalie*.

"These two persons seemed to stand to each other in the relationship of landlady and tenant, and their dispute no doubt respected rent; but I could make out nothing for certain: I would have given the world to do so,—but they spoke so fast, with such various intonation of voice and clapping of hands, that little remained for me beyond the mere pantomime: — but, to have seen even *that!* Oh, that you had been there, Beatrice!

"Mademoiselle Rosalie began the attack by emitting a vast volley of expressions, which,

had they produced the desired effect, woul certainly have choked Madame Augustine but they fell harmless, for the simple reaso that Madame Augustine's tongue, going wi equal volubility, rendered them inaudible.

"Tired at last with such exertion, Mad moiselle retreated into an inner apartmen leaving her antagonist mistress of the field,- at least, so I thought — in mine ignorance I thought it! I was mistaken; she had but re tired to recover breath, and get more powder and shot. Again she appeared, and the fight was renewed.

"'Madame! — mais, Madame! une femm qui ne paye pas son loyer ——'

"I could hear no more, for, at that momen Madame Augustine, slapping down her han — I was glad to think my own was not be neath! —with a force which made the windo frame quiver, and all the pots and pans on rattle, instantly reopened *her* battery.

"'Oui, mademoiselle, une mauvaise chienn de fille qui tracasse ses locataires et ——' Hen the voices became so intermingled that it was im

possible for me to make out another word. I waited for the end of the fight, however, when they retired amid the plaudits and loud laughter of a numerous audience.

"If ever you see me in low spirits, Beatrice, put me in mind of such things, will you, there's a good girl! and see how I shall brighten up at the thoughts of them. A man may travel a long way in England before meeting anything like it, — go from Hyde Park Corner to Spitalfields, and hear only the stale story of Punch and Judy. There's nothing to make a man laugh in England; — we are all so abominably sober, wise, moral, and stupid."

CHAPTER X.

We employed the remainder of o
in reading over Voltaire's Œdipus, a
not long got through it when Monsie
Barrière was reannounced.

"What you tink!" said he on enter
have just heard a tale which make
with laugh — un bon-mot de Mon
Prince de Condé. I will tell you.

"His altesse always much indebte
dieu! like all other genttelmans comm
His créanciers have much trouble him
long time.—I must tell you, monsieur
anciers at Paris are de ver devils f
trouble,—all véritable Hottentots—des
—des bandits— des forcenés. Ah, p
Paris, Paris!—Paris would be a ve
dis if our good King Louis Quinz

send dem all out of de land, or make dem hang! Mais, enfin, l'intendant of du prince come to him dis morn with ver sorrowful countenance, and say, 'Monseigneur!—your altesse' horse starve. I can get no more credit for de meat; for de vilain marchand of horse-meat for your altesse will give credit no more at all.'

"'Comment, donc — diantre!' répliqua le prince; 'il fait l'insolent, le drôle!—Et mes autres marchands, qu'est-ce qu'ils font?'

"'Ah! monseigneur,' disait l'intendant, 'tous les marchands de votre altesse chantent la même chanson; ils ne veulent pas entendre raison dessus, — ils refusent de livrer la moindre petite chose à moins que votre altesse ne leur envoie de l'argent.'

"'At dis talk le prince begin to tempêter et jurer. You might have hear him tempêter et jurer from Versailles to dis place, tant fort il tempêtait.'

"'Comment, donc! les coquins—les pendards—les traîtres— bandits— marauds—scélérats,—enfin, les gens sans cœur!— Ah! les

mondains!— ils ne veulent pas donner à ma ger à mes chevaux—ni même à moi!—Oh, l vilains hommes que les marchands!—Je les fer bien repentir de leur insolence—ils sont insu portables, ces gredins-là!— Je les ferai to pendre.—Mais encore, dites un peu:—sont- tous comme ça—*tous?*'

"'Hélas, si, monseigneur! quasi tous;- ce n'est que le marchand de volaille de vot altesse qui n'est pas recalcitrant.'

"'Ah! le marchand de volaille!' répliqua so altesse, en posant sa main à l'épaule de l'intend ant, 'voilà un brave garçon que ce marchand là!—Allez, mon enfant—allez—n'ayez plu d'inquiétude,—allez chez ce brave monsieur; commandez vîte des poulets—des chapons— des oies—des dindons: et qu'on les donne à mes chevaux; c'est une viande extrêmement délicate que la volaille,—qu'ils en mangent bien —cela doivent les faire engraisser.'"

It was impossible to help laughing at this —and, 'faith, both Beatrice and I *did* laugh most heartily.

"Ha, ha, ha! monsieur et madame, y<

laugh at this, and well you may; it is de ver best bon-mot I have hear ever in my life. It run all about Paris;—every one talk of it,—it in everybody mouth.—I assure you, monsieur, that such a bon-mot is enough to make de fortune of any man:—les dames enchanted with a bon-mot;—you should try to say something like it,—you cannot tell how de dames will convoiter you, if you can say something striking—quelque chose qui frappent l'imagination."

"Upon my word, Monsieur de la Barrière," replied Beatrice, laughing, "I really shall be almost fearful of trusting my husband in your company, lest you——"

"Ah, madame, n'ayez pas peur—n'ayez pas le moindre peur,—monsieur est un homme infiniment trop respectable de pouvoir vous faire la plus petite infidélité,—j'en suis son garant. D'ailleurs, où trouvera-t-il une autre comme vous?—taille, forme, figure, dents, yeux, teint,—tout—tout chez vous est si parfait.—Ah! quand on possède une ange—une déesse, il faut se contenter et rester là;—je

le crois bien! Mais permettez: le
s'écoule vite en causant,—la pièce est
commencée, et Mademoiselle Clairon ser
avancée dans son rôle avant notre arrivé

We were commodiously placed ne
stage, and, with the assistance of the b
brought with us, could follow the actoi
rably well.

Mlle. Clairon played Jocasta so as to
me think she well deserved her fame.
the play itself,—a play which its aut
believe, wrote with the design of ec
Corneille's tragedy of the same name,—n
nion of it may be gathered from my con
tion with Monsieur de la Barrière, who
me if I did not think it a splendid
formance.

"Shall I speak frankly?—I don't
at all."

"You not like it!—why, it is by Mo
Voltaire, de most celebrated author
whole world.—Ah! I see you like only
Shakspeare, with his *souris qui trotte*

les esprits who lie down upon the clouds and laugh?"

I myself could scarce help laughing as he thus alluded to the scene in Hamlet where, in answer to Bernardo's question,

"Have you had quiet guard?"

Francisco replies,

"Not a mouse stirring!"

And to the passage in Henry the Fifth where the king says,

"Whilst we play the fool with time, the spirits of the wise sit on the clouds and mock us."

"Monsieur le marquis," I replied, "we were criticising Voltaire, not Shakspeare. Now, what think you of your Œdipus, who, in addressing the high priest respecting the plague, then raging at Thebes, says,

'Vous, ministre des dieux, que dans Thèbe on adore,
Dédaignent-ils toujours la voix qui les implore?
Verront-ils sans pitié finir nos tristes jours?
Ces maîtres des humains *sont-ils muets et sourds?*"

"What think you of the question, '*sont-ils muets et sourds?*' I know we sometimes say

that Heaven is deaf to our entreaties; but it very dignified to speak to the immort Gods as you would question a sulky schoo boy, and *petulantly* to ask if they are deaf an dumb?

"Again, Jocasta, talking to her confida about Philoctetes, whom the former loves, an who is suspected of having assassinated Laiu exclaims,

> Et l'on ose à tous deux faire un pareil outrage!
> Le crime, la bassesse eût été son partage!
> Exine! après les nœuds qu'il a fallu briser,
> Il manquait à mes maux de l'entendre accuser.
> Apprens, que ses soupçons irritent ma colère,
> Et qu'il est vertueux, *puisqu'il m'avait su plaire.*'

"The reason is certainly incontrovertible What! Philoctetes is virtuous, not because h is free from the imputed crime, but *becau* Jocasta happens to have taken a fancy to h pretty face!—Well, never in my life did I rea anything more vapid or vaporish, flat, stale, an unprofitable than this. Why! Jocasta speak with the silly, sickly petulance of a pink-face demoiselle, who, just out of a convent, become enamoured of some rascally roué, who, her go

mother says, is a naughty man! Tut, tut! such sentiments are well enough for some of your Parisian wits to versify and sing to the sound of a fiddle; but not for a tragedian! one whose duty is to give *strength* to the mind of his reader—not to increase its weakness!—

"Here, again, Philoctetes says to Œdipus,

'Votre équité, Seigneur, est inflexible et pure;
Mais l'extrême justice est une extrême injure:
Il ne faut pas toujours écouter la rigueur.'
Acte III. s. iii.

"'L'extrême justice est une extrême injure!' Indeed! I wonder where Monsieur Voltaire discovered *that!*

'Cæsar doth never *wrong* but with *just* cause.'

"Place these two sentences together; they are worthy of each other!—Extreme justice is extreme injury! is it?—Then, extreme injury is extreme justice!—I rather think that if extreme justice were always meted out, mankind would be happier. I am sure that *I*, for one, should be so!—and not, therefore, injured. *Summum jus summa injuria;*—Extreme *law* is extreme

— Yes, I grant *this*: laws are of hu
[illegible] therefore imperfect:—are made for
[illegible] purposes,—consequently may be
[illegible] suspended—gently or rigorously
[illegible] according as circumstances require:
[illegible] is universal—eternal—coexistent
[illegible] and, like God, immutable. It is
[illegible] balance of things: a balance which
[illegible] is in the power of mortals to
[illegible] but which ought to be the objec
[illegible] constant endeavour. The philosoph
[illegible] his philosophy, I think!"

The gentleman heard me to the end with
[illegible] patience and politeness; then tal
[illegible] his box, gave it a rap, and offered Beat
[illegible] a pinch of snuff which,—for ever since
[illegible] affair with the landlady in Warwick-st
I have hated to see a woman take snuff
[illegible] happy as being able to say, she refu
I have sometimes in like manner caught my
giving a lecture on philosophy to my wa
woman.

CHAPTER XI.

How wonderful is the concatenation of events in this world! from what a mere nothing often springs a long train of circumstances involving the happiness of our whole lives! The following circumstance had not a little influence on mine.

I have before related how Monsieur de la Barrière told us that Beatrice would infallibly make her fortune at Paris, and how I replied that I guessed not by what means she might do so, except by gaining a prize in the lottery. What made me say the *lottery*, I know not; the expression came unmeditated—without reflection or design—but it came: and I then began to think, first about the lottery, and soon afterwards to imagine it not at all impossible for a man to make a fortune by it.

The space between the possibility of an event and a certainty of its accomplishment, always was with me a mere step. The notion got *hold* of me, I could not drive it out of my head; and from beginning to think I *might* perhaps make a fortune, I soon brought myself to fancy that I should most certainly do so.

Going out one morning by myself, and entering one of the many offices dispersed about the town, I gave two louis, and received in return a ticket, whereon it was covenanted to pay me thirty louis if the number *fifteen* was amongst those which came up.

I fixed on fifteen, because, in the first place, it was the fifteenth day of the month when I bought it, and then, because the lottery paid fifteen times the stake. Again, because it was an *odd* number—then, because, divided by five, the result was *three*, still an *odd* number; besides, *three* and three times three are said to possess mystical qualities. With all these merits belonging to my number, it could not fail to win: it was eighteen to one against me, to be sure; but that I did not *then* know, and

if I had known, should not have cared for: Fortune was to amend this — Fortune was to make *my* fortune!

I folded up my ticket, left the bureau, and began trudging home. How grave I was!—what thought upon my brow—what reflection in my mind! Thirty louis, to be sure, was but a short step towards the incalculable wealth I panted to possess; but then, I should next time venture four louis, and receive sixty; the time after, eight louis, and get one hundred and twenty, and so on, till at the end of ten ventures I should find myself possessed of about fifteen thousand pounds! after which, I should get on very fast indeed. What a deep calculator I became!

Arriving at home, I put my ticket under lock and key. I breathed not a word about the matter to Beatrice—not a syllable. I was kept silent, not from a fear she would upbraid me for gambling, but because I wished to surprise her, and also, in order that she might not suffer disappointment if—*if by any possible chance*—my number should not be drawn. Fortune may,

I said, perhaps, have her attention call
and not be thinking of me at the exa
ment of the drawing—or she may be u
have the *migraine*, or be out of spirit
in a bad temper—who can tell! Then
trice will be disappointed,—and I would
cut off my right hand than give her
spirit the slightest pang.

There were five lotteries at Paris, e
them drawn three times in a month. M
would be determined on the 20th; — I
therefore, to wait five days to know it.

On the evening of the drawing I lef
trice. I ran, I checked my pace,— I st
I walked slow,—then walked quick agai
was going to hear good news;—certain
doubt of that;—but, but—I don't kno
the deuce it happened — I had a certai
of misgiving, never felt till that mo
When an event is undecided, one may
hope it will turn up in one's favour; b
being once passed, it is no longer in the
of Fortune to alter it. I stood in this ea

What shoals of people crowded rou

office, waiting till the numbers should be fixed in that species of lantern in which it was customary to exhibit them to the public! What a medley, what a motley crew! — dukes, counts, chevaliers, notaries, tradesmen, soldiers, doctors, and apothecaries! — paupers in rags, princes in ermine, — chimney-sweeps clothed in filth, servants attired in splendid liveries, — lords dressed in brocade, ladies decked out with lace, — nurses, housemaids, kitchen-wenches, fishwomen, and — all kinds of women!—draggle-tail, slatternly trollops, whose dirty dresses would not have sold for three livres, — princesses whose wardrobe would have purchased a province, — some gazing out of carriages, others gaping on horseback, and many more standing humbly on foot, to await the decree of Fate.

At last,—at last!—every eye became directed towards the lantern, in which the numbers now appeared. What a change was observable in the countenances of all!—where lately had been seen hope, was now generally pictured disappointment — often despair. One

hurled a loud curse at Fortune, because s had refused his modest application for a *mil* lion crowns! — a small sum, for which *he* chanced to have an immediate and most pressing need, — a mere nothing out of Fortune's treasury!—*she* wouldn't have even missed it! and to *him*—Oh! it would have been so immensely serviceable! Another, again, withdrawing a far-projected neck, shrank back in her carriage, and bespoke sorrow at not being able to purchase those most beautiful diamonds on which she had positively set her heart, which would have made her the envy of her friends and the happiest creature imaginable the rest of her life! A third clenched his hand and beat his brow, and sighed — a piteous, half-stifled, plaintive sigh, — a heart-broken and heart-breaking sigh—it almost broke mine, I 'm sure,—that Fortune had most unkindly refused to keep him twenty-four hours longer from starving.

He was close to me, having pushed through the crowd on his way to some place where he might conveniently blow out his brains.

observed him narrowly: though poorly enough dressed, he was evidently above the common rank; and his countenance, moreover, was extremely pleasing. I had ten or twelve louis and some silver in my purse, which, as I passed him in worming on towards the office, I slipped into his hand—there was no generosity in this—none whatever — not a spark, what were ten or twelve louis and a few pieces of silver to *me!*—I was going to make above fifteen thousand pounds in a very few weeks!

Most of these people, unwilling to depend on the caprices of Fortune, had either invented for themselves, or adopted from others, some system on which they played—some infallible means of forcing Fortune to be kind, whether she would or not. Some had been playing the *golden game*, *Le jeu d'Or*,—others thought the *jeu de la Perle* preferable: some, imagining there existed a sort of friendship—a natural combination and hanging together between certain numbers, trusted with a most implicit confidence to the game called *La Sympathie Universelle;* whilst a fourth set, diving into

the mysteries of nature, expected to make themselves for ever rich by that of *Les Quatre Elémens:* and others, again, bold with ambition as the Titans were, and like them ascending unto heaven itself in quest of Fortune, had ventured their last pistole on—*Le jeu du Zodiaque.*

What sorrowful countenances I beheld! what oaths I heard! what sighs reached me!—and all this on account of a little bit of dirt Was it worth a sigh? Alas! it was not for the dirt they sighed, but for that good which dirt will purchase — for happiness! — O God—why hast Thou filled thy world with wailing Are we not thy children? may we not rightfully demand that bliss which Thou hast power to give us? Give it, and we will bless Thee!—Is an existence spent in hope, disappointment anguish; — are days of labour, nights of vigil hours of fruitless thought; — are ruined projects, broken energies,—high, holy aspirations chilled to apathy, or frenzied into crime,—are *these* a boon? *Gods* are munificent, and pour forth largesse with unsparing hands,—are gra

us, pitiful and kind.—Yes, *Gods* rejoice in iving joy, and witnessing the grateful glance eir votaries raise to Heaven: *Demons* tear e human heart, then mock their victim's anuish! Oh, make us blest, or make us not to be!

The crowd round the office being now greatly iminished, I approached, and lifting my eyes wards the lantern, saw—*what* did I see?—saw clearly and distinctly written there five umbers, of which—mine was one!

"Ay, 15! It is my number. My antipations, then, are really fulfilled!—here is n earnest from Fortune of future favours. What need I do but go on, and boldly follow up the game? I am in the way of making an immense fortune;—in truth, it may be said to be already made. Yes, Fortune has manifestly taken a fancy to my pretty face!"

I went into the office, showed the ticket, and demanded my money—thirty louis. The clerk begged me to call on the following day, when, he said, I should be paid. I ran home, slipped into my private room, and began pacing up and down it. How I did pace up

and down my room!—What imagini had!—what prospects opened before me!- brilliant projects I formed!—what cas built!—how full I peopled them!

"What splendid jewels for Beatrice in the purest gold, of the most exquisite manship. She shall have servants, and h and carriages without number. 'The shall be her confectionary, and she shall the eyes and hearts of men at command their hands ministering more than sh frame employment.' Her house,—hou tut—it shall be no *house!*—it shall be lace!—how splendid!—what furniture· boudoir and dressing-table! No, no one France or England shall be more magnific lodged, more splendidly arrayed, than trice!"

At the earliest hour at which I thoug lottery-office would be open, I went and received my thirty louis; then retur carefully locked up twenty-five of the a sacred deposit, never to be touched, e for the purpose of doubling,—triplin quadrupling &c. my first prize. The othe

put into my pocket, there to remain only till had fixed upon another number, which was be my second step towards immense wealth nd consummate happiness.

I had won on fifteen, — fifteen was therefore fortunate number — no doubt of this; — yet could scarcely, for all that, hope it would drawn a second time. Suppose I choose me number having an *affinity* to it!

Now, divide fifteen by three, it will become ive; and fifteen multiplied by that number, hat is, by five, makes seventy five: there is therefore an *affinity* between fifteen and seventy-five; and *this*, too, is an odd number!—I fixed upon seventy-five, because it bore an affinity to fifteen, and because it was an odd number; all which many people may think a very odd thing, — and so in fact it is, — but by no means an uncommon one with the votaries of Fortune.

Away I went, and returned with a purse lighter by five louis than when I set out, but stuffed with a note, promising— under certain conditions! — to pay me seventy-five louis.

I certainly bear no envy to those sluggish

heavy oafs, — how many such there be! because, without souls, and without imag moss, they go plodding on in the high bea road of life, neither doing wrong nor receiv injury—and who, because of this, fancy th must necessarily be wise and virtuous, w in truth, they are but dull and heartless;- assuredly bear no sort of envy to such as th and yet must own that, with a little less s gumeness of temper than I possessed, I mi have been more happy.

The idea of making a fortune did not sim occupy my attention, but engrossed entire thoughts, and pressed into its serv every faculty of my mind. I was eternal everlastingly calculating what length of ti it would require to effect this desirable obje from a consideration of which my mind s dom diverged except for the purpose of flecting how, *when* made, I should spend As of Vulteius, so might it have been s of me —

"Immoritur studiis, et amore senescit habendi."

I grew thoughtful and abstracted, — sometim

little peevish,— kept a good deal at
or took a solitary walk in the gardens
Luxembourg or in those of the Tuileries.
ief aim—I may almost call it my *only*
was to serve Beatrice, to give her riches
ake her happy; — my every thought
to that single point; but she suffered
intensity of the desire. Oh, Love, Love,
ten art thou a scourge to the beloved!—
ome measure, neglected her; she often
:hed me for it, and said, "Why, what
world is the matter with you, Lionel?—
ve always now such an abstracted look."
waiting the next drawing, I had to wade
h ten mortal days. I might, it is true,
hortened this term by putting in one of
her four lotteries; but having begun
hat of Strasbourg, I feared to change.
not what ill consequences might have
d from such a step. How was I sure
'ortune would not look on it as an infide-
nd be affronted? — might not perhaps
it, and treat me as she formerly treated
d man who killed his goose in order to

get all her eggs at once! *I* couldn't
what she would think! — I only knew
was a ticklish dame, and I wouldn't
any risk.

Behold me again at the lottery-office, w
ing for the exhibition of the numbers;—
last they were fixed in their places, a
amongst them, mine was again seen.

That I won the first time was by no mea
any out-of-the-way piece of good luck;—that
was equally fortunate at the second had nothi
in it altogether marvellous;—but it neverth
less almost turned my poor head. Not a wi
of sleep for me all night; — I tumbled a
tossed about, much to the annoyance, a
indeed terror of poor Beatrice, who insist
that I was feverish,—so indeed I was, witho
doubt, but I would not tell her the rea
till I could prove by ocular demonstrati
that she was about to become the richest
man in all France.

On the next morning I received my mon
Now assured of Fortune's good graces, I
longer thought it necessary to conceal my j

besides which, my patience would hold out no longer.

I went into the room, purse in hand, and assuming a perfect calm, held one end of it between my fingers, and emptied its contents in her lap.

"There, Beatrice,—what do you think of that!"

"What is it, Lionel? What do you want with all that money at a time in the house?—why did you draw for so much? — you 'll only lose or spend it."

"I did not *draw* for it—it was given to me," I quietly replied.

"It was *given* to you!—who gave it?"

I could contain my joy no longer. "Yes, my dear, dear Beatrice — my love — it *was* given to me, —Fortune gave it me—or rather Providence; and I now give it to you, my dearest. But don't call it a large sum;—I will bring you ten times as much—twenty times as much—ay, an hundred times as much, in a few weeks. We shall soon be the richest people in Paris."

[redacted] opened her eyes and looked me. Not knowing what I meant, she asked

"Mean, [redacted]?" I replied, flinging my arms about her neck, and kissing her and over again; "what do I mean?—Why mean that I have found out a way of making immense fortune: *that's* what I mean."

I then explained how I had put into the lottery, and won twice following: and how this proved that Fortune designed to make us very rich: that I should go again and put in eight louis, which would produce one hundred and twenty; then sixteen, which would as surely be converted into two hundred and forty; and so forth.

"But, bless me! my dear Lionel," she replied, whilst her countenance beamed with pleasure at the anticipation of such extraordinary wealth, "do tell me!—what is the lottery?—how came you to hear of it?—why did you never tell me of it before?"

"What is the lottery?—why, it is the most famous invention in the world. Hark! you put in, one, two, three—ten louis, or as many

d, as you like; and if you are lucky, as you see, you receive fifteen times your —fif--teen times!—only do think of fif--teen times! At no other game whole world do they ever pay more ce."

, dear Lionel, how very, very delightful ! how very charming, to be sure!—But, w—tell me, how do you know you *will* win?"

w!—how!—how do I know I shall win?—Why, how can you ask such a n! How can I tell you *how* I know it? , I *know* I shall—I feel convinced of least, that I shall *generally* win,—not —not exactly *every* time. I can hardly not to lose now and then; if I win ces out of five, I shall be satisfied."

ay the truth, the question, though it by ns staggered my faith, puzzled my un- ding. I felt my answer was not quite so as might have been expected from a man d at Cambridge; so, taking eight louis he heap, I went out to avoid more que- d to buy another ticket.

CHAPTER XII.

It has been said that an exclusive
sorbing attention to any one single o
a tendency to degrade the human min
certainly there is nothing which sc
abases it as an unremitting pursuit o
This can be the sole reason why the ar
of every country looks down on merch
whom, in truth, they ought to feel grat
exertions without which they would
living mewed up in their large gloom
devoid of arts, science, literature, o
those luxuries which make life suppor
would pass their time in drinking
getting drunk; in going to bed at nig
in the morning, and in cutting eac
throats throughout the day, as they
now and then in Ireland, by way of a
pastime.

That this is not the usual occupation of the present generation in France and England, is owing to commerce. Commerce, therefore, is not in itself despicable—far from it. The only question is, "Can it be *successfully* carried on by a high-minded gentleman—that is, can he apply his mind—without its becoming degraded—so intently to it as to ensure success?"

Mankind has always attached a different notion to getting money at a card-table:—why?—the reason is not, at first sight, very evident; perhaps it is this:—a gamester acts from passion, a merchant on calculation. The process of the first is quick and instantaneous; that of the other slow, deliberate, and tedious; it deadens the faculties. The gamester pants for money that he may *spend*, the merchant in order to *save* it. The first slaves like a turnspit that he may lavish his earnings like a Prince; the latter heaps shilling upon shilling, guinea upon guinea,—then puts them by in a till and looks at them.

Speculations in the lottery had lately so much engrossed my thoughts as to leave me little

time, and far less inclination, to attend thing else. A few events, however, de my notice, happened a short time befo gan trying my luck. I have not yet me them, but will do so now.

I began to think, not perhaps witho little reason, that my father's conduct was a little unkind. I argued the matt myself, and said, that though I had without his consent, I nevertheless h ried a gentlewoman who was in every a fit match for me—one to whom he co sibly form no solid objection — and tha fore it was childish and absurd to cont long angry about a circumstance which c now be altered. "Five months," I said, elapsed,—and five months is quite long I am sure, for any Christian man to of an angry fit." I myself got reall angry at his abominable obstinacy in swering my letters; and this, too, par as I began to feel myself rather pre want of money. A terrible pressure t want of money!

"What the deuce," said I to myself, "can possibly be the reason of such conduct? Why, he must be out of his senses—he *must*—I'm sure he must! I never heard of such a thing in all my life!" I racked my imagination in order to find out a reason for this; but to my imagination no reason presented itself for a long while. At last I recalled to mind what I had heard respecting his conduct towards my aunt under similar circumstances; and that he had refused to see her at first because he was in a towering passion, and declined doing so afterwards simply because he had forgotten all about her, and did not choose to be bothered with renewing an old acquaintance.

I called to mind, also, what my friend old Peggy used to say about his bad habit of forgetting people: "Remember, Master Lionel, out of sight, out of mind, with Mr. Bouverie."

"'Faith," said I, starting from a reverie, "I know what I'll do:—I'll go to him myself at once, hang me if I don't, lest he forget me out and out, and never think of me again! Yet, this is a perilous step too: if it answer, very

well; but, should it fail!—I 'll write
mon again, and tell him that I am p
determined on going to England in th
of ten days, and going to my father. S
effect this will have. He will be abl
my father this, or hide it from him, ju
thinks prudent. He 's not like *me*, co
doing something foolish; but is a w
as his name portends."

I told this project to Beatrice, fro
by the bye, I kept no secrets; — I
advise any man to have secrets from
She approved of it, and I wrote.

I wrote, but I was in a pet; and th
partaking of my temper, was pettish
contained one or two expressions respe
father's conduct which, had he seen, w
have pleased him. But what did that
—he never *could* see them; Solomon w
show them for the world, to be sure not.
what 's the use of writing them, I
asked my vastly too reasonable wife.
why, because it 's so delightful to give fu
to one's tongue, to be sure!

'And my heart must speak,
Although it be at hazard of my head.'"

I then went on to express disappointment that his efforts had not been crowned with more success. I even let slip some expressions of resentment against him on this account—some slight sarcasms—and said that he did not, I was sure, work hard enough, but that he forgot and neglected me because I was out of the way. "Here," said I, "have you been feeding me with promises—you can't feed capons so, Solomon! —for these last five months, and I am nothing the better for them!" Then I quoted Shakspeare, and said,

"Whilst the grass grows, the silly horse he starves:"

then I brought forward those famous lines of Mons. Orante on Hope,—

"L'Espoir, il est vrai, nous soulage,
Et nous berce un temps notre ennui—
Mais, Phillis, le triste avantage
Lorsque rien ne marche après lui!
* * * * *
Belle Phillis, on désespère,
Alors qu'on espère toujours!"

And then I said something about Spe
despair at not receiving the hundred p
which Queen Elizabeth promised him, -
then I finished my letter, and signed r
"Your affectionate cousin." — Poor fe
vexation of mind caused me to be unjus
make him answerable for my father's va
— as if *he* could have helped them. Su
had forgotten Addison's words

"'Tis not in mortals to command success!"

I gave the letter to Beatrice. She c
proved of it, sovereignly. It was extre
ungrateful of me, she said, to reproach
best friend in that manner, — a cousin,
was labouring with might and main to
me. I didn't deserve to have friends;
shouldn't send it.

"But I will, I can tell you! — I 'm
determined."

Far from being generally obstinate, I
often and often given way when I ough
have stood my ground manfully. I wi
had done the first of these then, with al



heart. It *was* very ungrateful of me to upbraid Solomon; but I was so vexed, so disappointed, so angry — and who can be cool and in a passion at the same time, as Macbeth says?

"No, Beatrice, I *will* positively let Solomon see that I am offended at his indolence. I'm quite certain, if he were to press the subject day and night, night and day, my father would soon give in from very fatigue of so much pressure. Send it I will."

"Mind, Lionel, I disapprove of it!"

"I am sorry for *that*, certainly, — but I *will* send it:—I'll put it in the post myself this very day — this minute. Good b'ye."

CHAPTER XIII.

As fast as four post-horses could gallop in Suffolk was my letter carried thither; and fast as they could gallop back again did receive an answer from my cousin, begging on no account to do any thing so rash so desperate — so utterly subversive of the good he had been labouring to produce so totally ruinous of my prospects, as would be the coming to see my father just at *that* moment; — he had a fit of the gout on him, was very peevish—very peevish indeed. There was scarcely any pleasing him, or bearing with him as it was; — were I to arrive at *such* moment, he would surely go right out of his senses at once. He, my cousin, would do his best — I might depend on *that*, — see opportunities and seize them — seek them. He was i

great haste at that moment — had no time to say any more just then, but would write again shortly, and was — "My affectionate cousin."

My resolution failed me. He has the gout, — my father has the gout! — Every man's humour must be respected when he has the gout: no man, especially such a man as my father, must be hastily approached when he has the gout. I had best wait; — but when he gets well, — ay, ay! — *then* will be the time!

A few days passed over, another letter arrived from my cousin. "An enclosure! — what can this be?" I unfolded it. "An hundred Pounds! — the very sum, I declare, which Queen Elizabeth promised Spenser, but never gave him — how lucky that I quoted those lines!"

He and my aunt had spoken to my father about me — had thrown themselves at the feet of my father for me, — had begged, prayed, and entreated my father to forgive me; and all this — to no purpose!

"The fact is, my dear Lionel, he cannot, —

no, he *can*—*not*—get—over—your having *deceived him*:—when he comes to *that* point, I *myself* really do — not — know what to say." His mother and himself, however, had so far prevailed as to make him send me the enclosed draft;— but this was forced from him rather than given, — accorded to their entreaties, not bestowed from pity to my wants. . . . . "Patience — patience — I will do the best I can for you, but you must be quiet. Time brings about astonishing things, and patience will do wonders."

Patience will do wonders! So it will!—no doubt of that; — and the hundred pounds put me quite in humour to try the effect of that very bitter medicine.

Not one single word of anger throughout the whole letter; not even a hint at being displeased at my reproaches: — no doubt he imputed them to vexation of mind, and therefore forgave me. How generous!

"There, Lionel! — I told you so;—are you not ashamed of yourself?"

"Yes, dear Beatrice, I *am* ashamed of my-

self, and repent of not having followed your advice;—I always have to repent when I neglect it. Where have you put the pens and ink?"

"Here they are!"

I sat down and poured forth my whole soul upon a sheet of paper. I was ashamed — shocked — scandalized at myself. To think of my ever having said he neglected me! I would in future follow his advice in all things, —— he might depend on that. Both I and Beatrice were his most affectionate and for ever grateful cousins.

It is a long while since anything has been said of Lady Barbara. Beatrice was in the habit of writing to her every now and then, and of receiving answers; but the correspondence contained nothing worth notice here.

I conceived it would be delicate to allow some little time to elapse without calling her attention to pecuniary matters — always disagreeable matters to a gentleman, — and speaking about my wife's fortune.

The truth is, I was in constant hope that

the same feeling which forbade me
the subject would have induced her
it. I was mistaken in this respect; a
finding myself necessitated to open th
ness. I wrote, stating, that having
honour of marrying into her family, sh
oblige me by making such arrangem
her daughter's future expenses as he
ship's prudence might deem fit, and h
tion instigate.

The letter was very proper, and ex
respectful. I had no doubt of her mo
compliance: particularly, as she alw
pressed so much approbation of me,
letters to my wife.

We waited very anxiously for an ans
I could not well avoid being anxious;-
any circumstances whatever, one's wif
tune is rather an important considerati
living, as we did, in an expensive st
with some of the greatest folk at Paris,
goings were considerably more than our
income.

Well, at last the wished-for letter ar

not addressed to me, but to Beatrice. Here it is.

"MY SWEET CHILD,

"I was amazingly *surprised and alarmed at receiving* a letter from your dear husband, (it really made me quite nervous, do you know, positively it did!—do pray tell him so, there's a dear girl,) asking *about your fortune, and wanting* me to *settle something.* Why good gracious me! if I didn't think he meant to take you *without any fortune,* — else, why didn't he let *Mr. Curteis take you?* — *he* didn't want any fortune. I told him, you wouldn't have any till my death; and that won't be for some time, I can tell you, for I never was better in all my life. You know, my dearest little love, I've no money but what your dear good father left me out of what he saved when he nearly ruined himself *with giving so many dinners.* I always told him he was too extravagant, and would ruin his family, — and so he did nearly; — and then to go and leave

such a monstrous sum to his brother!!!
don't you write to *him*?—I 'm sure he i
enough to do it if he will!! What a d
was to leave away from his own dear c
I wonder how your uncle got him to d
The world says strange things about it!—
mum to that! no one has a right to t
from him now, because the will is prov
Doctors' Commons.—You know what Do
Commons is, I dare say, my dear? It is a
where people's wills are proved, and the
body may say anything about them after
—Or why don't you make your dear hu
write to his own father, who is as rich,
say, as that man I read of somewhe
other, who turned everything he saw int
by only looking at it!—or as the f
king of that place in the East Indies—
West Indies,—*you* know which it is?—
know?—the King—of—I dare say y
member,—the King of Patagonia, or P
Persia, isn't it?—or some such place: 1
it begins with a P.

"Don't forget to give my love to your dear husband, and say I don't answer *his letter* because *I think it better to write to you;* and it's the same thing, you know! Tell him I think he's a very nice young man—*I like him excessively,* do you know! Do you remember when darling Poodle bit his leg at Bridlington? I was very shocked at that: I wonder why he did so. Adieu, my love! I'm in a monstrous hurry—I must go,—and remain, my dear child, your most affectionate mother,

"B. DENISON.

"P. S. I hope your dear husband won't be in *a passion* at my not writing to *him;* do you think he will? If he is, you may give him the *twenty pounds* I send: *I dare say that it will quiet him*; he'll find it very useful, *I dare say*, at *Paris.* I've not got any more; for my poor William, dear man! has been very unlucky at Newmarket, and he means to make up for it next meeting; and two of his hunters have just died of the staggers, and he must

buy more: so you see, *my dear*, *we'r*
Adieu again, dearest."

I was in the room when this l
given to Beatrice. Disappointmen
her countenance. I asked her fo
refused: her looks expressed, not
resentment, but sorrow and *shame;*
ed to blush internally. I insisted
the letter.

If a *man* marry beneath himself, it
but still he raises his wife, if she is r
his own rank; and she, if a sensib
will profit by her nearness to him, ar
benefit from his superior endowment
a *woman* once degrade herself by a l
it is all over with her at once: her
feelings, notions, mind, intellect—all
thing—dwindle immediately down to
becomes *his* equal, not *he* hers;—he
leave *her*, not to benefit *him*, but
persed in the vast laboratory of uncr
invisible things, and be thence dr

and employed by Nature at some future period and on a different object.

"You owe Lady Derlincourt, her daughters, and my Lord an unrequitable debt of gratitude for having kept you from much communication with your mother, Beatrice," I said. "Had you habitually resided with *her*, you must necessarily, I think, have received contamination, and become as foolish and heartless as she herself is.—Stay, give me the draft."

I tore it; but had no sooner done so than, repenting the action, I gathered up the pieces again, put them in my pocket, and on the same day wrote to Lady Barbara as follow:—

"To be long angry with *you*, madam, would be a pity. I return the tatters of that draft, which I tore on my first indignant impulse at your heartlessness and folly.

"Keep the money, madam; you have, it seems, more need of it than I have."

I wrote this privately, and without a word about it to Beatrice, who wo knew, have disapproved of my desig whose prayers I feared not being a resist.

CHAPTER XIV.

I have not lately mentioned our good friend Mrs. Vincent, and all I have time to say of her at present is, that shortly after our arrival at Shoebury Ness, she wrote to tell us that on inquiring about *our friend in black*, she discovered his business was not with us, but with a couple whose names had preceded ours; so that, had we remained at her house, no harm would have happened.—Thus it is that Error is ever beating us about the world!

Except at the very commencement of this story, I have not mentioned my eldest brother, and this because my fate was very little mixed up with his. Ten years my senior, he had finished his education before mine began; and as he was rarely at home,

we seldom met. We were exceedingly friends nevertheless; which means, t did not care much about each other. ed *him* no harm, nor do I think he have done *me* any. Had he possessed ness of character, I should have require to expostulate with my father; but, *h had* manliness of character, he would done it unasked: one can get no more a cat than her skin;—the proverb is h but replete with meaning. And now said my say about him.

My sister was a pretty girl, and I like very well; but boys—young men, I me nineteen years of age are not apt to confidants of their sisters: Amelia was n of mine.

The hundred pounds sent by my raised my spirits, whilst good luck in t tery enlivened my faculties exceedingly when the day of determining the happy of my last venture arrived, away I spe wondrous glee to receive an hundred an pounds.

This time, there being no crowd, I could read my fate before coming close to the office. I looked towards the board: my number was 25—it was not there!

I could not believe my eyes: I rubbed them, but that made no sort of difference—none whatever.

"I can't have *forgotten* the number, to be sure!" I pulled out my ticket. No, my memory was perfectly correct; the digits composing 25 were thereon written with such clearness and perspicuity as by no possible means to be mistaken for any other.

I turned away, and walked some miles about the streets, upbraiding my own stupidity, and wondering *why* I took the number 25, when it would have been quite as easy to have chosen either of the others. So it would, in fact; but I didn't think of it, I suppose—there could have been no other reason.

My next concern was to imagine—that which I by no means *could* imagine—what I should say to Beatrice,—to Beatrice, in daily expectation of unaccountable riches! What

shall I say?—how I shall stutter and stammer!

"By the bye, my dear Lionel," she said when at dinner, "I forgot!—you told me you were going to the lottery-office: what success have you had?"

"Why, you know, Beatrice, I all along told you, if you recollect, that we could not reasonably expect to win *every* time; four times out of five was the utmost I anticipated: you know, I *told* you this. Well, I have won twice. I certainly did hope to have gone on winning four times, and have lost perhaps at the fifth; but I have been disappointed—have lost *this* time. So much the better; for I am thus only ten louis out of pocket whereas in the other case I must have lost twenty: besides, as I do now not lose upon the *large* stakes, I *must* in future *win* upon them—win fifteen times sixteen, and fifteen times thirty-two; that is, seven hundred and twenty louis, or eighteen thousand livres."

Just in this way did I—a profound algebraist, certainly!—reason to poor Beatrice

who sat by listening and not laughing; and just in this way do all profound algebraists always reason, and ruin themselves when they play games of chance. *Auri sacra fames*—but the quotation, though apt enough, is somewhat too trite to be admissible.

On the following day I laid out sixteen louis on a ticket, which had the fate of the last. A fifth time I ventured, and expended thirty-two louis on a number which could not possibly, I said, fail in making its appearance on the appointed day, — but which, in spite of this bold assertion, did *not* appear on that day. In short, instead of having my treasure increased to eighteen thousand livres, I found my original winnings reduced to about forty louis,—whereat I was struck with much amazement.

I was always easily enough drawn out of an error; and if any one did but take the trouble of so drawing me, I never failed to be very grateful, — as he thus gave me time to look about and breathe a bit before tumbling into another, which I was always sure to do on the first occasion which presented itself.

but promise not to play any more.
word for some time.



CHAPTER XV.

Being perfectly aware that the English ambassador must have too much business on his hands to like being haunted by a young, idle scapegrace like myself, I seldom went to see him, except when an acknowledgement of his civilities necessitated a visit.

I called on him once just after his return from Versailles; and as he then happened to be unoccupied and in a mood for talking, we had a long conversation, the subject of which was Paris, "the most immoral and debauched capital," he said, "in Europe."

"Indeed," he continued, "had Lord Dercourt possessed as much knowledge of it as a year's residence here has given me the opportunity of acquiring, he never would, I think, have



Vice shows herself under such a pleas
she looks almost graceful. Mr.
give me leave to ask — you cannot
improper curiosity, respecting pers
Lord and Lady Derlincourt so pa
recommended to my care, pray in
with whom do you principally associa

I mentioned the names of several
both men and women, and amongst
of the Marquis de la Barrière, whom
seen at his excellency's house.

He interrupted me abruptly by sa
the less I had to do with the Mar
Barrière, he thought the better, a
profligate and debauched to such a
to be accounted a *roué* even in Paris,
required some ingenuity to gain th

to buy himself a mistress from one man, and sell his own wife to another.

"To sell his wife?"

"Ay, sell his wife, or exchange her! — Is there any harm in this? There's not a grandee, however great, who, if the king or minister fancied his wife, would not be *empressé*'d to make the offer. — Cato was a joke to them!"

"I could not have believed such profligacy existed—such abandonment of all high feeling, — such *unmanliness.*"

"Yes, such is the way with them all. As to Monsieur de la Barrière, *he* has no wife to sell: — if he had, he would feel but too happy should his sovereign condescend to think her worthy of his attention."

"But do you *really* think that, my lord?"

"Think it! — *j'en suis plus que sûr*! An intrigue is now carried on, of which Monsieur de la Barrière is at the head, for the purpose, I hear, of giving his Majesty a permanent mistress, and thus detaching him from

the demoiselles of the *Parc aux Cer* frequenting whom, none but the d themselves get any profit."

"What is this *Parc aux Cerfs*, m have heard it mentioned, but never very particularly about it."

"Oh, it is a place near Versailles in which are mewed up, for his pleasure, all the pretty girls th the kingdom who can be either b their parents, enticed there under f tences, or induced by promises to themselves."

"How very damnable!—I beg pa lord,—how very shocking, I mean."

"I don't wonder at your warmth the death of Madame de Pompad the reign of *Cotillon* the Second, jocosely called by his Majesty of —for I must tell you, that that gre divides Louis' reign into two epo period of Madame de Châteauroux's and that of Madame de Pompadc

that, out of contempt to him, derision of his effeminacy, and of the empire he suffered them to exercise over him, he called the one, the reign of *Cotillon the First;* the other, that of *Cotillon the Second*:—Well, then, since the reign of Madame de Pompadour, he has had no permanent mistress; and his friends are now busy, at least so I hear, in choosing some one to fill her place. Happy the husband whose wife shall possess charms entitling her to so high an honour!—he will become a great man indeed!"

"Well, my lord, but my friend Monsieur de la Barrière, of whom your lordship began speaking, he is *hors de combat*, being unmarried."

"True; but then he has friends, numerous relations and connexions, who have wives; and if he can but procure one of them to be promoted to this envied post, he flatters himself to fare the better for it; —not quite so well, certainly, as if she were his own private and exclusive property, but

still it is a profitable bargain. Oh, he disdain it, take my word, but think

'There may be picking
E'en in the carcase of a chicken.'"

"The dastardly wretches!—Yet I can sc ly think but that your lordship judges s what harshly of the marquis. I cannot- I cannot imagine that *he* would be guilt such baseness. I know he is what we in England, gay; but there is a vast d ence between *that* and ——"

"Your friendship, not your reason, spe you like the man, and therefore think of him. Believe me, Mr. Bouverie, the connexion you have with him the better."

"My lord," I replied, "I have not him for many days. I have had severa cupations of late; and besides, the ma has been very constantly at Versaill where, by the bye, he asked me to ac pany him."

"Well, and did you go?"

"No, my lord; I refused, because ——"

"So much the better! Acquire no intimacies at Versailles: it is the focus of all vice and debauchery,—the hot-bed in which each iniquity degrading human nature is nurtured, and whence it is transplanted to flourish and perpetuate its species in each province of the empire. If your wife once gets there,—I mean, if you get the *habit* of going there,—I cannot answer ——"

"My lord, *I* can," I gravely replied.

"My dear Mr. Bouverie, I beg your pardon!—you must be aware I spoke only generally;—I could not possibly have meant anything personal,—anything but that the court of Versailles is a most dangerous school for *any* young woman whatever—*any* woman in the world. There precept and practice go hand-in-hand: Modesty and every virtue are laughed at openly,—Religion is scoffed down, and a superstitious regard to forms exacted in her place.

"There is the Duchess de Grammont—what

things are said of her!—there is the Coun
d'Egmont, and fifty more whom I could na
and who, abandoned as they are, are f
tered and followed, and courted, as thou
they were so many Dianas. — Look too
the king himself, an old man, older tl
I, above sixty! When a sovereign sets s
an example, what can be expected but u
versal demoralization? and what place
be more dangerous for a young woman tl
a court where such a sovereign is absol
master, spurred on to evil by the ambiti
projects of others, and unrestrained by a
principle of his own? I can assure you, M
Bouverie, from my own knowledge, that
any one of these magnates were to take
fancy to a woman,—be she who she mig
and fail to reduce her by fair means, as
is called, he would not scruple to use
ceit, or even force,—ay, and he would ma
a joke of it afterwards."

I thanked Lord Stormont very warmly f
his friendly admonitions, and then telling h

I never had for one moment projected going to court, and that my income in fact was far too small to allow of my doing so, I took leave.

CHAPTER XVI.

Lord Stormont had given me something to reflect upon, and during my walk home I thought over our late conversation. His advice alarmed me at first not a little; not that it had the slightest effect in raising fears respecting Beatrice's conduct — could I have looked in her countenance and feel any! — but I had heard such things, that all my ideas became bewildered. "So then," I said, "no one in this country can tell in whom to trust, on whom to depend; they are all friends and all enemies; a man, the marquis for instance, with whom I am on the most familiar footing, may, for aught I know, have courted my acquaintance only that——Tush, tush! it cannot be; Lord Stormont must have overlooked the picture: he dislikes the French, as

speaks from passion and prejudice. For my part, I think with Lord Chesterfield, that a well-bred and moral Frenchman is the most delightful creature ever created. — At the court! — ay, like enough!—I know nothing about *that*; but Beatrice and I are not going *there*."

I have always looked upon the keeping women from a communication with others who have done amiss, without having any regard as to the circumstances under which that amiss came about, as the very worst general compliment which can possibly be paid to the whole sex. In truth, what is it but saying, "You are all so very, very, very bad, that unless such violence is used, you will play the devil—every one of you?"

"Toutes êtes ou futes
De fait ou de volontê—putes."
Roman de la Rose.

Turn the argument a thousand ways, twist it as you will, it must necessarily resolve itself to this at last.

I certainly therefore had no fancy to pay Beatrice the bad compliment of supposing I

might not trust her in the society of l
de Marsan, or the Countess de Gramt
of any others, merely because I had
report of their conduct not being *quite*
Neither, on the other hand, was I part
anxious that she should be intimate wit
only I did not wish her to exhibit any ve
particularly fine airs if they fell in h
and, indeed, as I always abhorred anyth
humbug, I should have despised her if s

As for the marquis, against whom Lo
mont had so strongly cautioned me, I
could by no means consent to give h
he was a great deal too agreeable for th
sides, I disbelieved what his excellency
him. I fancied I knew better than h
lency.—'Young folk *think* old folk fo
old folk *know* young folk are fools.'

I had seen but very little of the mar
a long while: he had been a great de
at Versailles,—not residing there, bu
almost every day and returning at n
any one might easily do, the distanc
only about ten miles.

I thought I would call and see if he were at home. I did so, and found him.

"My dear monsieur," he exclaimed, as if my apparition had caused him the most infinite satisfaction,—"my ver dear monsieur, how ver much enchanted I am to see you! You not know how I thought your absence long!—Where *have* you been dis great while?"

"And you, monsieur le marquis, one never sees you now,—you are always at Versailles: what are you doing there?"

"What have I been about at Versailles?" he said, smiling, and laying a fore finger mysteriously on his lip. "Ha, ha! I must not tell you dat—dat my secret; I cannot tell you my secret for de whole world, my dear friend—everyting be ruin when I tell you dat."

I had no desire to cause the ruin of any of my friends, and being by nature the most incurious person possible on matters not immediately concerning myself, forbore further questions on so very important a subject; though, I have since thought, he would not have felt displeased had I been less discreet.

I happened to say I had been playing in the lottery, and he replied.

"How you can be so littel wise as play dis lotterie? De lotterie made for poor peoples lose der money and put it in the pockets rich peoples—of de King,—no one win by de lotterie but his Majestie Louis Fifteen."

"But people, however," said I, "*do* win sometimes. *I* won a great deal of money at first, but lost it again because I behaved like a fool."

"Ver likely dat,—je le crois bien: you should have keep what you win—ver foolish to lose it. You should never play in de lotterie to lose your money, but at something else where you win. Tenez—dis is what you shall do if you will win:—you shall play at de game of bassette or pharon, or les dés; and, if you please, I shall take you to-night to one of the most famousest houses in all Paris, where you shall see some ver good company, and one of de most pretty woman you can tink. Will you come?"

I accepted the proposal; so dining togeth

We afterwards drove to the Rue des Petits Champs, where entering the court of a magnificent hotel, we were ushered by the attendants into a large saloon glittering with gold and silver, and principally lighted by an immense chandelier hanging over the centre of the chief table, at which sat several persons playing at bassette, whilst others in magnificent dresses walked about the room in conversation.

Had I not been prepared for the scene, I never certainly should have guessed it to have been a public gaming-house; one of those dens of iniquity known in Paris, as indeed are such places in London, by the opprobrious appellation of Hell—*Enfer*.

Leading me to the top of the room, the marquis presented me, as an Englishman and one of his very particular friends, to Madame la Présidente,—(nothing, let it be observed, can go forward at Paris without the presidency of a lady),—and requested she would regard me with that favour which must necessarily, he said, secure me the smile of Fortune.

There was no lack of beauty in th
but that of this lady far outshone th
Like a needle to the Pole, my eye alw
a natural tendency to beauty; nor
ever apprehend that a man, because he
to be married to one woman, should
allowed to admire—(admire *properly*, yo
—I should be loath to scandalize mora
—Heaven forbid!)—beauty in another

This being the case, my eyes lighte
at my first entrance, and remained fix
considerable space of time. I thoug
scarcely ever seen anything more love
her whole contour:—

A fair, clear complexion; a tall p
well-shaped figure, delicate but of *emb*
a bosom which rebelled vehemently ag
odious tyranny of stays and kerchiefs;
foot, finely-shaped ankle, and a round
which was attached a white hand and lo
fingers. To all this was added, as sup
ture, a gracefully-shaped head,—(I am
connoisseur of heads: thick heads ar
obstinate, blundering heads,—and th

e calls stupid, positive persons, THICK-*headed*; ckness, stupidity, positiveness, and blunder- e being all one thing,)—round which clus- d a profusion of hair, curling in large ches over her high temples, and around eyes h,—did I not fear being called too hyper- ally poetical, I should liken to diamonds,) some stone — if I knew of such — even : brilliant and beautiful. Her cheek was lour as the leaf of the young rose: her were of a deeper dye and here — having rse to the mineral kingdom for a compa- —I, notwithstanding its triteness, will liken to vermilion: and her mouth was so l and pretty, that, had I not been married, circumstance which would have rendered a desire highly indecorous! — I should inly have wished to kiss it, in return for ery sweet smile with which its owner wel- d me.

ademoiselle Lange, for thus was she named, ved me with that easy familiarity and -breeding which I have almost always d a characteristic with French people in

whatever rank of life they may be, and w
makes one of the great and peculiar ch
of their society. She then asked me if I c
to play, and on my replying in the affirma
pointed to a chair at the other end of the t
and begged me to sit on it.

CHAPTER XVII.

Having brought but little money with me, I could only play small stakes: indeed I was so extremely struck with the novelty of the scene, and so well occupied with observing the mien, manner, countenances, characters, and costumes of the various individuals composing the society, that I had little inclination to play at all, and in fact passed the greater part of the time in looking about me.

My first ten minutes were almost solely dedicated to an observation of our hostess, who did not, at the end of this period, answer the high expectations she had raised. There was a certain boldness — an *aplomb*—a manliness of manner, which far from pleased me, and which sat, I thought, but ill on so feminine and lovely a figure. Her body and mind

seemed at variance with themselves;—tl being delicate as the most graceful artist portray on canvass; whilst the other w I thought, that refinement in which c the principal charm of her sex.

Every one in the room paid her, I obs much deference; but the men fluttered her like bees round a tulip-bed. She s by no means displeased at this general h and returned smile for compliment t though it struck me there were two or whom she more kindly favoured than th in short, she was never at a loss for a re and appeared so perfectly at her eas mistress of herself, that I began to feel disappointed.

"Pray," said I to the marquis in a w "who is this Mademoiselle Lange? S tainly is very beautiful indeed, but d appear to be of *bon ton*."

"Oh, I don't know, I am sure, who t she is: all I can tell you of her is, s pretty woman, and ver good friends to sieur Du Barri—dat man! who is a com

soi-disant comte—a littel country gentelman who come up out of province lately, and set up dis house to make fortune; — he ver lucky to find such a wife!"

"Is she his wife, then? No, that's impossible; you call her Mademoiselle: besides, her name is different."

"No, no, not his wife, his bonne amie; dey not marry. She only his wife for de time; and dat better, you know."

I then began to look at the other females, and amongst them observed some of a class which, though it had never before been my luck to see, I had heard mentioned as of recent importation.

It consisted of women who, seemingly weary of only acting the part assigned to them by nature, discarded it as much as in them lay, and with great ingenuity contrived to assimilate their conduct to that of the nobler sex, as some people denominate ours. They affected negligence both in dress and address,—spoke their opinions boldly, and strode round the room like lions;—they allowed their hair to

tumble disorderly about their necks an
all kinds of odd ways; and their clot
shuffled on in such an extraordinarily
fashion, that it was quite enough t
Madame Aventurine, the famous co
go right mad only just to look at the
the fact was, they had no time for atte
such trifles. Such *misères* as these w
enough indeed for ordinary females, bu
quite beneath the consideration of
minds. They play, win, laugh; th
double the stake—again lose; then se
bitter imprecations against Fortune,
the other Gods.

One of them attracted my most p
attention. She was a tall, magnificent
She flung down ten louis—lost them;
—lost again; an hundred—the same b
She did not say a word, but gaze
Heaven and bit her lip,—her magn
astonished me! — she then rose, wen
sideboard, devoured half a poulet, thr
of a vol-au-vent, and three petit pots,
trice; tumbled out a beaker of wine, s

mother, the same, and then marched out
he room with the fierceness of a mousque-
de la Garde Royale, swearing she would
next day and break the bank.

in I whispered my friend, "In the name
the Gods at once, my dear marquis, do
e who and what are those half-a-dozen
of whom the one just gone seems to be
ness and leader? Are they not of the
I have heard talked about, and called
ntes?"

it de ver ting," he replied; "dey de Bac-
, women who have make men for some
Paris;—dey a new invention dat de
ville de Paris lately find out to amuse
ith. We grow tired of always de same
it is ver nécessaire to give a change;—
man, always woman is tiresome;—de
ns must have a mélange: so dese are so
s to be neither de one nor de other, an'
h, to amuse people."

hey seem," I said, "to have succeeded
bly well: they imitate to perfection all
st reprehensible qualities of men."

" Dere is noting dat is reprehensil Paris, my ver good friend, noting dat prehensibel here but de ennui: dat v prehensibel indeed, and all de world rur from it as fast as ever dey can go."

" But what manners for women to Why really such as they might mou throne of France without violating the Law. It is perfectly disgraceful, qui moral, I protest!"

" I again tell you, dere no disgrace, moral in Paris, but for dose people wh ennui!"

" *Ennui—ennui—ennui!*" I repeated; I say it gives *me* a most confounded *en* look at anything so unnatural."

" Ah! dat alter de ting quite!—dey gi ennui? den dey immoral for *you*, so kee of deir way, dat's all you have to do. T de truth, I like dem not much more de I prefer de dames who are like dame not like de grenadier. Mais, je m'y f pendant! Dere be others again who pr

Bacchantes, and so dey go ver well together. *Dere is* plaisir for all de world à Paris; cha- *un* à son goût à Paris, et chacun peut le *tisfaire*: it is a fine cité."

If the conduct of these *Bacchantes*, as they re called, excited my surprise, that sensation l equally raised by observing the extreme t with which everything was transacted the men, who, with eyes intently fixed n the cards, followed the game without biting either satisfaction at success, or f for failure; and I observed the Prince Soubise and some others win and lose im- se sums without evincing by the contrac- or dilatation of a muscle that they were in- sted in the matter. I remarked also that, ally sober as silent, temperate in diet as ehaviour, they ate but little, and quench- thirst with pure water, left wine to the *chantes* and others who better knew how to preciate its value.

"Who is that opposite to us?" I asked of cicerone, as I pointed out a very handsome

young man, who had long attracted my attention by an extreme coxcomical behaviour and appearance.

"He is de Chevalier d'Arc, who will make a ver great figure in de world presently, you shall see. He begin well; he went to a good school, and fall into de hands of a woman capable to give him de ver best instruction possible."

"A *woman* capable of giving him the best possible instruction how to make a figure in the world!"

"Most certainly. Dat ver important indeed here. Noting may be done à Paris without some grande lady take you by de hand at first and place you in vogue,—à la mode. Now just dis happen to de chevalier; for de Duchesse de ——, I will not tell you who, for his Majesty Louis Quinze forbid under pain of his great displeasure to tell it, —she find him joli garçon, like him ver much, make love with him, and so set him in de way to make him what fortune he will."

"So, then, because a man is un joli garçon

d a great duchess takes a fancy to him, makes his own terms with Fortune, in this ntry! Pleasant enough, I must say, this!"

Dat is just de way: some lady of rank great beauty like him, which make every lady tink he must be ver aimable, and him too; and den dey shall all try to get away from her, and keep him for them-s, and he may afterwards do whatever he

A very delightful fortune indeed!" said I, ning. "I wish with all my heart it had mine. Pray, how may a man attain ?"

It is not so very easy a ting, dat, I can e you: it is not every man can do it. must study ver much, ver much indeed. , he must have much science, and be ver ed in books; for no lady of eminence not like one who is not abel to amuse her some talk of science: besides, de science him an air of grace and dignité.

Afterwards, he must —— Mais tenez, I l tell you as I myself did. First of all, my

governor made me to be teach de mathem
—dat is to say, la géometrié, et l'alg
l'arithmétique; et puis les classiques,
mean, le Latin, le Grec, et l'Hébreu:
géographie, et l'astronomie, et l'hist
botanique, la rhétorique, la théolog
manité, and many oder tings like da
when my governor de Abbé saw I was
found in all—"

"Hold, hold!" I exclaimed in
ment; "did you learn all these thin
many more, and that, too, profoundly,
say? You really make me ashamed
self! Why, I cannot properly be said
learned one of them, so imperfectly ac
am I with any."

He laughed, and adjusting his ne
replied,

"I was always considered ver clev
learn my book ver fast; and, what is bet
not much give trouble to my instruct
all say I had a natural génie, and w
more for show and grandeur dan
dey could tell me; and de Abbé often

he quite astonished at my great pro-
What you tink! I was only fourteen
old when I hold a long dispute with
Fontenelle, who said dere were people
oon; and I told him dere could not be
ple in de moon; and after a long time
own himself wrong. What you tink
monsieur, for a littel boy of only
a years?"

ofessed both surprise and admiration,
continued,—

, and I have made some verses too,
oesie, which have run all about Paris
gly; and which many persons have tell
equal for wit, and much better for
e and grace, dan any who come from
of Mons. Voltaire.—I have a littel
my mathématiques of late, to be sure;
h a littel time I should not mind to
onversation with Mons. D'Alembert
;—and I should be ver glad indeed
a *thèse* on theology with Jean-Jacques
au, on dat très abominable *Vicaire*
rd, who he put in his Emile,—dat

most abominable, infame publication da
was! where he say dat all mankin
Heathen, de Turc, de Jew, may li
heaven by demselves; when our Sainte
ture tell positively dat all mankind
Adam, and derefore not live by den
in heaven, but shall go to de devil w
any doubt unless dey believe in l'Egli
tholique."

I had no fancy whatever just then fo
ing a *thèse* with Monsieur le Marquis
Barrière upon faith, good works, and pr
nation, but was far more interested in
out how he had acquired the good gr
the fair Parisian dames; and thinkin
simple science, however deep, would
account for it,—

"Well," I said, "but I wish to be to
next step towards female conquest."

"Why, when I was profound in a
sciences, it was nécessaire for me to
arts, and I had professors of all sorts
to learn me;—un maître de danse,—
—of music—of dessein—of le chant—

trac et d'échecs—of Italian, et de blason or héraldique,—and lastly, I had un maître d'agrémens to finish my education."

"Un maître d'agrémens!—and pray," said I, "what is that? Of most of the others I have heard; but neither fame nor personal observation has instructed me in the office of *un maître d'agrémens.*"

"Ho, ho! je le crois bien; dat is ver likely, and dat is because you have not de happiness to be educated à Paris like a young seigneur of France. Peoples in your country care not for agrémens; it only à Paris!—What is un maître d'agrémens?—Ah! un maître d'agrémens is one who instruct his pupil how to be aimable; he show him how to come into a room with nonchalance,—to take tabac with elegance,—to show de teeth with grace, without grin. He show him all dis. Besides, un maître d'agrémens show his pupil how to salute, with profound reverence, une dame when he wish to please her,—how to look languishly or smile when she complaisante—how to look serious and abstrait when he not sure to

have her good wish,—how to be in despa when she cruel, — how to seem indifferen when she make de coquette, — and how t be overjoyed, and fall down in a transport of reconnaissance, when, after all de pains he have take, she at last promise to give him every ting. For example, my professor once ask me,

" ' What you do, Monsieur le Marquis, when de dame you love say she will be your bonne amie ?'

" Den I show him what I do at such time and fall on my knee and take de hand, an kiss it with much passion. But he not quit satisfied, so he show me what to do, an afterwards he put me a mirror and tell me t practise. He was a ver great professor, di Monsieur Morin ; he get on his pupils quit astonishing, as I flatter myself you may see b my example ; and after he have done all di for me, Madame la Baronne de —— had d great goodness to do de rest. All dis is, I be lieve, unknown in any other land but Paris where an attention to elegance and de grat

is further carried dan in de whole world besides."

Had this conversation taken place twelve months before, I will not swear that it would not have raised my envy, made me ashamed of my incapacity, and desirous of having *un maître d'agrémens* and Baronne de —— to finish my education. But my mind had lately taken a violent turn. I was not only married, but married to the woman of my choice and heart. I desired no other happiness; what greater *could* I have desired or possessed?

Besides this, being ashamed of my former idleness, and of the disreputable ignorance attending on idleness, I had, since my residence at Paris, attempted by an intense application to make up in some degree for lost time. I studied. How truly wonderful are the changes which take place in the human mind! From the most gross supineness of habit and frivolity of thought, I passed—and this, too, as it were, in an instant—to great bodily exertion and elevation of mind. The conversion of St. Paul was not more complete nor

quick than mine. Like him, I had bee
error: but the scales of darkness falling
denly from my eyes, I saw the light
loved it — loved it with a most passio
adoration.

What hours I passed in vigil whilst
around me slept!—I read history,—I wa
painfully enough I must confess, thr
some of the ancient classics, but most inte
bent my mind to the study of Locke's Essa
the Human Understanding, which, more
all the rest, had the effect of ripening my
What new thoughts and speculations
book raised in me!—what a different mod
reasoning on all matters it induced — wh
bias it gave my whole conduct!

No longer thinking so sillily as heretof
I now placed my ambition upon things
different from those which had formerly
cited it in my heart. My mind—my
constitution was more *aplomb*; the chaos-
rudis indigestaque moles of my brain, b
to settle itself into something like a form
for the habitation of reason. Yet though

accomplished, much more remained to be
I was far—very far indeed from being
. I was still young, wild as a colt, and
assions, unfettered but by my own will,
equally ready to bend humbly to virtue,
eak forth into evil. Circumstances were
termine. Alas! how little do they, the
on herd, who seeing, blame the eccen-
es of the human mind, know the sources
e they spring!—what a nothing will
imes cause, and what a trifle often spare
ne. Oh, Folly! Folly! *thou* art the
scourger of our species!

t such reflections ill contrast with the
before described, and would have been
perhaps placed at the end of this his-
than as an interruption to an account of
ieur Du Barri's Saloon.

ough the detail I had just received in-
me with no great respect for the mode
ucating young noblemen at Paris, I was
theless pleased at being informed of it.
never before heard anything of the sort,
h I have since learned it was a pretty

correct picture of a system at that tim
ried on in—the most civilised metrop
Europe.

"Do you see that seigneur who play de
such large sums of money?" said the m
directing my attention to a handsome
about forty-five years old, with a fine ope
tenance. "He call himself de Marquis d
brillant, and is de very greatest joueu
France; and he one day win sixteen t
livres of a young officer, who had not a
sols to pay him with: and when de m
hear him talk of nothing but to blow
brains, he took him into another room,
paper and give it him to sign. The
tinking it to be a billet d'obligation for
de money, took it in his hand, but f
only an obligation for him, upon his
honneur, never again to play at cards i
life: so he sign it, and den the marqui
him,—'Mon cher, I have not here my c
will you pay me one crown out of th
teen tousand livres to hire for me un

and den I will hold you quit for all de rest of de money.'"

"What a nobly-natured creature!" I exclaimed, looking towards the marquis with a sensation of respect and of almost friendship.

"Very," replied the marquis. "Such as he are not common in dis place, I can assure you. I have always the Marquis de Chabrillant in the greatest honneur. A gentilhomme should be always noble in everyting which regard money, or else he no better dan a marchand; but I grieve to tink that too many gentilhommes of de present behave about money as if dey had never no ancêtres, and were not noble gentilhommes at all."

Having often before heard the marquis express opinions to this effect, I ought not to have been surprised at his doing so then. But the recent account of his education, and the complacency with which he dwelt upon, and boasted of, absurdities, were so full before my imagination, that I looked in his face with

astonishment as he uttered the last sente
—"Can such folly," I said, "exist wit
much generous feeling!"

I was satisfied with the manner in which I
passed the evening. In the first place, I
found amusement — and *that* is no little t
ing. I also received instruction—yes, eve
a gaming-house I received it. Where
instruction *not* be gained by him who kn
how to gather it? — not even *weeds* lack sw
ness, — but the bee only can collect t
honey.

On thinking of what I had just seen
heard of *Les Bacchantes* — of Le Chev
d'Arc, and the conversation which arose f
the mention of his name, — of the Marqui
Chabrillant's conduct, and my friend's opi
concerning it;—on looking on these, an
considering the human species *generally*,
their actions, I could not but avow th
there are some crimes to shock, many t
to disgust, and innumerable follies to e
scorn, there are, on the other hand, to be
with in the world numerous virtues to ins

reverence and love. It was late when the marquis, taking my arm, told me it was time to go, and I left the room repeating to myself the words Ithuriel addressed to Babouc:*— "*Laissons aller le monde comme il va; car si tout n'est pas bien, tout est passable.*"

* Voltaire, *Vision de Babouc.*

CHAPTER XVIII.

I FREQUENTLY returned to the Sa
playing with various success, sometin
myself with many thousand livre
pocket, and sometimes without a so
again tried my luck in the lottery;
too, shame on me! unknown to Be
whom I had promised I would play n

At the commencement of my ca
conduct towards Fortune was very
that of a young man suing favour
mistress. I was very mild, gentl
thanksgiving for trifling kindnesses
hope that they portended somethir
I professed a most implicit submissi
wishes, and confidence in her goodn
when I found she turned her ba
coquette as she is, and scarcely ever

looked at me; and that when she did look, it was in such a manner as to make me think she was laughing at my simplicity—

"Oh, ho!" said I, "is this the case? Now for it, then. If kindness won't suffice, let's just try what a little hard usage and coercion will bring about. I'll put you in thrall—clap you in chains just as the Tyrians did when Alexander appeared before their town! You *shall* be mine, 'will you nill you. I will marry you!' You may sometimes trick me, it is true,—slip aside, and delay my wishes; but, as a squirrel, hopping from bough to bough, for a time avoids his fate, yet is sure to fall into the snake's jaws at last, so shall you into my power. Escape me if you can!"

I became a man of systems—played on principle—invented a plan by which, though it unfortunately required a considerable outlay at first to execute, I must infallibly realize large sums of money at last. All this, however, I kept a deep secret from Beatrice; for I greatly feared that no anticipation of baths of milk

of roses, nor of rivulets of rose-wate
ing through a conservatory of the rar
nor of unnumbered ambergris taper
the lustre of the noontide sun, and
on barbaric gold and pearl,' would,
failure of my first attempt, give her
able opinion of my new *system*. Sh
wise and prudent. But nothing ris
win, thought I.

I also kept my *system* a profound s
everybody else; and this for a good
dent reason. "If the government,"
for in such wise was it that I argue
get wind of it, and discover that I
infallible mode of winning, why of
lottery will be shut up at once! a
adieu to my projects!"

My system was a good system, ma
very mature consideration of the prin
down by De Moivre in his book "on
It is a great pity I hadn't funds to e
long enough to accomplish my object
truth is, I lost more *at first* than I h
lated on, and then found myself oblig

ore I attained the *winning point*, very
dog who died a few hours before his
ad taught him to live without food.
I was sometimes so extremely short of
wing to these unexpected drains upon
e, that when Beatrice asked me for
s compelled to put her off with some
use. Luckily she was not of a sus-
temper, or she might have imagined
g even worse than the reality.
ty begets reflection. Slowly and pen-
id I wander about the streets; when
; to come near the gardens of the
, I was tempted to enter.
an early day in spring, and just had

lum mitescere, arbores frondescere,
es lætificæ pampinis pubescere,
ni baccarum ubertate incurviscere,
etes largiri fruges, florere omnia,
tes scatere, herbis prata convestirier.

wer had just fallen, and rain still rested
branches of the lime-grove in which I
A gentle gale arose, and shook the lin-
drops to earth. The sun shone forth,

and the buds opened—I *heard* them open and birds broke forth in a simultaneous so of gladness. How sweet their music was! things wore a happy mien; and earth look up to heaven, as a child looks through his ha dried tears into his mother's face, and smil and asks to be forgiven. I stood, and looke and trembled — trembled with delight. I l the gardens.

"Oh, Beatrice, dear, dear Beatrice!" I sai as bursting into the room I flung my arm round her neck and kissed her, "you don know—no, you can't tell—how beautiful—ho very, very beautiful everything is getting. have just come from the Tuileries. The sk and earth, and flowers, and everything the have charmed me; and here we are spendin our lives, and wasting our faculties, in th thick smoky atmosphere of this filthy tow Let us go somewhere into the country.

"Ay, yes, with all my heart, let us go in the country! do—pray do! I am tired a weary to death of this town; we have seen that Paris has to show. I sigh—you can't

how *I* sigh, how I sometimes pant—*pant*—*pant*—to breathe a little, pure, fresh, sweet—delightfully sweet air: my soul seems to *yearn* for it. But where shall we go?"

"Ay, where? Give me the map—let us see; there! sit you on my lap whilst we look over it. First, here is Ermenonville — shall we go there? and Meaux, and Compiègne,—what think you of these?—or to Rheims, to see the cathedral where the kings of France are crowned? or Provins, where Abelard was buried, and where Thibauld, the poet, Comte of Champagne, sighed forth his sadness for the cruelty of Queen Blanche? By the bye, Provins too, is famous for its beautiful roses;—but they are not so beautiful as those on your cheek, dear Beatrice.—How happy we shall be in wandering about alone! Do you know, love, I think it is quite irreligious to live always in a town! it is *impossible* to feel piety there; what is to inspire it?—one never sees the works of God! It is all very well, to be sure, for a great, dull, heavy lump of a Presbyterian, whose religion is all made for him by a line and ruler, a pair of

compasses, and a bit of chalk; but there can be no warmth—no fervour—no poetry—no real piety—no panting of the soul—no prostration of the heart before the great, awful Spirit of the universe. The odious animals! it gives me a qualm at heart to think of them—To which of these will you go?"

"I tell you what, Lionel, I would rather travel into Switzerland than see any one of the places you mention.

"To Switzerland! Ah!" I replied, as, with one arm twined round her neck, I cast my wistful eyes towards that country and sighed, "so would I, too, dearest: but, it is so far—it will cost us such a deal of money to get there, and then to come back."

"How much will it cost? How many leagues off is it?—Stay; let us measure. To Lyons, an hundred and twenty leagues; thence to Geneva, thirty: about an hundred and fifty leagues.—But there is another and nearer road, I see, by Dijon. How far is this? To Dijon is eighty; to Geneva, forty:—or to Bern? nearly the same, I see. Ay, an hundred and twenty leagues!"

Dear Beatrice, how I should like to go
! But it requires such a mass of money!
will cost us five or six hundred francs,
st, to post there. I have very little
indeed remaining."
ery little money remaining! Why,
become of all your money then,
?—it is not long ago that you said you
lon't know how many thousand francs."
ppose, Beatrice," said I, without seem-
hear the remark,—for I did not much
,—"suppose we go to Fontainebleau?
is a magnificent château there, and a
yal forest. Besides, it is on the road
tzerland;—who knows but in a short
e may be able to go on a little fur-
hen a little further still, till at last
perhaps creep into Helvetia itself?"
plan was agreed on, and we immedi-
et about arranging for our departure.
d for a long time been getting sick
is, and the feeling grew stronger every
yet I wanted resolution to move, till
rning walk in the Tuileries rendered

a much longer delay almost unbearable. Like Timon, "the middle of humanity I never knew, but the extremes of both ends;" —I like the thrilling sensation produced by great contrasts. Have you ever heard how the Russians remain in a steam-bath till perspiration runs like a rivulet from off their bodies, and then, leaving it, roll themselves in snow? In the same manner do like passing, it may be a month — it may be two or three months, among all the impurities of a large city, and the hot unwholesome atmosphere of my fellow-creatures: it pleases me well enough to eat and drink, and dance and laugh, and dally with them for a time. But it is *only* for a time: I soon grow sick to very loathing of the unnatural banquet, and sigh for purer food,—for Nature—for alpine snows, and alpine pines and plants—for deep forests and sunny lakes, and uncontaminated air—for high mountains, and loud cataracts, beside which I may fall down unseen and weep and worship the Almighty.

CHAPTER XIX.

I was poverty-stricken just at that period; and not possessing nearly enough to defray my tradesmen's demands, was necessitated to put off our journey till my half-year's income became due. Fortunately we were not forced to wait very long for this; and when the remittances arrived, I paid every one, but then found we should be terribly cramped for some time to come.

To go post was expensive, and not, we thought, half so pleasant a mode of travelling as that of a small one-horse carriage, which, at whatever town we stopped, might be used to convey us about its environs. With the approbation therefore of Beatrice, —for I always consulted her inclination, and now it is a comfort to me to think I did so—

I determined on buying one, and als
good stout, able-bodied horse, up to his w
not likely to fall sick and leave us on
road to shift for ourselves. For this p
pose I issued forth several days follow
without finding exactly what I sought.

"*Gare!* *gare!* *gare!*" Who that
lived at Paris does not know that warn
cry, proceeding from all Parisian carria
when in motion, and an inattention to wh
is so often fatal to the careless!

In many sorts of carriages, — cabriol
for example, — there is placed behind, a
vant, whose business it is to utter
cry at almost every instant; but so
times, instead of doing so, he falls asleep
which is quite a different thing, and
only awakened by the screams of some
happy wretch whom his master has run
in his furious progress. He then re
mences bawling out with all his mi
"*Gare!* *gare!*" In the mean while,
rolls the carriage, and both master and
are lost to sight; after which, if the

l can pick himself out of the mud and
l his own broken limbs, so much the
: for him.

tain persons of high rank have behind
carriages a servant called a *chasseur*,
d in green, with a sword at his side
feather in his cap; whilst *Princes* drive
rses at full gallop along the street as
is ever they can lay foot to ground,
re preceded by two *avant-piqueurs* on
ack, armed with large hunting-whips,
which they cut right and left as hard
r they can, to clear away the rabble,
hus leave a free passage for "Mon-
ır." Only imagine how the rabble
ers at the very first appearance of
igneur's *avant-piqueur*, cracking his
able whip, and crying, "*Gare! gare!*

urning home just after having made
urchase of a horse, I passed through
ıe du Faubourg St. Honoré; and when
ır from the Duke's Palace, I suddenly
the cry of "*Gare! gare!*" a great

cracking of whips, and a mighty trampling of horses' hoofs. The sounds were *rather* distant, but fast approaching.

The streets happened to be excessively crowded at the time, and there was a violent and universal commotion. Suddenly I felt myself pushed, or rather *carried* back, for at one time my feet were off the ground. I was unable to see anything for the crowd, and all I could hear was, "*Gare! gare! gare!*" crack, crack, crack! the thick trampling of horses' hoofs, the shrill screams of women, and the hoarsely-growled imprecations of men.

My position was extremely uncomfortable—this is the least ungentle epithet I can apply to it; and so perceiving, hard by, a spot where I hoped to be more at ease, I contrived, by a sudden exertion of strength and agility, to slide by my neighbours and reach it.

I was now beneath a low archway; a further entrance to which was prevented by a strong iron grating, secured by a lock.

All that I have described was an affair of perhaps twenty seconds, though to me it seem

[redacted] a much longer period, and I was leaning against this grate anxiously expecting the dispersal of the crowd, which I feared might be still more forced back upon me as the carriage came nearer, when I heard some one approach on the opposite side and unlock the gate. I looked up; but had scarcely time to fix my sight, when, pulling me towards him, the person again suddenly closed the gate so as to prevent others from following.

Turning round to thank him, I thought I had seen his face before, but could not make out on what occasion.

"You do not, it seems, remember me, monsieur," he said; "but I recollect you perfectly well: I have good reason to do so,—you once saved me from perishing from want."

"You have done me a great service in return," I said, as looking more narrowly at him, I at last recognised the person I had some time ago seen at the lottery-office, and heard lament his bad luck.

Between the pleasure I felt at again so unexpectedly meeting one I had served — this

is always delightful — and that arising from the service he had done me, I took him by the hand and expressed my gratitude in very warm terms. I had good reason to be grateful! to all appearance he had saved my life for whilst we were yet speaking, we heard a scream, and on looking out, found it proceeded from a person who had been thrown against the grate with such violence as to bend it. To have reopened the door with the weight of so many persons bearing against it, would have been impossible; or if not impossible, would have brought destruction on ourselves.

The crowd was now dispersed, and I being extremely anxious to get home, lest Beatrice, wondering at my unusually long absence, should be alarmed, contented myself with just inquiring the name of my kind deliverer, and then took leave of him with the intention of returning to see him on the following day.

He opened the gate, and the first thing which struck our eyes was the poor fellow just mentioned, lying on the ground motionless, his eyes starting out of his head, and his face

black with the blood which had been forced into it by the pressure on his body. We took him up and carried him into the house, where being laid on a sofa, I left him under the care of Monsieur Mareuse, as my friend was called.

On my way home, I saw a poor man who had been flung down and driven over by the carriage, which belonged, I found, to the Prince de Soubise, and which had proceeded on just as if nothing of the kind had happened, his serene Highness not so much as deigning to stop and inquire into the cause of the accident, but leaving the wounded person to be carried home on a litter, and lay his complaint before the magistrates, who would expect him to show whether it was the *fore* or the *hind* wheel which had injured him. If the former of these, he would be entitled to receive the regular tariff for a broken limb — a leg, an arm, or neck, and so forth, as the case might be. But if, unfortunately, the evil deed had been perpetrated by the *hind* wheel, the poor man would have to pay for either or all of these himself; and that, as far as I could from

appearances judge of his circumstance would have found inconvenient.

My indignation was roused to the ex point; and passing by the palace of the of Orleans, I saw the Prince's equipage i court, — the horses covered with foam, panting from their late exertions. I coul keep myself from entering, and steppin to one of the dismounted piqueurs,

"And you," I said,—"*you*, who belo the Prince de Soubise, and therefore d lessly imagine you partake of his import what now if his Highness should turn off and reduce you to your former not ness! What would you say, and think, feel, if your successor were to treat you the insolence you have but just now sh For my own part, though I am far —ver indeed from being so great a man as his H ness, yet I am a gentleman, —better t fore than you, who are only a miserable s ready to pamper the insane passions of a thoughtless master; —but, were I no b than yourself, and you should dare us

with such insolence, I would blow your brains out with as little scruple as I would kill a pole-cat, even though, instead of belonging to the Prince of Soubise, you wore the livery of the King himself!"

Having thus vented my anger, I turned on my heel, and walked off without giving him time to reply.

CHAPTER XX.

WHAT is the use of going through the world like a fool without making reflections on the things one sees in it? — or, of reading the Bible — as, by the bye, is done by more than nineteen persons out of twenty—without finding out that, "Do unto others as you would others should do to you" has a meaning in it? Never was I in company in my life with man, woman, or child, from whom I could not pick up something good, —never in any place which did not present me some matter for useful contemplation, nor did I ever read any book in which I found not some useful hint. *L'Histoire des Quatre Frères Aymon* contains a pious and true moral at its very outset.

"My children," said old Father Aymon, on sending his four sons forth to seek their for-

mes in the world, "I have but twenty sols, me bread and meat, and a bit of good advice, o bestow amongst you.

"Here are the twenty sols, five sols apiece, and a basket of bread and meat: these you may divide, and each of you keep his share to himself. As for the advice, it is contained in a short proverb, and as it can't be cut with a knife or a pair of scissors, you must necessarily keep it whole and lend it to one another as occasion requires, — just as the three Gorgons used their eye. Here it is:

'A good turn is never lost.'

Now make the best use you can of it. Farewell, and God bless you!"

The proverb did them more good than the sols. Only think!— bless my soul! — no more than twenty sols, to defray the travelling expenses of four able-bodied men, beginning a tour of the world, and mounted, as may be seen at this very day, in quest of that very unfindable goddess good fortune, on the sign-post of Madame Asselin's inn at Doulens in Picardy, one before the other on a Charger, which they had to keep also, — for the Charger, without

doubt, could eat as well as its masters. Twenty sols to do all this, and keep alive five live animals! Why, it was a mere nothing, notwithstanding the extreme cheapness of everything in those days;—they could have gone but a very little way with it, I 'm sure!

It was the proverb which made their fortune, and I 'll tell you how.

One of the brothers saw a large pike going to gobble up a trout stranded on a sandbank; so he stepped into the water, took up the trout, and put it into a pond where the pike couldn't get at it.

The second beheld a kite hovering over a pigeon which, nestling down in a field of corn, was screaming for its life. He took up the pigeon, and, carrying it to a great distance off, liberated him in a wood.

The third, seeing a dove caught in a fowler's net, felt pity at the poor little bird's distress, and so, disentangling it from the meshes and putting it in his bosom, he released it in a place of safety.

The fourth, spying a huge ugly weasel about

make a meal of a squirrel, flung a stone at former, and forced it to give up its el design.

ow, be it known, that the trout, the pi-, the dove, and the squirrel were Fairies, it to be destroyed by their foes, who, by bye, were also Fairies. The former of were so grateful for the services ren- l them, as to resolve upon rewarding their erers to the utmost extent of their wishes; so they did indeed, making them high and ant seigneurs, and bestowing on them nse fortunes: and not only this, — for 's the use of an immense fortune, unless has some fair, fond, gentle creature with n to share it? — they caused each of them arry a young and very beautiful Princess, dmiration, as I have read, of all who saw l.

es, Father Aymon was quite right: a l turn is never lost. It may, indeed, be on the individual for whose benefit it was e; but if so, it goes into the general trea- of good transactions, to be there pre-

served, and thence restored to the giver, upon some occasion when he most needs and perhaps least expects it. I have done many a good turn in my life to persons who have thanked me;—*that* has been my reward, and an ample one it was! I have also done good service to many an ungrateful hound: but no matter —the benefit has always, under one shape or another, returned to me, and it has seemed as if Providence acknowledged the debt—*m'en a tenu compte*, for I never in the long-run have been poorer for, nor had reason to repent of what I did.

If I had not saved Monsieur Mareuse from starvation, he would have died, and not, therefore, been alive to open the door for me when the sudden apparition of the Prince de Soubise and the "Gare! gare! gare!" of his *avant-piqueurs* flurried people out of their wits, and made them near upon trampling me to death; nor would he have done me some other great services of which I shall have to speak more amply by and bye.

I had purchased a horse and carriage; settled with our tradesmen; fixed on a day of

departure. We had nothing more to detain us but the taking leave of our friends. Many of them were out of town; amongst the number the Marquis was so. We did not forget Monsieur Mareuse. Beatrice and I went to him together: she was surprised to find such an air of ease and comfort reigning through the establishment of a man whom I had some time back represented as reduced to the lowest state of distress.

We paid him a very long visit, in the course of which he gave me an account of his life and adventures: but it is too long to be repeated here, and I shall therefore content myself with stating, that, from many unforeseen misfortunes, the profession to which he was bred, that of a notary, failed; when, finding himself in very reduced circumstances, he had foolishly attempted to repair the tricks of Fortune by placing himself still further at the mercy of her caprice.

Having tried a variety of *systems*, on all of which he lost, he at last fixed on a number which, not having appeared for fifty drawings,

he thought must necessarily come up soo[illegible]. This number he played on so often as to e[illegible] pend—increasing his stake at every loss—ab[illegible] ten thousand francs.

He told me, that on the night I saw him, he had five hundred francs dependent on the number, which having failed, left him no choice but that of blowing out his brains, as he had the full design of doing, when I relieved him.

He said that he had looked upon his meeting with me as an immediate interposition of Providence; and that it had so strong and salutary an effect on his mind, that, returning home, he made a solemn vow to God to renounce play for ever.

He had an uncle, he said, who had formerly been very liberal to him, but who had long ceased to have any communication with him on account of his gambling. To him, however, he now again addressed himself—stated the case and the resolution he had made; upon which his uncle not only forgave him the past, but lent him money to set off again in his profession, in which he was going on as prosperously

from the shortness of the time could be ex-
ted.

his was *my* work. I felt proud,—not *arro-*
, but satisfied with myself and happy.
pleasure of doing good is so great, that
can be no merit in it.

e set out on our journey, and travelling
sy stages, arrived on the third day at
ainebleau; where we remained rather more
a month, occupying ourselves with going
the château, rambling about the forest,
making excursions in its neighbourhood.
he end of this time, wishing to go some-
further into the country, we turned off to
east, got into the county of Champagne,
went to Provins, the capital of the ancient
ts of that province; and famous, amongst
r things, for having in its environs the
y called Paraclete, of which Heloise was
ss, and where she and Abelard were bu-

n leaving Champagne, we entered the
ry of Burgundy; went to Dijon, thence to
e, and turning off from this latter town,

took a direction to the left and arrived at Besançon, the capital of Franche Comté, or, as it was anciently called, the *county* of *Burgundy*. Here, having left the plain and those countries which are undergoing an almost daily change from the labour of man, we suddenly arrived in one which scorns his puny efforts, and we stood amidst the works of God!

Here rose mighty mountains,—*there* rolled rapid rivers;—to the right fell cataracts;—on the left were delved deep caves where Elves and Fairies work unseen by man;—aloft stood vasty forests of darkly-frowning fir;—nearer at hand were groves of tender aspen, and of old ivied oak, with eglantine, and fir, and sweetly-smelling briar, and many more sweet things than I have time to tell!—and here and there, before, behind, above, and round about on every side, was that which made us bow our spirits down and say, "Eternal God! how great thou art! how beautiful thy works!"

From Besançon we proceeded on to Pontarlier, a small town of about three or four thousand inhabitants, which, on account of its po

sition on the frontiers of the kingdom, has been called the key of France.

At Pontarlier there was an almost constant warfare carried on between the officers of the King's customs and the Swiss smugglers, always on the look-out to introduce contraband goods, which the very asperities and dangers of the country they had to traverse facilitated their doing, as by dividing their troops into small piquets of three, four, or five men each, one of them, by making a false signal, could easily allure the whole force of the enemy to a single spot, and thus afford their comrades time and opportunity to clamber over rocks and down precipices, to wade through rivers or pass fords, in some distant direction, and thus enable them to cross the boundaries of the two states.

The mutual watchfulness, necessitated by the attempts of one party to invade, of the other to defend the frontiers—the perpetual struggles which consequently took place, and the bloodshed which often ensued, kept up between them an irritation of feeling which had at

length settled into a most bitter and mined hatred. They no longer looked each other as fair and honourable enemi as robbers and assassins whom it was all to circumvent and destroy by any means offered. Quarter was never asked nor gi either side.

CHAPTER XXI.

The Château de Jeux, erected as a barrier against incursions on the side of Switzerland, is situated on almost the very confines of the canton called Neufchâtel. Having heard a great deal about the picturesqueness of its site, I desired to see it, and therefore, hiring a small horse, set out alone and early one evening to gratify my curiosity.

I was not disappointed: the castle is built on an almost inaccessible rock, and commands a magnificent prospect.

It was still early when I again found myself at the bottom of the hill; and the evening was so extremely beautiful, that it tempted me to remain out a little longer. So, instead of allowing my horse, who, in his folly, imagined

half the day's job was done, to follow his c[illegible] inclination, I obliged him to pursue that of [illegible] road leading to Romain Mortier, which i[illegible] short time brought us to an extremely nar[illegible] defile, the two sides of which rose steep [illegible] rugged to a great height.

I had penetrated some way into this wh[illegible] looking up, I perceived standing on one of [illegible] rocks, a man whom, but for a short sword [illegible] his side, a brace of pistols at his girdle, an[illegible] gun in his hand, I should have taken fo[illegible] peasant. As it was, I put him down, in [illegible] mind, as one of the guards stationed around [illegible] various districts to prevent depredations.

His back was turned to me, as, resting on [illegible] gun, he looked with great apparent earnestn[illegible] on the Swiss road. His attention must ha[illegible] been entirely absorbed in its object, whatev[illegible] that might have been, for he did not hear m[illegible] approach till I came within but a very sho[illegible] distance of him; but no sooner did the tram[illegible] pling of my horse's hoofs reach his ear, than [illegible] starting round, he gave a hasty glance toward[illegible] me, sprang up, and was instantly hidden from [illegible]

sight. But at the next moment there came
ıg down into the road a large fragment
ck detached from its place by the sudden
ıce of his step.

ıuld now not tell what to think either of
ıpearance or disappearance; however, it
ident he wished to avoid me—and most
ly had I no inclination to form his ac-
ance: neither did I, by showing fear,
ı enable him to say of me as Polichinelle
his enemies, "*Voilà des sottes gens,*
peur de moi, qui ai peur des autres!"
nued my road; and having at last got
h the ravine, descended on the right
owards a small piece of water called *Le*
St. Point; the beauty of whose blue
nade me forget that time passed apace,
at I was at a great distance from home,
untry wholly unknown to me.

lempted to retrace my way up the hill:
is was no easy matter; for there were
s paths, all having the appearance of
; to the point I wished to reach, and
I, nevertheless, on trial, found conducted

to some place which I had not at that time the least desire of seeing.

It had now become nearly dark, and I began to feel alarmed at the idea of not being able to get home that night. Then what will Beatrice think?—how she will wake and watch! It was my only reflection; for, as to myself, I had no sort of objection to put up at the sign of *La belle Etoile*, and would always, when the night is fine and the air warm, infinitely prefer sleeping beneath the canopy of Heaven, than in the palace of a King.

As I stood considering with myself what step I had best take, I thought I heard the report of a gun.—I listened—another!—It was distant, and the noise made by the rivulet as, rolling through a rocky channel, it left the lake, nearly overpowered it; but nevertheless, I felt quite sure that it *was* the report of a gun. Again I listened, and again I heard it, —two, three, four—a volley.

"What can this mean?" said I. I remembered the man I had so lately seen in the defile; and then it struck me, he might be one of

the smugglers I had heard of, and that the firing perhaps proceeded from him and his party who were attacked by the custom-house officers.

If this were the case, it would of course be the height of imprudence to attempt repassing the ravine just then: but I reflected that, as the river flowed through Pontarlier, I must, by following its course, necessarily arrive at home in the end. But *how* to follow it! there was the difficulty—over rocks and through woods where I had never before been.

I attempted it, however, and was just about to give up the matter in despair, when, recollecting that my horse, being well acquainted with the country, might perhaps pick out his way better by himself, I laid the bridle loose upon his back and allowed him to follow his own imaginings.

The sensible animal seemed to guess my wishes,—with which, by the bye, his own, I believe, closely coincided; and after a long and painful jolt up and down, over stony ground, and through thickets which tore my

clothes to tatters and lacerated my flesh that it streamed with blood; he brought me into a country which, from the direction we had taken, for it was too dark for me to distinguish it by sight, I judged to be the one I had passed over previously to entering the defile. I felt therefore no little satisfaction in knowing I had got beyond the spot where the conflict must, I apprehended, have taken place.

We had not yet reached the road; but I was in expectation of doing so every minute. We were jogging on, the horse and I, each of us in deep meditation as to the hour at which we might be fated to go to bed, when suddenly he stopped, drew back and snorted in that manner peculiar to horses when under the impulse of terror.

I too was startled, and hearing the sound of some slow-paced creature creeping heavily along, I looked down and beheld something,—I could not distinguish what,—attempt to steal away on all-fours. Had I been a Catholic, I should have crossed myself, certainly; for, to say the truth, I was confoundedly alarmed. I

it, I thought, a ghost,—or a goblin,—or a soul,—or a vampire? Is it a man? and if so, is he a dead man, or a living man? *this* it is important to ascertain! Is it, perhaps, a wolf?—this was not improbable, the wolf being a cowardly animal which always avoids man except when pressed by hunger during hard nights.

I stood, in breathless anxiety, looking towards it as it kept heavily creeping, or rather drawing itself along as though it were in pain. After a few moments' hesitation, I called out,

"Who goes there?"

There was no answer, but I clearly distinguished a suppressed groan. My hair stood on end, but I found courage to repeat the demand,

"Who are you?"

"To friends, a friend; to foes, one who will sell his life dearly!"—were the words of one who seemed to speak them in much pain.

"Heaven be praised!" said I, letting forth, from one of the deepest sighs I ever breathed, the volume of air which had remained pent up in

my chest for the last forty seconds,—"Heav
be praised! this is neither goul, ghost, goblin
nor vampire! Let 's see if I can do anything t
serve him: I 'll engage he 's wounded."—I wen
a little closer, keeping however on my guard,—
for I was by no means minded to believe h
was a man merely because he affirmed it,—nor
if a man, to take his character at his ow
valuation. I inquired how he came there, a
why he was creeping along the ground in th
strange fashion.

"Your accent gives you for a foreig
monsieur," he said. "You cannot there
bear me ill will;—help me, or I perish.—
I bleed to death!"

If these words alone had not sufficed
move me, those which followed them wo
have had the effect. "And I have a wife who-

I flung myself off the horse, and at
next moment was bending over him. He h
spoken truly enough in one respect, for
was bleeding profusely; but so far from be
in a condition to injure *me*, he scarcely l

sufficient strength remaining to defend himself against a child of ten years old.

"Good God!" I exclaimed, "how came you in this state, my poor fellow? You were one of those, I suppose, whom I heard firing?" Without waiting for his answer, I flung aside my coat and waiscoat, stripped off my shirt, and tearing it as well as I could into bandages, bound up his wounds, and having lifted him on his legs contrived, with great difficulty, to set him sideways on horseback, and then said I would take him on to Pontarlier, where he might procure surgical assistance, if he would but point out the road.

He replied, that he dared not enter Pontarlier in his present situation, as the officers of the customs would recognise him; but that he lived at a short distance, and that if I would take him home he would serve as guide. This was by no means to me the most agreeable plan of the two; my inclination would have led me to Pontarlier, most certainly; but, feeling that the caprices of a sick man ought to be respected, I held him on the horse, for

without this assistance he must have fall[illegible] and bidding him show the way, I slowly p[illegible] ceeded with him for nearly an hour, till [illegible] arrived at the foot of a hill, to ascend wh[illegible]ch he directed me to a path leading to a l[illegible]rge building on its brow.

I knocked and knocked several times, with all my might and main, before receiving the slightest intimation that the house was inhabited. At last I heard a step approaching, and some one, coming to the door, demanded who was there. My companion gave what was, I suppose, the covenanted watch-word; for immediately afterwards I heard a bolt drawn back, and the door was opened.

The porter started a little on seeing me, and stepping up to the other, seemed, in a whisper, to ask who I was. He was soon satisfied on this point, and then, in conjunction with myself, helping the wounded man off the horse, we all entered the house.

"Where's Marguerite?" inquired Claude, as was named the one I conducted home.

The words had scarcely passed his lips, w[illegible]

a young and extremely pretty woman, dressed in the costume of the peasantry of the Jura, appeared, and was lightly tripping on towards him, when her eye suddenly caught the bandages about her husband's forehead, and she started back in alarm.

"Oh, my dear, dearest Claude!" she said, as, gently pushing away the one who supported him, she took his office on herself, "what has happened! Jacques told me you were only very slightly wounded, and an hour ago said you would soon be back. How I have watched for your return!"

"And, for all Jacques cared, you might still be watching for it, Marguerite; and that I am here now, you may thank this young stranger: but for him, the chillness of the night would have done your poor Claude's business long ago."

Marguerite, who hitherto had not seemed to notice *me* more than if I had not been present, now stopped, turned her eyes towards me, and, without uttering a word, took my hand, and before I was aware of her inten-

tion, or could prevent it, raised it to her lips, and kissing, pressed it afterwards on her bosom, — then continued her walk without uttering a word. I felt that she blessed me from the very centre of her soul.

The wounded man being put to bed, his wife remained to tend him; and I was introduced into a large room which had evidently been a kitchen when the château was inhabited by the seigneur of the domain on which it stood. Here I saw three men sitting round a massy table, and an old woman hobbling about and serving them.

I cannot say I was by any means pleased with the personal appearance of these gentlemen. Had I had nothing else on which to ground an opinion of their private history, their mere looks would have amply sufficed to assure me they were no respecters of human laws. I felt extremely uncomfortable in their society, and wished myself safely again lodged at home with Beatrice, particularly too as I feared my absence would occasion her great alarm.

On my entrance, these men looked up without rising or showing me the slightest civility!

here was no great loss in *that*. I seated myself, and attempted entering into conversation with them by recounting the manner in which I had come upon their companion, and the dreadful plight in which I found him.

"And wasn't you scared out of your wits," asked one of them, "when you saw Claude crawling along on all-fours out on the moor?" I candidly owned I was.

"And how came you to have heart to speak to him?" inquired another.

"'Faith," I replied, "I'll not swear it wasn't fear which shook the words out of me."

"And when he answered, what did you think?" said the first.

"Why," I replied, "there remained but one thing to think; namely, that a human creature was in distress. After which, there remained but one thing to *do*; that was, to afford all the assistance in my power: so I jumped down, tore my shirt into bandages, bound up his wounds, and brought him here."

My reply pleased them,—and their pleasure pleased me, for I was in their power, and how they might think fit to exercise it on one

who, if he got out of it, might inform against them, would, I knew, depend on the fancy they took to me. One circumstance, however,—I must mention it,—struck me very much. I had no doubt in my own mind but that they were a band of smugglers; yet I could not have asserted this on oath, for throughout the habitation, as far as I had seen of it, there was not the slightest appearance of illicit traffic, nor of any merchandise on which a custom-house officer could have laid his hands.

They inquired if I had not felt afraid to come over the mountains and moors in the dark with a stranger.

Whatever fear I might have felt in conducting their comrade home, or might then indeed feel in their company, I well knew it would be prudent to disguise it, and I therefore, cheerfully as I could, replied,

"Afraid! of what?—of doing a good action? Why, nurses tell us in infancy, parents repeat it afterwards, and pedagogues whip it into us at school, that evil-doers only come to harm. One's really

bound in conscience to believe the maxim, after all the trouble people take to inculcate it.—But, to say the truth, Claude had an honest look, like yourselves, gentlemen, and therefore I *had* no fear."

"Well," said one of them, who had not yet much entered into conversation, "but tell us at once, do you know who we are?"

The question was direct; but I did not think it incumbent on me to answer it in a direct manner.

"Why, really," I said, "seeing your comrade crawling about unable to help himself, I didn't stay to inquire whether he was saint or sinner, lest peradventure he should die before I became satisfied on the point. I knew he suffered: and I never yet saw any one in pain without attempting to relieve him; —man or dog, cat or rat—it 's all one. Were I to see a mouse in a trap, I would take him out and heal his wounds,—though mayhap I might hunt him next day if I caught him nibbling my corn. I 'd do the like to any one a mite less villanous than the Devil."

They laughed heartily at the reply. I saw that my bold openness pleased them: they evidently honoured me with their good opinion. — No one ever yet so much despised another as not to be gratified at possessing his esteem.

They then again asked me if I guessed why they lived in that place.

"I have no means of guessing why you should reside in this spot rather than in another," I replied. "Fortune, I suppose, placed you here, as she might have flung you elsewhere had she liked to do so."

"Well, then," replied one of them, "for the service you did our comrade we are obliged to you, and I'll tell you our vocation: we live by doing that for doing which the rascally officers of the king's government wouldn't let us live a day longer if they could catch us. Now, I believe you to be an honest, good-hearted person, so tell us at once fairly — if we let you go home safe and sound to-morrow morning, you won't think it your *duty* to get us hanged, will you?"

"Harkee! gentlemen," I said, addressing them all generally, "I'll imitate you, and speak so as to be understood. Were I a subject of the King of France, and had I the honour of serving him, I should then certainly feel it my *duty* to hunt down and destroy you, just as his Majesty's gardener might smother a nest of wasps that ate up his peaches: but I owe his Majesty no allegiance whatever; I am a stranger, — a traveller, — an Englishman; I, therefore, have no duty of this sort to perform. You've served your comrade; you say, you are obliged to me for this: well, *I*'m obliged to you also, — firstly, because, having put myself in your power, you let me out of it again. I dare say you know how the wolf reasoned with the crane:—

"Quoi! ce n'est pas encor beaucoup
D'avoir de mon gosier retiré votre cou?"

You might talk in the same way: — but no, you are more generous; for, not satisfied with promising to send me away safe and sound, you treat me with great hospitality while I remain. I eat your bread, and drink your

wine, — and, 'faith! let me tell you, in parentheses, no contemptible beverage is it! For this, then, I owe gratitude: — do you think I will pay with treachery? No: the spirit of chivalry forbid! I can't say I much approve of your trade; but I like *you*, and will prove my words by giving you something."

"And what will that be?"

"A piece of good advice."

"A common commodity enough: a man can't live long on it," replied one, as all the others laughed.

"You may live very well on that I'll give you. But," I continued, filling the glasses all round, and then my own, "let us first drink to each other's good health. My advice is, to leave off your trade, return into the bosom of society, and earn a living by cultivating the vine or corn, or by some other less dangerous manner than that you now follow, which, be assured, will sooner or later bring you to the gallies."

"Ha, ha, ha!" they all shouted out at the same moment; —"what! dig, delve, toil,

moil throughout the year,—wait in winter, sow in spring, tend in summer, just that tax-gatherers may rob us of three-quarters of what we reap in autumn! You are a stranger to the land, and a stranger to our sufferings. Would you have us work for twelve long months that, having, at the end of the time, lived just long enough to pay *taille*, *dîme*, *vingtième*, *double vingtième*, and a dozen more such contributions, we should starve; and then perhaps, after we are buried, have our bodies dug up at the order of a gang of lazy secular-ised monks, and our right hands cut off because we were unable to satisfy the whole of their rapacity? No, no: better be hanged at once than suffer this!"

We were here interrupted by the entrance of Marguerite, who telling us she had dressed her husband's wounds, and that he had just fallen asleep, said she had prepared a bed for me, and asked if I would retire to rest.

I never saw such gratitude as was expressed in the countenance and words of this poor creature when we were alone. I could see tears in

her eyes as she spoke of her husband, and c the bitter anguish I had spared her by bring ing him back: — "But for your goodness, she said, "my poor Claude must have remain ed out all night, and would in all likelihoo have been chilled to death by the cold winds, or devoured by some of the wolves which are always prowling about on the Jura.

I spoke something kind to her, I forget what—something of being glad at having served her, and a hope that her husband would soon be well.

"Alas! I hope so. His is a dangerous call- ing; and then, poor fellow! he is too good to be with such companions; he is not made for it. I often tell him so, and entreat him to quit it; but he always replies, 'And then, Marguerite, what shall we do afterwards?— starve!'"

"It is better to starve, my dear Mar- guerite," I replied, "than to live in per- petual enmity with our fellow-creatures and in fear of the gallies. You are not made for

ort of life, I see : suppose you were to
small farm, and cultivate it,—you and
lusband ?"

then gave me an account, a great deal
ıg to be repeated here, of herself, and of
anny of a convent of monks, who ruining
l her husband by a lawsuit, had reduced
o the necessity of living by illegal means.
so told me, that, as to hiring a farm,
ad it not in their power to do so; for,
ıotwithstanding the labour and danger
r mode of life, they made but little by it,
at the mercy of all those with whom they
ted, and who would inform against them
kept in good humour by being suffered
at.

n unable to express the indignation with
this account filled me. In the rage and
ıess of my feelings, I could not help
ing on the ground, and cursing the laws
enable a set of lazy, droning, useless
s to ruin an honest man and his family,
government which made such laws,—

the devil who instigated the mischief, and I wished that God would send down lightning to consume the tyrants, and punish their tyranny. What happiness I should have felt, had I been able to purchase a farm, furnish a cottage, and set her and her husband up again in the world! I had all the heart, but wanted power to do this. Yes, I *then* wanted, but have since possessed and exercised that power. *Deus nobis hoc otium fecit!* I cannot—I *would* not, like the Roman chief, assert that *none* have so much benefited, nor so much injured me, but I have amply paid them their deserts; but I *may* boast that they who have *most* benefited me have been rewarded, and that he who *most* injured had no cause to glory in the deed—*non e nostris, spolia cepit laudibus!*

Marguerite and I, after this, had a long conversation, in which she told me that the men I had seen formed but a small part of an organised band of smugglers who were dispersed in different habitations round the frontiers.

The building they occupied had formerly

been, she said, a very strong fortress, in which, notwithstanding its present dilapidated state, they had contrived to fit up a few rooms, so as to be sufficiently habitable for them; and that which rendered it peculiarly advantageous to persons of their trade, was a discovery, made some years ago, of a natural cavern, close by the castle, and so concealed by its ruins, and the wood growing thereabout, that it was next to impossible for any one unacquainted with the exact spot to hit upon it, even though he searched with the greatest care; and that, in truth, the custom-house officers had frequently visited the premises without finding the least thing to confirm the suspicions which brought them there.

Having given me this information, Marguerite wished me good night, and left me to fling myself on a bundle of straw, placed in a corner of a large room, with a sheet and blanket drawn over it.

Rising with the sun, the first thing I did was to go to the window, from which I beheld a fine view of hill and dale, lake and river.

It was a magnificent scene. Could I peopled the castle with a little better s than it contained, I should, notwithstandi ruinous state, have liked to pass some in it. How little I then thought I shoul do so!

Being impatient to see Beatrice, I into the stable, saddled the horse mysel inquired for Marguerite, who told m husband had passed a tolerably good owing to an opiate she had adminis Having forced on her, for she at first r it, the little money I had about me, I my leave, saying that as I intended l Pontarlier on the next day, I should not s till my return from Switzerland, when I ride over and pay her a visit.

CHAPTER XXII.

We quitted Pontarlier on the following day, and went on, first to Yverdon, a town at the southern extremity of the lake of Neufchâtel; along the eastern borders of which we then proceeded until we arrived at its other extremity. Here chance, more than design, induced Beatrice and myself to visit the town of Neuville, situated on the small lake of Bienne. In this lake there are two islands, the largest of which, called the Isle of St. Pierre, tempted us from its extreme beauty to make an excursion to it.

I should not mention so trifling a circumstance were it not that our visit procured us the acquaintance of one of the two most extraordinary men of the age in which we were living,—that is, of *Jean Jacques Rous-*

seau: and having said thus much, I said enough; for as he had nothing wh to do with those events which I p writing, it would be irrelevant to the further to introduce him at present.

From the island of St. Pierre we cor on to Neuville, where we took up our re for some weeks, paying almost daily vi the island and to Rousseau. At last w set out on our journey; went on to Mor there got into the high road to Berne. Berne we proceeded to Thun, where, l our little vehicle, we took a boat, embar the lake, and were rowed up to Neuh a short distance from Unterseen, wh had previously resolved to take up our quarters, and make excursions from it environs.

Many persons race over a country of ties, as many others skim through a of books: that is, the first travel ov spaces of land without recollecting a they have seen; the latter rush throu mense regions of literature without

bering what they have read. The *multum potiùs quàm multa legere*, is a maxim applicable to the study of landscape as well as to that of books; and so fully were both of us convinced f this, that we resolved not to quit Unter- en till we had several times visited the most markable spots in its neighbourhood.

We were returning rather late one fine even- g from an excursion, when I, being on foot, eeded Beatrice and her guide, and having ined considerably on them, had my atten- n attracted by a large rock which, loosened, rhaps some centuries before, from the ad- ent mountain, now lay by the road-side vered with moss and wood.

Ascending it, I sat down to wait for the rival of Beatrice, to whom, when I be- ld her, I called out, saying that I would me and help her up to the spot where I s seated. I then jumped down, took her ' the mule, and began to assist her to climb e rock, half way up which we had as- nded, when inadvertently placing her foot a round stone which rolled over, she slid

back. Fortunately, I had her hand in mine and feeling her sink, held it firmly, and thus prevented her from falling to the bottom; which, had it happened, would in all probability have killed her on the spot.

As it was, she only complained of a slight pain in the side and of sickness; from both of which however, she was shortly so far recovered as to be able to remount her mule and continue the journey home. She was now about four months gone in pregnancy, and dreadfully frightened I was for some time when I thought on the effect the fall might have on one in that situation; but finding her make slight of it from the very beginning, and seemingly to think nothing of it afterwards, I banished the occurrence from my mind, or thought of it only as a caution against being guilty of any such follies in future; and it was not till arriving, in the course of our tour, at Lausanne, that she complained of feeling a renewal of the pains in her side.

These were now extremely violent and attended with great sickness. Leaving her un-

der the care of our hostess, I hurried down stairs, and going to the house of that physician whom she recommended as the best in the town, I brought him home with me. He made her go to bed, and gave her a composing draught which had the effect of procuring her a good night's rest.

On repeating his visit next morning, he found her better than he expected, and expressed great hope that, owing to her youth and apparently good constitution, she would eventually triumph over the illness; but that event, he said, must be the effect of time, patience, and much care, as the neglect of applying for advice in the first instance had considerably increased the danger, and rendered what might have been comparatively trifling a case of more difficulty. "However, my young friend," he continued, in order I suppose to encourage me,—as he observed the pale and breathless anguish with which I listened,—"keep her quiet, and promise to follow my directions, whilst I on my part—though we of the faculty are by no means fond

of pledging ourselves to a cure—will almo promise that you shall shortly see her w and blooming as ever: but then this w most probably be with the loss of the chil —it will prove a miscarriage, I fear."

"My dear Monsieur Dauphin," I exclaime seizing his hand in a transport of joy, "wh care I for the child? Save the mother—o save *her*, and you shall have my eternal, ev lasting, deep, intense love and gratitude!"

Monsieur Dauphin's promise was all ve well for the time—it quieted me; but th state was of short duration. I soon fou the pains had only been momentarily a *suaged*, not permanently cured; they r turned with greater violence, and with the returned the anguish of my mind. *She* suf fered, poor thing! God knows, enough; bu I—*I* suffered still more than she. I waite on her during the whole day, and watche her through the night; I seldom left her side or took my eyes from off her, unless it were t turn and—not weep, but bite my lips unsee and breathe half-stifled curses.

Against whom did I breathe them? Beatrice's illness began to have a strong and most mischievous effect on my mind. Reflecting that but for my father's obstinacy I should not have left England, nor come to Switzerland, and that therefore Beatrice's illness would not have happened, I accused *him* of my misfortunes. This was no doubt unjust of me in part; such an accident might have chanced as well in England as elsewhere; but who that suffers pain can stay to reason accurately? Besides, in England she would have been surrounded with comforts which it was impossible for me to procure at Lausanne.

Yes, it had a mischievous effect on my disposition, and I felt that some of the most violent and dangerous passions, which hitherto had never visited my bosom but for a moment, *now* seemed to take *root* in it: however, they fixed themselves less deeply than I *then* imagined. After the miscarriage Beatrice's health seemed to rally: Monsieur Dauphin assured me positively that nothing more than repose

and caution were requisite to complete
The bloom of health and beauty retur
her cheek, restored tranquillity to my l
and the solemn, steadfast bending
brow, with which I used to gaze on h
emaciated face, became changed into
of thankfulness for her smiles. Desp
replaced by Hope, Hope by Securit
Security soon thrust out all evil ima
from my mind: but evil imaginin
been there, and I felt myself capable
rishing—I never before guessed it of m
a deep and deadly hatred.

The alarming period of Beatrice's
was not of long duration, but her rec
perfect health was slow. I used oft
calmly to consider my father's conduct
us, and attempt, though in vain, to
for it. I felt and readily acknowledg
my conduct in running away with a wi
at the very moment that he flattered
I was preparing to run away with all
nours which the University had to best
provoking enough; but still, having m

lady of good family and connexion, the action was by no means unpardonable. As to the deception I had used, it was unpremeditated—there was no malice prepense in it.

That which made the matter so ten times more extraordinary to me was, that my aunt's endeavours had produced no beneficial effect. Her influence over my father's mind was, I knew, in the ordinary concerns of life, all-powerful. Whatever difference of opinion might exist at the beginning of an argument, she was quite sure to have the best of it at last; because she never yielded a point, but fought furiously for what she *knew to be right*. She possessed too, one advantage altogether invaluable to a disputant,—it was that of never knowing when she was beaten: indeed, she never *was* beaten,—she never *would* be beaten!—I dare say you have seen those wooden roundabout Dutch tumbling women—I believe they were originally sent to us from Dutchland—in the London toy-shops, with a pail of milk on their heads, half a worsted stocking and a knitting apparatus in their hands, and fixed on a

globular basis, so that one may knock them over and over again, twenty, fifty, or an hundred times, without incommoding them the least in the world; up they get again directly, just as though no such misadventure had befallen them! My dear aunt used often to remind me of these said wooden round-about Dutch tumbling women. Therefore, wherefore she was so unfortunate in arguing *my* case, when she had always been victorious in battling for her own, I could by no means guess, and the matter amazed me exceedingly; and she had her son Solomon to help her too! "Is her influence on the decline, I wonder? I hope not, I'm sure—a sad thing for me if it is!"

CHAPTER XXIII.

rst the uncertainty of my movements,
terly the anxiety of my mind, had
d me from ordering my letters to be
d; but now, as I saw we should
ed to remain some time longer at Lau-
wrote to the postmaster at Paris re-
him to send them to me; and in a few
eceived several which had been waiting
long time.

irst was from Lord Mecklenbury: and
er if, considering the mood in which I
, it made me stamp.—The physicians
ommended Lady Derlincourt to pass
winter in the Madeiras!

then, on which I have set my heart—
which I have so anxiously and hourly
inking for the last twelve months—

that on which depend the fortunes of my life —is not to take place—not at least for another year. How selfish we all are! Oh, La Rochefoucauld, La Rochefoucauld! you were a great philosopher, and knew the human heart perfectly well! So disappointed was I at this procrastination of my hopes, that on reading further I could scarcely rejoice to find that Lady Derlincourt's health was greatly improved.

I broke the seal of another—it contained nothing of import; of a third, still nothing. The next came from Solomon. He hoped I was very well:—hadn't heard from me a long time; —couldn't tell what was become of me: — my brother had been very ill;—his mother desired her love:—he (Solomon) was going to marry my sister;—my father was very anxious for the event, notwithstanding which he had the gout: —he (Solomon) was sure I should wish him joy; — wouldn't forget to send me a piece of —cake: he was my very affectionate cousin.

" P.S. By the bye, by the very greatest accident in the world I happened to meet Mr. Curteis at dinner. We sat next to each other,

to I could not well avoid speaking to him; besides, to say the truth, my dear Lionel, I was by no means sorry at having an opportunity of letting him see that I do not make good the Spanish proverb—'We always hate those we have injured.'—Poor fellow!"

"The devil!" I exclaimed; "here's a postscript longer than all the rest of the letter. And see! ay, he has broken the seal to insert it. It was an after-thought, then,—one which did not occupy him when writing the letter. It's clear he didn't put much import in it, but thought he might perhaps just as well tell me as not.—I 'm rather vexed at this meeting, too—and yet I scarcely know why!"

The next letter I opened was from my faithful Peggy, confirming everything said by my cousin. My father *had* had the gout; my brother *had* been ill; nobody *did* know where I was; and Solomon *was* about to wed my sister, —and this, too, with the so perfect approbation of both my father and his own mother, that, in order to the due and immediate performance of the marriage ceremony, there was only one

thing more requisite, and this was—the approbation of my sister herself,—the want of which seemed likely to delay my cousin's happiness.

It seems that Amelia, a silly romantic *girl*, now in her sixteenth year, had got—where could she have picked them up, I wonder?—some absurd notions in her head about hearts and cottages, marrying for love, and so forth; and as she did not happen to love Solomon, who was too staid and wise to please such a light, giddy goose of a girl,—I am surprised indeed that *he*, wise as he was, should have ever thought of her!—she positively refused having anything to say to him; which resolution he considered very odd, and so immediately setting himself to work to discover what might occasion such a phenomenon, was not long in finding that, not content to withhold love from him because she did not love him, she must needs go and lavish it on another because she *did* love him.

A young man named Moysten had contrived to make a deep impression on her *little* heart, at some of the balls given in the grand

Bury St. Edmund's; to which place
ome others, used to go over from
, he being then an under-graduate
iversity, and on the point of taking

appeared in evidence, that this
n, not satisfied with the gross ini-
eing a younger brother,—a piece
sufficient of itself to fling any one
respectable society,—I am surprised
ne should ever be a younger brother,
a great goer to Newmarket: he
cards too; drank, it was under-
reat deal of wine; often followed
s all over the country, crying out
!" a wild sound to which my dear
a decided objection, because it
per: besides, Mr. Moysten was
suspected of doing things worse
all these put together;—things so
ery bad, that really an account of
not be given here; and of which I
ure, that if my aunt found herself
ound to tell my sister—I think for

her good, she must necessarily have bl
whilst relating. In short, he was a ver
moral young man indeed, and not at
fit match for the niece of Mrs. Prud
Princep, my aunt.

Unfortunately, my sister couldn't be bro
to believe a single word of all this,—girl
so headstrong! She stoutly, at first, d
every one of the charges; and when they
persisted in, she burst into tears and was
sullen: and when at last some of them
so fully proved as to render a further
impossible, what do you think she did?
she excused them! All this was being
obstinate, you know—very obstinate in
no wonder her aunt was angry!

What a droll thing it is—I wonder h
deuce it can be accounted for!—that wom
always doing something they shouldn't
invariably prefer coxcombry to good sens
a profligate fellow to a moral man! He
my cousin, for example, as moral, sensibl
well-conducted a youth as any young
could wish to have for a husband; quite

lated to render her happy, and make her pass through life respectably; and yet what must my sister do, but turn her back on him contemptuously, and run whimpering and whining after an idle vagabond who goes to Newmarket, sits up all night drinking, or doing—I really don't know what—very shocking things indeed! —why, the very fact of leaving his studies at Cambridge to go to the Bury balls was a piece of indecorum showing how little he valued public opinion; could any body wonder at a parent not choosing to trust his daughter to such a one? Women are a sadly obstinate set of creatures; if they but once take a thing in head, get it out who can! Well did the poet say of them,

> "If they say yes, give in; if no,
> Submit: for if they will, they will, depend on 't;
> And if they won't, they won't,—and there's an end on 't."

Solomon having discovered he had a competitor for my sister's love, first fished out his name, character, quality, and conduct, and then left his mother to read such lectures to her niece as wisdom might dictate, and my father,

to forbid her having any further communication with one so little suited as was Mr. Moysten TO MAKE HER HAPPY. All this was, it appears, admirably contrived; and in consequence of it, my cousin found himself, if not absolute master of the field, yet at least at liberty to carry on his manœuvres unelbowed by a rival.

Peggy's letter was of a much earlier date than that of my cousin; and on comparing the two, I concluded that my sister had made her inclinations give way to duty, and consented to gratify her parent's wish and my cousin's ardent longings. I desired, however, to hear something more of the matter; for I could not very well make out how Amelia had not only consented to give up one love, but also to accept another so soon afterwards. To speak plainly, this by no means gave me a good opinion of her disposition.

I never before received so long a letter as this from Peggy Trueman; nor any one which so much vexed and astonished me. "My dear Master Lionel," it went on to say, "you know

I have been your nurse, and stood in the place of your mother, and have known you now it's upwards of twenty years; and I 've a good right to speak and give you good advice; and I am sorry to hear you have got into the habit of gambling, and going about to all sorts of bad places with bad wicked people, and that you let Mrs. Lionel Bouverie run all over the town —which, I am told, is a very bad place indeed— with a parcel of wicked French ladies and gentlemen, who is all of them no better than they should be, and has no religion, as I hear say, and wouldn't mind what they do to bring an innocent young pair to ruin: and who told your father this I don't know, but bad news always flies far and fast; and he is very angry indeed. And so, my dear Master Lionel, do, pray for your poor old nurse's sake, leave off such evil doings, which will bring you to ruin, and write to your old nurse, and tell her you won't do so any more."

"And what right," said I to myself when under the first impulse of that resentment which the reading this letter excited,—" what

right has my father to be angry at *any* line of conduct which I choose to pursue? He has relentlessly, unjustifiably abandoned me on a wide, unknown world, without guide or compass, and left me to make or mar my fortune as I can.—What *right* has he to be offended?

The next question was, "Who is it that has thus kindly befriended me?" Here I found myself altogether at fault. I had not during my residence in Paris met one single person who could claim the slightest acquaintance with my father, whose secluded mode of life, as I have before remarked, more resembled that of the superior of a monastery than of an English gentleman. How, therefore, could the information have penetrated to him? and why had it been so exaggerated?

Had Beatrice's health been such as to have allowed of my leaving her, I should, I believe, —so indignant did I feel,—have set off immediately for England, and insisted on an explanation with my father on this and some other matters. As it was, I had no resource but that of writing him a letter,—and that I did.

I began by expressing, as I had so often before done, sorrow for having married without his consent. I then told him, that as, after all, I had chosen such a wife as befitted me in every respect, I hoped he would no longer refuse me his forgiveness. I next said, it had just reached me that some one had been poisoning his mind by relating things which, though they perhaps had some foundation in truth, were exaggerated to such a degree that they might be properly called falsehoods.

I told him that Beatrice had been ill,—so ill—so *very* ill, that I for several days,—during all which time I had not found leisure or spirits to take off my clothes and go regularly to bed,—despaired of her recovery! and that even now, when I was writing, she was so weak as to need my constant attention.

I then adverted to my sister's projected marriage, and said that if it were with, not her *consent* merely, but her *wish*, I sincerely hoped it might take place, as there would then be a fair prospect of happiness for both parties; but that if, as had been told me, she had an-

other attachment, the purposed alliance, of promising happiness, threatened e misery.

I finished the letter by reverting to port he had heard concerning me, a begging he would name the person wl told him.

I next had to answer Solomon's lette respecting his marriage repeated very what I told my father, and begged h his own sake, as well as for my sister's, t himself very certain that she had e forgotten Mr. Moysten.

I wrote also to Amelia, complaining t had not replied to a letter of mine writte months ago from Paris. I alluded also approaching marriage and said all those respecting it which a man thinking as on such matters may be supposed to felt.

CHAPTER XXIV.

To what good chance it was owing I know not, but this letter to my father had a better fate than my others ; for it was not only received, opened, and read, but even answered. The substance of his reply was much as follows :—

He had made up his mind with regard to my undutiful behaviour, and the deception I had used. He had resolved on his line of conduct, and that nothing should induce him to change it. He acted from principle, and never suffered feeling to interfere with reason. I had married without his consent, and must therefore take the consequences. He was sorry for it, but had a duty to perform to the other members of his family, and it was in-

cumbent on him to let them see that he w
let no one behave ill with impunity.

In respect to what I said about An
marriage, he replied, that whatever my op
might be upon such subjects, he considered
self as the best and sole judge of the conn
his daughter ought to form; and that, fe
my letter to her might contain some a
contrary to the duty she owed her paren
had put it in the fire without sufferin
to open it.

His letter did not contain one single
respecting the illness of my wife. Ther
no sorrow shown, no commiseration expr
not even an allusion made to an event
for nearly that period of time in whicl
moon is going half her round had fille
with an anguish which defies expression
dried tears.—No, not one single word!
much did *principle* restrain him; so litt
he allow feelings to interfere with *re*
Our loves and our antipathies sometimes
nate in a very nothing; and to the use
word *principle* in this place may perha

attributed the extreme hatred, horror, and detestation I now feel to any one who talks of "acting from principle."

I cannot express the indignation with which the reading of this letter filled me. I felt, however, that I had been guilty of an imprudence in speaking so openly about my sister's marriage; it was, perhaps, natural that my father should be jealous of me on all questions of this nature, and fearful lest I should urge my sister to resist his authority, or, as he would term it, "act contrary to her duty." Worldly wisdom would have made me perceive this at a glance, and selfishness have kept me silent; but I never had any worldly wisdom,—which is, I suppose, the reason why my aunt, Solomon, and a few others, always told me I never had any wisdom at all.

The aspect of affairs at home was by no means cheering. I could promise myself no certain advantage from being single and unsupported on the scene of action, yet I was by no means satisfied at finding myself so far removed from it. Were Lord Derlincourt in

England, he, having a *right* to interfere, would unscrupulously draw my father's conduct from the dark obscurity of private life into the light of public observation, and thus, in a manner, force him to be reasonable; but he would not be there for eight or ten months more.—Patience!—ay, patience — that sovereign remedy for the gout!

If not to England, I at least wished to return to Paris, where I should be in the *way of things;* but Beatrice was still so weak that I dared not take her such a long journey at present. Yet a heavy fall of snow upon the Jura had lately given warning of an early and perhaps severe winter, and threatened that unless we escaped in time we might chance to be detained prisoners till the following summer.

We fixed therefore on a day of departure; intending to cross the mountains by easy stages, and having once put ourselves beyond danger, to remain in some large town, and thus afford Beatrice time to recover sufficient strength for going through the remainder of the journey.

On passing through Pontarlier, I took an opportunity of again visiting the old château where I had slept; for I longed to see my friend Claude again, and find whether he had quite recovered from his wounds.

He was at home when I called. Both he and his wife were overjoyed to see me. The service I rendered him seemed to have sunk deeply into the poor fellow's mind. Men like him meet but little kindness or sympathy anywhere. Their comrades have no time to pay compliments; whilst the moral, religious, and respectable portion of society,—of which, nevertheless, I, be it known, consider myself a member—let not my actions derogate from the him!—being moral, and religious, and respectable, has no pity for a vagabond: so, between parties, they of his craft are poorly tough off.

He had perfectly recovered, and been at the ld work long ago. He and Marguerite overhelmed me with expressions of gratitude; nd the former asked me where I lived in 'aris: "for," said he, "I have sometimes to

run up on business; and if I take a trip wh
you and madame are there, I will call and s
you." I gave him an address at which he
would be always sure to hear of me.

He also named a house in Paris where, if
by any chance I should ever stand in need of
him, he was to be heard of. I thought this
little likely; but who can tell what service a
mouse may do a lion! I thanked him, and
we parted; I, for my part, thinking neve
again to set eyes on him, nor foot in Pontarlie
But I was mistaken in this supposition:
"*L'âne pense souvent une chose, et l'ânier qui
mène pense tout une autre;*"—which old pr
verb admits of the following short translatio
"Man proposes, God disposes."

We remained a few weeks at Bensançon
thence went on to Dijon; and it was on one
those fine days we so often have in Februa
when a bright sun and blue sky mock us wi
a promise of quickly coming summer, th
leaving this capital of Burgundy, we set f
ward with the design of making no furth
stop till our arrival at Paris.

Nothing very remarkable occurred during the twelve or fifteen days we were making this journey. The French are not only the most amusing and amusable people in the world,—a people who laugh, and dance, and sing all day long,—but are also the most kind and open-hearted: and, again, not only this, but they are by far the most open-tongued, noisy people I ever fell amongst. They talk and laugh, and laugh and talk, and hoot and hollo, and hollo and hoot, from morning till night, and night till morning. Amusement is their object, and they find it in laughter and gabble. Voltaire was, I believe, quite right: "The Spaniards," he said, "are the old and decrepit men of Europe; the English, those who are in the vigour of youth; and the French, the children, who think of nothing but how to make time pass agreeably."

We never went through a village without finding its inhabitants, one and all, quit their employments to run out and have a stare at us. Had we descended from one of the planets, we could not have caused greater cu-

riosity and commotion. The very dogs partook of their masters' delight at the novelty of our apparition: hounds, greyhounds, mastiffs, turnspits, demi-wolves, and curs, whatever might be their quality or calling, whatever their occupations, or however serious at the moment of our arrival, they were all sure to be instantly laid aside and forgotten in the pleasurable surprise excited by our advent.

> "Musam Damonis et Alphesibœi,
> Immemor herbarum, quos est mirata juvenca
> Certantes; quorum stupefactæ carmine lynxes," &c.

No! not the voices of Damon and Alphesibœus ever more stupified a lynx, or made heifers and young horses forget their food than did the rattling of our carriage-wheels call men from work, and dogs from sleep or crunching bones. Up jumped the first, to run, to stare, to chatter, to laugh, and wish us good day and a prosperous journey; up started the others to bark, to growl, to howl, to show their teeth or wagtheir tails,—to run forward as though willing to devour us at least, and then to run away, as if very fearful

of being whipped for impertinence. I have known many a shepherd's dog sleeping on his master's coat in a field a full furlong from the road, spy us out, then think it worth his while to leave his post and scamper up with all possible speed to accost us in this fashion, and all this merely out of fun and good fellowship, to satisfy curiosity, and make our acquaintance;—they had no evil design whatever. I was aware of this,—received them with great civility, and we always parted the best friends possible.

If a man want amusement in England, he must go to the theatre, which is expensive. If he want amusement in France, let him walk about the streets, which will cost him nothing,—or only look out of a window, three times in four even *this* will do:—at this very moment I see a big portly-looking personage piling up logs of wood in a stack with one hand, whilst in the other he holds a parasol over his head to keep off the sun's rays!

One doesn't see such things in England;—in England there's never anything to laugh

at, or very seldom. To be sure, I did o
knew a Fellow of Jesus, who used to sh
himself with one hand, pour out tea with
other, whilst—with a piece of toast betw
his teeth—he every now and then snatche
hasty glance at the morning newspaper. *T*
no doubt, was extremely good; and a gr
pity is it that such examples are not m
common!

It was somewhere about the twentieth
of the month that I again entered the City
Enchantment, or, as Amazan Prince of
Gangarides calls it, "*La ville des oisifs.*" *

* Voltaire. "La Princesse de Babylone."

CHAPTER XXV.

We were fortunate enough to find our old lodgings in the Rue du Bac unoccupied, and as they suited us exactly, being tolerably spacious, having a court in front, and a garden behind, — an inestimable advantage to folk so fond of flowers,—we again engaged them.

Having established ourselves comfortably, we bethought us of informing our friends and acquaintances of our arrival.

The first visit we paid was at the Hotel of the Embassy. Inquiring if Lord Stormont were within, I received an answer in the negative. I then asked for Lady Stormont: her ladyship was at home. We were following the servant to the drawing-room, when, being met by the butler, he informed us her ladyship had gone out about ten minutes before. The first ser-

vant apologised for his mistake. We gave our cards and returned.

On the ground-floor was a long corridor with several rooms opening on it. We were within twelve or fifteen paces of one of them, which I knew to be an office, when I felt Beatrice pinching my arm violently, and heard her utter an exclamation of surprise.

I looked up and saw—Curteis!

He had just come out of the room, and was advancing towards us. He certainly needed not have been surprised at seeing us, for he must have known we had been residing at Paris, and were likely to return to it: nevertheless, he seemed startled at the rencontre.

It was quite different for us, who had never dreamed that such a John Bull sort of a person would ever have exchanged roast beef for frittered frogs, or offered himself as a mark for mirth in the capital of civilised Europe.

Beatrice's astonishment, as well as mine, was extreme. It was too late for either party to retreat. We paused for a moment, seemingly not knowing what to do, whether to advance

go back, or remain where we were. At last, more mechanically than with design, we did the former. — We met; — we were old acquaintances, — we had not quarrelled, — we had pursued the same object, and I had gained it: but this was no *injustice* to him, — I had done him no wrong; why therefore should I not speak to him!

Yet, not being certain how *he* would look on the matter, — and, to say the truth, the position was awkward enough for him as well as for us, — I checked myself a moment in passing, and bowed, just to see how he would behave. As for Beatrice, partly because she bore him no ill will — partly because she wished him to see this — partly because she didn't wish to affront him, and partly because she was frightened out of her wits and scarcely knew what she was about, she held out her hand in acknowledgment of old acquaintance.

He returned my salute, and took Beatrice's hand, but in rather a clumsy manner, and more as though he could not help doing so than because he felt glad to see her. Both

parties were ill at ease, that was clear. Curteis bore no good will to either of us, — *that* also was very apparent. The sooner, therefore, our conference ended the better; so after the exchange of a few sentences we parted.

"My dear Lionel," said Beatrice when we were out of hearing, "how grateful I ought to be, and am, to you for having saved me from that man!"

"Indeed, Beatrice, he is, I think, but ill calculated to make such a one as you happy; and if *I* have done so, I am repaid by feeling the same happiness as I cause. But what can he possibly be doing here!"

"I am quite unable to form the slightest conjecture."

"A strange chance, was it not, which brought him acquainted with my family! What the deuce, Beatrice, can have made him and Solomon fall in love with each other?"

"There again I am puzzled. He seemed unwilling to renew an acquaintance with us; for the same reason, then, he would naturally avoid — at least so it strikes me — a com-

nication with any of your family or of mine, and one therefore concludes that it was not *he* who sought your cousin, but your cousin *him*. Yet there is nothing very prepossessing in his appearance, is there?"

"He 's not *un joli garçon*, certainly. Indeed, to speak out, I think he is one of the most ungainly-looking cubs I ever beheld. He has just the same big, blowzy, rotund visage as at Eton, and seems also to retain the sulky, sullen temper he had when there."

"His *eyes* are worse than his visage, Lionel. I always had an indescribable feeling when looking at him; that sort of instinct which a lamb has to a wolf, though he has never before seen one, and which made me afraid. His eyes are expressive of low cunning and malice."

"And yet, Beatrice, you consented to marry him! See what you are, all of you! A little perseverance, and you 'll marry the very devil himself." — I beg it to be understood that this was uttered with no ill will whatever, but simply because I thought it a pity to lose so good an opportunity of saying something

sharp and clever, new and ingenious, against the changeableness of the sex !

" Consented, — consented ! — Ay, Lionel, you little know how difficult, how almost impossible it is for a child — I was but very little more at the time — to withstand the advice, the prayers, the scoldings, the entreaties, the threats, the promises — the kind looks, the disapproving glances, and all the other many methods which are daily and hourly practised by every one around her to entrap consent ! In this country, a girl is taken from a convent and married to a man she never saw, — never, perhaps, before heard of: in England, she goes into society, and, from the midst of it, marries one she has long known. This looks like the extreme of tyranny on one side, and of freedom on the other.—It is all illusory; they are both slaves."

" Yes, yes, my dear Beatrice, I know this very well. So much for *humbug !*—Heavens ! what weak creatures men are, to be so cozened with a word, and how every one is ever on the alert to make others think that that is,

t,—and that that is *not*, which *is!*
etter express my notion on society
ling it *a great lie*.—But no matter:
me, I remember, in Kensington
at under certain circumstances you
been happy with Curteis."
hed. "Did I, my dear Lionel?
l what a woman says on such occa-
n't once out of ten times she speaks
nor did I then, but I was frightened.
elp thinking what strange fortune
quainted with your family. Oh,
wish my kind relatives Lord and
incourt were in England! Do
that ever since your cousin's last
cions—unjustifiable, I dare say and
trong and rooted, have arisen in my

ons!—of what?" I exclaimed as
ad been—which I was not—totally
guess her meaning.

tell you—I don't know—I should
but is it not surprising that your
r son, whom you represent as pos-

sessing such influence with your father, sho[redacted] hitherto have made such little progress—Litt[redacted] —*none*—none whatever; matters now seem *as* far from a termination as ever—farther, I think. How most unfortunate it is that poor Lady Derlincourt's health should detain the family so long in the Madeiras!"——

"I have the honour to salute Monsieur and Madame de Bouverie with all my heart," was at that moment said by a person who joined us. I looked up; it was Monsieur Mareuse. I was quite delighted at the meeting. Beatrice and I shook hands with him, and we walked on together, talking of various things which had happened to each of us since we had last met. His affairs, he told me, were going on in a far more prosperous way than formerly.

"Owing to your own exertions, I hope, M[redacted] sieur," said Beatrice, "and not to the fav[redacted] of Fortune, who seldom, I am told, gives bu[redacted] take again, and leave her votary in a far wo[redacted] predicament than that in which she fou[redacted] him!"

"Oh no, madame; my wife would mak[redacted]

ine piece of work, I assure you, were I to eddle with the lottery again !"

"You are married, then !—since when ?"

"Yes," he replied, "I married about two onths after you and Madame de Bouverie ft Paris, and am living very happily in a ouse I have taken in the street where I d the honour of seeing you last, near St. och."

"If Madame Mareuse is such as I wish for ur sake, she is very pretty and very ami-le. But we should like to judge for our-ves. Beatrice and I—are you engaged to-y ?—will you dine with us,—*fortune du t*,—and persuade Madame to accompany u ?—we shall be quite alone." The proposal as accepted, and we parted.

The appointed hour arrived, and with it onsieur Mareuse, accompanied by his bride ; -and a nicer little Frenchwoman did I never my life behold,—all gaiety and goodness— e very spirit of delight. A very pretty little ot she had, and a pretty little hand—very etty eyes, and pretty hair, and pretty teeth,

and a very pretty face: in short, she was very pretty woman, and I was charmed with her: so was Beatrice. She seemed very fond of her husband, which is always a good trait in any woman,—but manifested love *delicately* —not by playing all kinds of odd tricks and antics, as I have seen certain underbred vulgarari* do in England;—one rarely sees a vulgararia in France,—in *Paris*, never;—just as though they were saying to themselves, "Now, thank my stars, I've got a husband, and I may do what I will, and no one can say I haven't a right: there's no sin in this. Heaven be praised, how good the Lord is, and gracious!" —*Her* endearments were not in this guise, but in that which it did one's heart good to see; so gentle, so delicate they were, and so chastely attentive was she to all his wants and wishes.

As a NATION, the French are certainly better bred than we. An Englishman, when with persons above his footing, is apt to be either bash-

* Where Mr. Bouverie can have picked up this word, I know not! Vainly have I searched every dictionary I could lay my hands on. It seems to be neither English nor Latin.—*Note by the Editor.*

ful or insolent; the first of these is unpleasant, the other shocking; and he is generally stiff, awkward, and ill at ease. A Parisian is none of these. Admit him into your society, he is always respectful, but never cringing; his behaviour seems to acknowledge a distinction of *ranks*, but not of *natures*. Monsieur Mareuse would have addressed the Duke de Choiseul with the same ease as he conversed with me, —and me, as if talking with one of his ordinary acquaintance.

We soon all got very good friends together; and after dinner, when the wine had warmed me a little.

> ——— "Methinks that times have mended well,
> Since late among the Philistines you fell!"

said aloud for the benefit of Beatrice, the only one who could understand me; and then addressing Monsieur Mareuse,

"My wife and I," I said, "have a fancy to know how you contrived to put your affairs in so much more flourishing a condition than they were in when I first knew you, and this in so short a time;—a wife, too, and all, just

like the end of a novel! Will you satisfy our curiosity?"

"With all my heart; but you already know so much of my history, that there remains but little for me to tell. The only circumstance I omitted, was my attachment to Clara, whose father had long ago forbidden me the house on account of my gambling.

"However, when I again determinately set myself to business, I ventured to go and tell him so. Making inquiries, he found the story true, and consented I should renew my visits. My uncle's kindness was unceasing, and with his assistance I got on surprisingly. Unfortunately, he has not lived to see the good he performed. He was ill, as you may remember I told you when you quitted Paris, and died shortly afterwards, leaving me, my brother, who has a place about the King at Versailles, and my sister, to inherit his property; which, though it does not, thus divided, make any of us very rich, has given us all a good lift in the world. A little money goes a great way with those who know how to use it well.

ing now tolerably well set up, and hav- established a reputation of good conduct, d no further difficulty in obtaining the t of Clara's father. We married; live r together, and look upon ourselves as rising people.

d now, monsieur, you are acquainted history which if not interesting to you he variety of its events, must necessarily from the share you had in bringing happy conclusion. To you, under God, pite of the reasonings of certain philo- whose arguments I am far too unlearn- understand, and shall not attempt to , I believe there *is* a God, and that cts human affairs, — to you it is that my fortune, my wife, and my hap-

rely," said I to Beatrice as Monsieur e ended his story, "there can be little merit in doing good—the pleasure of ing on it is so great."

CHAPTER XXVI.

I PAID several visits on the following morning,—amongst others, one to Monsieur de la Barrière. I believed, and I indeed *still* believe he had a friendship for me,—as much, that is to say, as a man of the world who had passed ten or twelve years in the pursuit of pleasure and amongst court intrigues could have for any one but himself. The amount of this might not perhaps have been much, after all: no matter; one must behave like a Christian to everybody,—be charitable, indulgent, and not exact the uttermost farthing from any man.

I found him sitting in a richly-brocaded morning-gown, in the midst of papers, pens and ink, and in company with two persons, one of whom I instantly recognised for the

ince de Soubise; the other was unknown me.

"Oh, my ver dear friend," he exclaimed seeing me enter, "how ver glad I am to e you! I have a hundred times in the day en thinking about you, ever since you gone way. I ask my Lor Stormon, who not abel tell me anyting at all;—but tell me you-lf, how long you have been at Paris?"

I told him we had returned about a week go.

"And Madame de Bouverie, — she is, I ope, in ver good health. You will now al-ays remain here, I hope; we will not permit ou should go away any more,—Paris is not aris when you and madame not in it. You ust give me leave to present you to Monsieur e Prince de Soubise, and to Monsieur le Duc le Richelieu.—Votre Altesse, et vous, Mon-ieur le Duc, vous m'avez souvent entendu parler de Monsieur de Bouverie, n'est-ce pas? et de son incomparable épouse."

We then seated ourselves, and the conver-sation was afterwards carried on in French,

a language in which I could now e: myself tolerably well — tolerably well f Englishman.

"So you have been in Swisserland, sieur. How did you like the mountain lakes,—and, above all, what did you thi the pretty peasant girls?—I suppose you to La Mellerie, and Clarens, and Chillon Rousseau has spoken so much about i Nouvelle Héloïse?"

"Yes," I replied, "we visited all places; but we also saw him who has dered them so celebrated. We fell in Jean-Jacques himself."

"Indeed! where is this most extraord madman? he and Voltaire seem to (the attention of mankind. Did you se latter—were you at Ferney?"

"No! and it may perhaps surprise but I have not the slightest enthusias Voltaire. I read his works, envy his t and laugh at his wit; but there it e admire the author, but have no estee the man, and very little wish to see

so little, that I would not put myself twelve leagues out of the way to visit Ferney. Besides which, an unknown individual like myself has no right to break in on the grave studies of a philosopher whom the highest nobles of France and even the crowned heads of Europe admit to their intimacy."

"You are too modest, monsieur," said the Duke de Richelieu. "He is very fond of adoration, and always pleased with a visit to his altar."

I smiled. "He would scarcely have been so with *mine*, I think, duke; I am of too little importance." And, I added more gravely, "it is just because he *is* so fond of adoration that I hold him as unworthy of it. Could I possibly imagine he would have been pleased with such a visit, it would form a strong reason for me to rejoice at not having paid it, as I should have been necessarily flattered at his attentions, and thus perhaps induced to admire one who my reason tells me is not estimable."

"Not estimable!" exclaimed three voices at the same moment, whilst I, finding I had

said something in violent opposition to the general opinion, felt a good deal confused.—"*Why* not estimable?"

"Because," I at last replied with some hesitation, "it seems to me, that he uses his talents to the very bad purpose of laughing at and bringing into disrepute all that is most beautiful, venerable, and holy; and because, whilst, in order to court the mob, he affects to condemn abuses, he is the veriest sycophant of the great, and of their follies and vices."

"He has performed some fine actions, nevertheless, we must allow," replied the Prince; "witness the affair of Calas at Toulouse, and of De la Condres at Abbeville. Your friend Jean-Jacques has no such feather in his cap!"

"The *actions* were good, no doubt, Monseigneur; let God judge of the *intention*. For my own part, *I* perceive in them—for one trait of his character must be taken with the other—little more than a design of fixing the eyes of mankind upon himself. As to Rousseau, he has done nothing, of this sort, it is true: let it,

however, by way of parenthesis, be said, that *had* he done it, the action would have sprung from his heart;—he has always been, and always will be, too poor to get renown in *that* way. I look on *him* as a great spirit, for he prefers supporting himself by manual labour, that is, by copying music, to doing what he considers beneath his dignity,—to selling his independence. Whereas Monsieur Voltaire is the very humble servant of any one who gives him a pension."

"By the bye," asked the marquis, interrupting the conversation, "what says the *Ourang-outang*—I beg your pardon," he continued, bowing to me and laughing—"to this new attachment of his Majesty,—*Cotillon the Third*, as the grand Frederic so jocosely calls her? He's very severe on the *grand scandale*, no doubt!—A propos, *you* know something about her: you recollect when we went to the Rue des Petits Champs to play? A splendid woman, isn't she?—but," he shook his head, "she won't do, we ——"

"Ha! ha!"

Such were the exclamations of censure proceeding from the prince and duke as they both held up their hands to enjoin secrecy. The marquis, checking himself in full career, remained silent.

There was some mystery, I saw, but what it might be I had no means of guessing, and I replied to his first question respecting the *Ourang-outang*, i. e. Jean-Jacques Rousseau, by telling him we had not conversed upon the subject.

"But how?" I asked; "the King's new favourite is, I understand, named Du Barri. I know no lady so called. Du Barri, I remember, was the name of the master of the gaming-house; but he wasn't married, was he? He was living then, I recollect, with Mlle. Lange: —*she*, I think, is one of the most beautiful women I ever beheld."

"Mlle. Lange is one and the same person with Madame du Barri. His majesty, a great admirer of female beauty, fell in love with her. Now, Mons. Du Barri was very much attached to her, and was also a dutiful subject; so thus, between affection for his mistress, and

his sovereign, ceded the one to the
, and thus secured the happiness of both."
'I never in my life heard of such an act
heroism and devotedness; Jean-Jacques
uldn't have done as much! What! he
lly gave her up in this manner?"
'Certainly! It was the best thing he
ld do for her and for himself: she now
ngs to the greatest monarch in the whole
ld, and is the most influential person in
kingdom, whilst Du Barri shares her
er."
A nice arrangement of things, certainly!
he calls herself Madame Du Barri now,
she?"
Yes, it is the etiquette that our king
ld live with a *married* woman, and so
s. Du Barri got his younger brother
laume to marry her and make her *com-
te.*"
ot to make allowances for the frailties of
an nature, argues a great want of philo-
y and a small acquaintance with the
an heart: great and good minds inva-

riably *do* make them—and this, I presume, is because great and good minds only are ever aware of their own imperfections; but there are limits to everything, and *vice* must always inspire both hatred and contempt. Nevertheless, *not* having come to Paris as professor of morality, I was by no means, I thought, called on to give lessons in that science, and not considering it either politic or polite to appear better than my company, I took care not to express my thoughts too freely, and so replied in pretty much the following manner:—

"This was very kind of Monsieur Guillaume Du Barri: but pray why did not the elder brother marry her himself? He drew a large draft on his brother's affection, methinks: had I been the latter, I do believe I should have protested the bill!"

"The reason is, that our holy Catholic religion only permits one man to have one wife at a time; and as Monsieur Jean Du Barri was already married, he was obliged to take advantage of his brother's celibacy. Guillaume's complaisance is rewarded by a

ension, and a place at Toulouse, where
ow living; but the other count, his
other, sisters, with all their pet poodles,
ots and parroquets, have a comfort-
lence in the palace, where they possess
wer and enjoy much pleasure. What
ink of that?"

k!" I replied. "Why, I think it is
ite interesting to behold such bro-
ve and union in a family, and to
it makes them all prosper in the
it puts one in mind of the story
e old man, his three sons, and the
f sticks!"

ropos, my dear marquis!" said the
e Soubise, laughing. "Did you hear
not the Duke d'Ayen made this morn-

I've seen no one yet but you and
. What is it?"

y, the King happened to say to the
Aguillon, in that sort of modest man-
h he sometimes, you know, assumes,
inly have no positive proof of it, but I

very much suspect that the Comtesse du Barri was formerly the *bonne amie* of the Comte Jean, and that I succeed to him!' Upon which the Duc d'Ayen, who was present, stepped up and said, 'Yes, Sire, I rather imagine so too, just as your majesty succeeds Clovis!'"

"Impayable! impayable!" was exclaimed and repeated a dozen times by persons whose laughter showed how capable they were of appreciating a good thing. A real *bon-mot* never fails to make fortune at Paris: the fabricator thereof is looked on as a sort of Divinity, and worshipped for the rest of the day. The earlier he can make it, however, the better for him; as night brings oblivion, and morning something new to laugh at, and the jest is forgotten and himself too.

"By the bye, Monsieur de Bouverie," said the marquis to me, "during your absence, I sometimes met a countryman of yours at the Hotel of the Embassy; he said he knew you. He is called, Cart—Cur,—what is it? I never

could pronounce his name: 'faith! 'tis as comical as his person."

"Curteis," I said. "Yes, I know him; our acquaintance is of long standing, for we were at school together."

"He does not seem to like you much, notwithstanding," said the marquis.

"I 'm very sorry for that, certainly! but our habits, pursuits, and ways of thinking being very different, it is not to be much wondered at."

The marquis then began belabouring him with all his might and main. I am glad he was not present—he must have died under the infliction of one half of what was said; —manner, language, look, dress, tournure,— all — nothing was spared; and this was done in such a way as to make not me only, but every one present laugh. However, amidst it all, I found that this was his *second* visit to Paris during my absence from it; his first having been not long after my departure; and his reappearance as an *attaché* to the

Embassy happened about three weeks or a month previous to my return.

I had already paid an unconscionably long visit, and felt quite ashamed on reflecting that, as they had evidently met on matters of business, my arrival must necessarily have interrupted it. I rose to take my leave. On going, the marquis begged me to present, "ses vœux très-sincères pour la santé et pour le bonheur de madame;" whilst both the prince and the Duke de Richelieu asked permission to make a more intimate acquaintance with one of whom Monsieur de la Barrière had so often spoken, and hoped that Madame de Bouverie would permit them "de porter leurs hommages les plus respectueux à ses pieds."—Very pretty all this, isn't it!

CHAPTER XXVII.

A FEW days afterwards we received visits from the Prince de Soubise and the Duke de Richelieu. The latter of these, appearing to be about seventy years of age, was a man of extremely courteous and agreeable manners, and possessed a considerable degree of talent, which he displayed in saying the strangest things in the strangest manner possible, and so as never to fail exciting a laugh at the expense of some of his absent friends. "Woe to him," thought I, "who has the misfortune to fall under *your* lash!"

His countenance, air, and address, at a glance showed him to be, what he gloried in being,—a *roué*. Why any one should glory in being what *any* body may be, but no great man ever was, is extraordinary enough; but so it is.

It was this wit and agreeableness of m joined, perhaps, to his profligacy of co which had always so greatly endeared the reigning monarch, of whom he wa had been through life, the bosom friend. all envy the great: and yet how little er they are, if we consider them as eternall rounded with a swarm of little insects, e the alert to stifle every virtuous feeling promote the worst propensities of their na Louis the Fifteenth was naturally kind-h and compassionate, and yet, by the flatt his courtiers, was led on to acts of cruel oppression of which, but a few years l it would have frightened him to be th capable. To any Prophet who had foretol a change he would have replied, as Haz Elisha, "What! is thy servant a dog, t should do such things?"

The Prince de Soubise was a younge but equally gay, courteous, entertainin profligate: he seemed to have no th beyond that of pleasure, no ambition b

ling well in the good graces of the
ı.

both expressed surprise that we had
long living in France, and on the very
of the court, without making our ap-
ɛ at it; where, they obligingly added,
ɛ's beauty and accomplishments could
of producing a great sensation.

ıs in vain I replied, that not having
esented at home, I could not with any
y require Lord Stormont to take me to
es. This objection was overruled; and
told that, though it certainly was usual
ıresented at home before being so at a
ɔourt, yet that that piece of etiquette was
ıes dispensed with, and might be so in
, for that Lord Stormont was far too
and gallant to refuse the request of
ss, and too good a statesman not to
ıch an opportunity of gratifying a mon-
hose friendship it was his duty and
to conciliate in every possible way.

ɛ are few people, I think, who would

not have been overcome by such argu
urged by personages of so very exalted a
but I, though without doubt I had my
vanities, like other mortals, and felt flatte
the invitation thus pressingly made, yet
still more *pride* in my composition; an
made me perceive that persons of such
fortunes as Beatrice and myself could c
a very poor figure in a court resplenden
gold and diamonds. The higher the rank
very odd to see how this holds throughc
Creation — the less assumption is there
may enter the court of the King of king
Creator and Preserver of the universe, c
in a coarse woollen coat or a plain stuff
but they who present themselves at th
Prince holding a more uncertain empire
few poor acres of mud and water, must
cessity come clothed in silks and velv
laden with India's choicest gems!

I made no difficulty of stating my rea
the prince, and saying that our fortun
means warranted us in incurring so g
expense as that of leading a court life,

though I doubted not Lord Stormont
l present us, yet I was very certain he
l respect us the less for the application. I
ht these arguments would have sufficed—
t all; — still they combated what they
ngly called my modesty; and I was told
though some went to court to exhibit
ificence, and in doing so *spent* a fortune,
iat a far greater number frequented it for
ore reasonable purpose of *acquiring* one;
hat, in fact, many had no other fortune
that they gained at it. In short, they both
d that it only depended on ourselves to
ı what fortune we wished.

was very difficult to conceive how I, an
ishman, and a man too of all men in the
l the least fitted by nature for a courtier in
ourt, should be able to make a fortune at
of Versailles. I could by no means make
iow this might be: they certainly had a
igher opinion of my talents than I myself
ssed of them. However, we are never dis-
ed at being thought better or more inge-
than we know ourselves to be: I thanked



tenting myself with receiving the
of my friends at Paris, amongst wl
they would suffer me to conside
without venturing beyond my dep
ocean of splendour and expense a

Finding me immovable on the
at length dropped it, and short
took leave.

On talking over this conve
wards with Beatrice, — who, l
would have been by no means
showing her beautiful figure at
woman ever is?—I expressed
two such high and potent seig
take so much pains to make us c
must, I thought, be to them a r
most perfect indifference. — " V

ing; and, really, I have seen them so little, that they cannot possibly have a friendship for me. Had it been Monsieur de la Barrière, ay! then indeed the case would be altered."

I had very little difficulty — one never has much in drawing a sensible person from error, though to drag an ass out of the mire is "labour for a camel!"— in making Beatrice perceive that our going to court would be attended, not only with a far greater expense than we could afford, but with considerable danger to our future prospects, by furnishing my enemies with means of irritating my father against me; by the use of which argument it may be perceived that I now began to entertain suspicion of foul play at home.— But I shall have to speak more of this by and bye.

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

LONDON:
PRINTED BY SAMUEL BENTLEY,
Dorset Street, Fleet Street.

THE

ELOPEMENT.

VOL. III.



LONDON:
PRINTED BY SAMUEL BENTLI
Dorset Street, Fleet Street.

THE

ELOPEMENT,

OR THE

DEADLY STRUGGLE.

O! multa dictu gravia, perpessu aspera,
Quæ corpore exantlavi atque animo pertuli!
Non mihi, &c. . . . . .
Sed fœmineâ vi—fœmineâ interimor manu!

Oh! labours,—wars,—strifes,—toils
And griefs which I have borne, too big for words!
Not thoughts on *ye* so tear me, as to feel
That now I perish by a *woman's* hand.

[Hercules dying on Mount Œta.]

Cicero de tolerando dolore.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

LONDON:
RICHARD BENTLEY, NEW BURLINGTON STREET.
1838.



THE ELOPEMENT.

CHAPTER I.

I was not long left in doubt as to the cause of the Duke de Richelieu's excessive kindness. Scarcely had a week elapsed, when Monsieur de la Barriere paying us a visit, asked *me* to go out with him. I readily consented; and getting into his carriage, we went to the gardens of the Luxembourg, and seated ourselves under some of the trees fronting the palace.

The conversation fell upon Versailles, from which place he had arrived the day before. Suddenly, and with a smile, designed, perhaps, to cover a degree of hesitation which I had never remarked in him on any former occasion, he said,—

"The Prince de Soubise informs me, Monsieur, that he and the Duke de Ri have vainly attempted to make you in lo a court, where you need only appear i to be courted."

I replied that it was true; and then, re all I had before said to the above-me persons, entered more fully into my for refusing, than I had thought proper with them.

"Ay! but how do you know your f will not be *mended* at court?"

"Why, my dear Marquis," I replied, la "if you will insure me an accession of by frequenting the court of your sover certainly will go to Lord Stormont th moment, and request him to present me next public day;—no one in the world assure you, entertain a greater fancy tha to make a fortune. Only show the w follow, depend on it! Let me, howev pretty certain before-hand that it will su the lottery, I must confess, has sickened rash experiments."

"Listen attentively to what I am going to tell you, my dear friend, and I will instruct you in the intrigues now going on at Versailles; and which no one not belonging to the court knows anything about.

"You must be aware that our king, Louis XV., has, throughout life, been a great follower of the fair sex. Though now an old man, his admiration of women remains undiminished. It has been remarked that, even in youth, whatever woman was the reigning favourite was sure to obtain an entire and absolute empire over his mind; which, though in many respects well gifted, is anything but vigorous; age has not lessened, as you may suppose, its natural weakness.

"It is not that after an intercourse of two or three months he retains the slightest degree of love for his mistress; but indolence, a desire of ease, a fear of change, a dislike of not seeing about him to-day that which surrounded him yesterday, and of thus having his ideas and habits broken in upon, are so excessive, that any woman who can once contrive to insinuate her-

self into his confidence, and administer to his vanity and daily comforts, is sure to rule him with an absolute authority. It was so with Madame de Chatelroux, it was so with Madame de Pompadour, and will, there is great reason to fear, be the same with this Madame du Barri, unless some of us prevent it, by getting her supplanted in his affection, before it is too late."

He paused a moment, and looked at me, who remained silently wondering how it could possibly signify to *me*, who was the king's mistress, and why he should think it necessary to give out so much information on the subject. He continued,—

"At the death of Madame de Pompadour, his Majesty seemed to give up all intention of having an *acknowledged* mistress, and to be satisfied with the produce of the *Parc aux Cerfs*, or with any one *Le Bel* chose to introduce to him. This arrangement of things was by no means agreeable to the court, in which there was not a female having pretensions to beauty, who did not aspire to Madame de Pompadour's vacant place. Innumerable intrigues were set on foot, and for

ng time carried on without the least appa- success; the king seemed obstinately bent thwarting the contrivers, and on keeping his rty.

"*I*, for my part, was not idle; when you re last at Paris, you recollect how frequently ent to Versailles?—I was then deeply en- ed in a plan for giving his Majesty a perma- nt mistress."

"You really were!" I exclaimed; "then t which I heard, and would not credit, , it appears, nevertheless true!—I be- e I can make all due and proper allowance different customs and ways of thinking in erent countries; but I confess you really tle me! What, a gentleman of your high h and bearing to dabble in such intrigues!"

"Why not?—there are none who would not e acted in the like manner:—I was doing his jesty a service; ay, and a good thing uld it have been for himself, and for all the rt, and all the kingdom too, had *I* succeeded her than that fellow Le Bel, who has con- ed to palm off upon him a low creature of his

[illegible] one of his relations I believe, [illegible] were known. *I*, at least, would have [illegible] the king to a gentlewoman."

"And pray," I inquired, "who is this Monsieur Le Bel who takes on him la *belle part*—the honourable office of purveyor?"

"Who is he?—why, he is the very greatest rascal that ever lived: the king's premier valet-de-chambre, who, having somewhere or other heard of this Mademoiselle Lange's great beauty, went to see her, thought she would suit his purpose, and obtained her an interview with the King, who, falling over head and ears in love, established her at once in the private apartments at Versailles, where, it is feared, she will soon be too firmly seated for removal; for the King seems to become more and more enamoured of her every day."

Still I was perfectly at a loss to divine how [illegible] this, or indeed any part of it, signified to me. The detail was in itself interesting enough, certainly: one always likes to hear how things are going on in high quarters, and at any other time such an account would have delighted me;

it was, I wanted extremely to find out how the world it could be made to *dove-tail* in with plan for raising *my* fortunes, a thing, by-the-bye, I had long had a strange predilection for accomplishing: I always fancied I could spend a fortune with so much ease and dignity, with such pleasure to myself, and benefit to others.—It is not every one, let me tell you, who can use a fortune well; it requires a high education, intellect, fine feelings, delicacy of mind, tact, a quick apprehension of good and evil, and some other qualities besides, to enable a man to taste true enjoyment in the gifts of fortune. Fortune is of no use to a clown; on the contrary, it injures, and makes him more clownish and contemptible than he was before, and this perhaps is why clowns so often possess fortunes whilst their betters want it; an even balance being thus maintained throughout; *compensation partout*, —it is a law of nature.—I could not help interrupting the Marquis with some slight degree of impatience, and asking him to explain his meaning.

"Patience, Monsieur, hear me out! Madame

own class;—one of his relations I believe, if the truth were known. *I*, at least, would have introduced the king to a gentlewoman."

"And pray," I inquired, "who is this Monsieur Le Bel, who takes on him la *belle part*—the honourable office of purveyor?"

"Who is he?"—why, he is the very greatest rascal that ever lived; the king's premier valet-de-chambre, who, having somewhere or other heard of this Mademoiselle Lange's great beauty, went to see her, thought she would suit his purpose, and obtained her an interview with the King, who, falling over head and ears in love, established her at once in the private apartments at Versailles, where, it is feared, she will soon be too firmly seated for removal; for the King seems to become more and more enamoured of her every day."

Still I was perfectly at a loss to divine how all this, or indeed any part of it, signified to me. The detail was in itself interesting enough, certainly; one always likes to hear how things are going on in high quarters, and at any other time such an accou[illegible] delighted me;

own class;—one of his relations I believe, if the truth were known. *I*, at least, would have introduced the king to a gentlewoman."

"And pray," I inquired, "who is this Monsieur Le Bel, who takes on him la *belle part*—the honourable office of purveyor?"

"Who is he?"—why, he is the very greatest rascal that ever lived; the king's premier valet-de-chambre, who, having somewhere or other heard of this Mademoiselle Lange's great beauty, went to see her, thought she would suit his purpose, and obtained her an interview with the King, who, falling over head and ears in love, established her at once in the private apartments at Versailles, where, it is feared, she will soon be too firmly seated for removal; for the King seems to become more and more enamoured of her every day."

Still I was perfectly at a loss to divine how all this, or indeed any part of it, signified to me. The detail was in itself interesting enough, certainly; one always likes to hear how things are going on in high quarters, and at any other time such an account would have delighted me;

as it was, I wanted extremely to find out how in the world it could be made to *dove-tail* in with a plan for raising *my* fortunes, a thing, by-the-bye, I had long had a strange predilection for accomplishing: I always fancied I could spend a fortune with so much ease and dignity, with such pleasure to myself, and benefit to others.—It is not every one, let me tell you, who can use a fortune well; it requires a high education, intellect, fine feelings, delicacy of mind, tact, a quick apprehension of good and evil, and some other qualities besides, to enable a man to taste true enjoyment in the gifts of fortune. Fortune is of no use to a clown; on the contrary, it injures, and makes him more clownish and contemptible than he was before, and this perhaps is why clowns so often possess fortunes whilst their betters want it; an even balance being thus maintained throughout; *compensation partout*, —it is a law of nature.—I could not help interrupting the Marquis with some slight degree of impatience, and asking him to explain his meaning.

"Patience, Monsieur, hear me out! Madame

du Barri, a woman of the very lowest stage in society, is as much hated and despised by the majority of the court, on account of the obscurity of her family, as she is envied and feared for beauty and talents, and for the influence which these enable her daily to acquire over the King's mind.

"At present her situation is precarious. Confined to the private apartments of the palace, and *unacknowledged*, she possesses no *apparent* political power; and being thus without the means of rewarding partisans, can form no solid party. This she feels; and, seeing that her situation is a slippery one, depending upon any momentary caprice of fortune, is now moving heaven and earth, in order to obtain the King's consent to be presented at court, and thus be publicly recognised as appertaining to his family.

"If these intrigues are successful, she will insure a continued residence at Versailles, unless the King's death enables the Dauphin to eject her. But, inasmuch as *she* is anxious to acquire this honour, so is the majority of the court desirous of preventing her from obtaining it; all

in motion and activity, bustle and intrigue, throughout the palace; nothing is to be heard of on one side but the approaching presentation; and, on the other, but the *grand scandale* of having such a woman received at court.

"The King's family, that is, the Dauphin and the Princesses—for the Comtes de Provence and d'Artois seem to concern themselves but little about the matter—are full of invectives against the favourite, and declare loudly they never will receive her; whilst the Duke de Choiseul, his family, and all his party, speak of it in terms of the deepest indignation.

"Some others again, Manpeau, L'abbé Terry, and the Duke d'Aiguillon, being favourable to the presentation, use their utmost endeavours to make the King give consent; whilst he, poor old man! wishing it with all his heart and soul, feels galled enough at not being suffered to receive openly at his palace one, whom he is known privately to honour with his affection; and yet possesses not sufficient energy of character to brave the epigrams, satire, and abuse, which he is very sure will be showered on him,

immediately he consents. He is undecided — will neither grant, nor absolutely refuse, Madame du Barri's request, which makes many people say, he *dares* not allow of her presentation.

"Now, my good friend, if during all this commotion, some other female, possessing sufficient charms to captivate the old monarch, and holding such a station in society, that the prejudices of the courtiers would not be wounded by seeing her at Versailles, were to present herself there, she would be gladly received by all parties, and soon obtain over the King's mind an influence enabling her not only to secure an immense fortune for herself, but also to make that of all her friends and connexions."

The Marquis had said nothing which ought to have surprised me; indeed, I don't know that it *did* surprise me, for as much as he then told me I had before heard from Lord Stormont and others, of the way of going on at Versailles; yet I could not but think it odd, to that he should thus take the trouble to rel the private court-history to a foreigner; I cou not guess to what it tended. I began to f

strangely—I could not tell why; yet I replied, with an affected calmness,

"From the little I have seen of the females composing the court, there are many of them whose beauty might captivate angels; why do you not make an essay with *them*? I hear,—indeed from what you yourself tell me, I see—that they are not over-scrupulous on these points; neither they nor their husbands."

"Very true," replied the Marquis, "but you must know that the King has seen *them*, and the like of them, around him for the last century,—seen them so long that he is sick of the very sight of them. His Majesty is what we call *blasé*, satiated, disgusted, with all he beholds; he wants something fresh, new, piquante, to give a turn to his dulled imagination, and enliven it. You have no idea of the *ennui*, the langour, the depression of spirit, and the lassitude of all things, which overwhelm him; a young, beautiful female, of habits, ideas, ways of thinking and acting, different from what he has been habituated to see—capricious, perhaps, but at the same time alert to forestall his wishes, and minister to

his daily comfort, would have it in her power to cure this malady."

"Good Heaven!" I exclaimed, "no wonder that certain philosophers, reflecting on—no, I will not say the *depravity*, but the *weakness* of human nature, have wept! Here is the King, how good he must have been by nature! what traits of kind-heartedness are related of him! In youth he was called 'the beloved,' 'Louis *le bien aimé*.' Yet now to what a state has weakness reduced him; how he is fallen!—how hated—despised—cursed! how, if he have a spark of good feeling left, he must needs curse himself! He who possessed such a vast power—ay, and more than power—such a *will* also to do good, nevertheless produces evil only. It is melancholy to think of it!"

I seemed to look on this matter in a light altogether different from what the Marquis expected or wished. Indeed, considering the man, it was not very wise of me to talk in that manner; but one of my faults, or rather, of my greatest absurdities through life; one of which I have never even yet quite cured myself, has been that

of not appropriating my conversation to the capacities of the persons I was addressing, but to reason with a clown as if speaking to a philosopher; to address a profligate courtier as though he were a grave divine; and on matters relative to my own feeling, to forget whether I poured them forth before a poet or to a pig: and then, perceiving a vacant stare of wonder on the countenance of my auditor, to turn aside and wring my hand in sorrow, and exclaim, "How solitary I am!"

The Marquis replied, that he could by no means understand why the King did wrong in ridding himself by such means of so troublesome a companion as *ennui*.

"Do not mistake me, Marquis," I answered, "I have not lived in the world, and studied mankind, and seen the many temptations to which it is subjected, without having learned to make allowances; and, above all, I have not, I trust, talked so much with my good friend Jean Jacques, without reaping some profit from his conversation. I feel less *execration* for the King, than pity; and pity with me is no arrogant feeling,

but a gentle one; I am grieved that one so naturally good should have been driven by circumstances into evil. It was difficult to resist the many temptations spread before him, I admit: yet if he *had* resisted, how great would have been his reward! and it gives me pain to think, that he should miss this recompense. But why, let me inquire, is it that you thus instruct *me* in the mysteries of Versailles? It is quite clear, that, even were I so disposed, which I am not, by any means, I can assure you, to meddle in an intrigue of this nature, my quality of stranger ill fits me for carrying it on. I was in hopes," I added laughing, "you were going to point out some quick and easy method of making a fortune. You promised this; I begin to feel disappointed."

"Why really," replied the Marquis, "your notions on these subjects, as also on many others, seem to be so very different from any I have hitherto heard given out, that I begin to despair doing anything for you. What! you would not, you say, be engaged in such an affair, even though it regarded only a woman indifferent to,

and unconnected with yourself! what then,"—here he laughed as if he were speaking only in jest, "what, should you be required to surrender your own wife? I suppose——

"Ha! Monsieur, what is the matter? your cheeks and lips are quite pale. Are you ill?"

I certainly had, before this period, begun to entertain some faint imaginings, that the Marquis wanted to lift Beatrice to the high honour of which he spoke; and I had consequently resolved to keep on my guard in future, and not seem to understand him at present. But never did I think *he* would even in this ambiguous way have *proposed* it. I fancied he expected *me* to do so, and I therefore contented myself with *fighting off* the question: when therefore he uttered the former sentence, falling back on my seat, I crossed my arms upon my bosom and sate looking at him with a feeling of mixed indignation and astonishment. I felt the blood leave my face at one moment, and at the next rise and rush back to cover it with blushes. He placed his hand on mine; but I shook it off, and instead of

answering his inquiry respecting my health, replied to his former question.

"What should I think, Marquis! why I should think that he who made me such a proposal designed to put on me the most bitter affront he could devise, and I should resent it a manner which——"

"Ay, ay," my dear friend, interrupted the Marquis, laughing heartily, "that is, if it were done seriously; but there is a wide difference between jest and earnest. Mine was the former, as you ought to have seen."

"Jest, Marquis!" I said, heaving a deep sigh at being thus partly eased from the burthen of my apprehension. "You were only in jest! it was a cruel one! it was not right to make it; no, no—I shall not take offence, if none were designed; no—none in the world." And then I remained silent.

"O certainly not," replied the Marquis, "certainly not: you Englishmen are so confoundedly serious, that you take every thing *au pied de la lettre;* there's no knowing how to deal with you. Everybody receives everything in jest

at Paris—it's the mode. Had I said the same to a Parisian, he would have laughed outright, not turned pale, as though he were sick and going to faint!"

"Ay, ay, so do I too, now I find you *are* only in *jest;* but what would your Parisian have said had you been in earnest—as, for a moment, I was fool enough to imagine you were —What would he have done *then!*"

"Done! why, if he liked the proposal, as it is a hundred to one would be the case, he would have thanked me, to be sure, and laughed for joy. If it had not suited him,—which is extremely improbable,—he would have politely thanked me for the preference, and expressed grief at not being able to benefit by my friendship. *He* then would laugh also;—*both* would laugh; not a bit of anger. Now, seriously tell me, what would one of your countrymen do, if such a thing were proposed in *earnest?*"

By this time I had somewhat recovered my tranquillity; and thinking it would be silly to appear very funereal and lachrymose, when my companion was laughing, replied,

"It's difficult to say what he would do. doubt if such a thing ever was propose There's no precedent, to my knowledge, to g by. But I think, —— do you know any Irish men?"

"No, but have heard of them; they are strange set, are they not?"

"Yes, they are comical lads enough, but most delightful ones; have so much wit at command, and humour; they rather resemble the French, I think. Two of them being engaged in conversation, something was said by one, which violently offended the other, who then quietly placing his elbow on the table, rested his cheek on his arm, and, looking the first stedfastly in the face, replied,

"'Now I tell you what, Pat, I tell you what, my good fellow!—I see clearly as noonday how it is with you; matters have come to such a pass, do you see, that as sure as I'm alive you're an impudent scoundrel; and you don't know what you'd be at, and be d——d to you! and so it's quite certain that one of us two must go out of the window; and faith it's

not *I.*' With that he rose, caught him up by the waist, and chucked him out!"

"'Chucked him out!—what, out of the window?"

"Ay! fairly *out of the window!*"

"What, on the stones? did he make no objection to this?—what became of him afterwards?—what did he do?"

"Farther the deponent goeth not; but I take it for granted he had some bones broken. This is what would very likely happen to any one making the proposal you mention, to an English gentleman."

"What," said the Marquis continuing to laugh, "as a reward for wishing to push his fortune in the world?"

"His fortune, oh!" I could not help laughing too;—"he might," I said, "certainly behave with greater politeness if he liked it, and reply temperately with Charles the Second,

'King Charles at present having no need,
Thanks you as much as if he did.'

He might do this, no doubt, if he chose, but I

don't think he would—a man might safely be fifty to one against it."

"What," he asked "do you say about King Charles? I do not quite understand that."

"Oh! I must explain:—one of our kings, Charles the Second, used often to be plagued by his parliaments, which would not grant supplies of money but on very onerous conditions terms such as 'majesty might not endure.' This made the King extremely angry; and once some grant, or some promise of a grant, was made on such hard provisos, that his Majesty thought proper to refuse the bill altogether whereupon, Lord Rochester, under the semblance of a humble petition from the House of Commons to the King, wrote a few lines, which by-the-bye I do not quite remember, but which ended somehow in this manner:

* * * * *

* * * * *

'And let your Majesty depend,
That if he will but condescend
To take our counsel, and lay down
His kingship, dignity, and crown,

We'll make him for the time to come,
The greatest prince in Christendom.'

To which very modest proposal an answer, supposed to be from the King, but in fact written by the same author, was contained in the lines I first quoted."

"That was a fascinating court of your Charles the Second. No wonder! the King and most of his nobility had lived at Paris. They came here to gain wit, and returned home to gladden their countrymen with a display of it."

"Ay, and offend them with a show of such profligacy as had never before appeared in England. I doubt if, even in *those* days, any one, however much he might have wished it, would have *dared* to accept your proposal. The English are naturally domestic, and place their chief happiness in fire-side comforts. In truth, what signify riches, rank, and power, to a man who has lost his home, or that which makes home delightful,—his companion,—her who shares his pleasures, soothes his griefs, and administers to his hourly comforts?"

"Lose her!" exclaimed the Marquis—"w
do you mean, my dear friend—*Tu Dieu!*—l
her! on the contrary, you would gain her—
would have her more than ever to yourself.
have heard you say your father uses you v
ungenerously. The old King cannot live
ever, and, when he dies, you will be able to
joy, together, the fortune made during his
Lose her—no, no! What, then, are we livin
India, where wives and favourite mistresses fi
themselves on a funeral pile? or in the la
where Sindbad the sailor was buried alive in
pit with his wife, because she chose to die firs
No, *parbleu!* we are a good deal too civilised f
that!"

So then, after all, thought I—and was goi
to speak, but checked myself, for the fit mome
for speaking it was passed—this is no jest aft
all! In fact, I could not but observe that t
Marquis had inadvertently slipped the knot a
let the cat escape; from a general propositi
had jumped unawares to *my particular* ca
It was not *he* nor *they* who would do so and s
but—*you* would have her more to *yourself*;—

you would enjoy the fortune *you* would make,—and so forth; however, I held my peace, and thus kept *the* peace, or rather I changed the conversation, and shortly afterwards took leave of the Marquis and returned home.

On walking towards our hotel I thought over the adventure;—"Gramercy, seigneur!" I said to myself, "a very pleasant jest, no doubt, is yours, as it now stands, and I'll take good care it shall never turn to a serious one; I shall keep a sharp look out on you, in future, depend on it."

I, of course, never mentioned the conversation to Beatrice; to have done so, would be indelicate, as it could not, I thought, answer any good purpose. Had *I* indeed been forced to quit Paris, and leave her there alone, the case would have been different. I should then have considered it prudent to warn her of the danger: but as it was, I had my own eyes sufficiently open for her protection. I looked differently on the matter, on different days, and in different moods: sometimes I felt a mixture of indignation and fear, at others, in a

full confidence of Beatrice's affection, i
half disposed to laugh at *the coolness* c
proposal.

Ay! it was very well for *me* to lau
was sure of Beatrice; but it is not every on
may venture to laugh on such occasions.
no means recommend the generality of fc
laugh, when they have pretty wives at
Let them remember what our friend Pope
women say of themselves:—

" Yet did not wicked custom so contrive,
We 'ould be the best good-natured things ali

But at Paris there is no wicked custom
triving anything whatever, inimical to th
pensities of a fair female.

There every one pretty woman is at l
to do just as she wills. If she wills well,—
if she wills ill,—why it's well all the
Now, it is Heaven alone who knows wh
woman will will,—ay, or any man
when without religious support—which i
unusual in that demoralised city.—The
best prayer we any of us can put up, mo



noon, and night, is—"Lead us not, O Lord, into temptation!" Certainly, I would not advise any man, possessing a pretty wife, to take her to Paris. If he have an ugly one, he may do as he likes—she will behave very well, I dare say.

CHAPTER II.

It is certainly a strange thing enough that on receiving a letter without exactly knowing from whom it comes, a man should sometimes sit half an hour over it, puzzling and puzzling, turning it first this way, then that way, looking at the seal, the address, the post mark, the form and fold, and in short at every thing about it, but the one most proper for making the desired discovery—that is, its signature on the inside. Why don't he open the letter at once, I wonder, without making such a fuss, and losing his time so absurdly?—Being a great inquirer into causes, I shall feel obliged to any one who will account for this.

I found a letter lying on the table; I took it up. "From Lord Meclenbury! no; the Southern Courier does not come in to-day; besides, the post-mark is—is—London." I turned

over and over again, and amongst other stratagems, squeezing it between my fingers, peeped at the writing inside without being able to reconcile the two facts of a London post-mark, and Lord Meclenbury's writing, or coming to any other conclusion than that,—it was very odd! At last I did that which, had I done it at first, would have spared me a great deal of useless trouble and conjecture—I broke the seal.

"You will be astonished, by dear Bouverie, to see my name at the bottom of a letter written from London, but my father has sent me here to transact some very important family business; a law-suit has arisen in consequence of the death of a near relation, and as it is not, as I told you, advisable that my mother should quit the Madeiras just yet, and as my father does not like to leave her there alone, he has commissioned me to arrange matters with his lawyers.

"I arrived here only three days ago, one of which was Sunday; so I have as yet done no business; nor do I know anything of what is going on in this city of sin, smoke, and soot;

however, I chanced yesterday to meet one of the Bridlington friends the Lawsons; who myself have been called to town on business for a short time. What do you think? Ay, what do you think? Think as long as you will, you will never think what it is you ought to think; and if you *do* at last think what it is, still you will not be able to bethink, what to think *of* it.—This is a terribly intertwisted mode of speech, is it not? —but see my authority.

"And old Sylvanus selfe *bethinkes* not what
"To *thinke* of thing so strange."

"But I see I must tell you what it is, for you'll never guess.—You remember, don't you? —but you must not tell Beatrice—You remember that in a letter, which you showed me from Lady Baby to her daughter, there is mention of a certain Dr. Simpson,—a lusty labourer in the Lord's vineyard, with whose mode and manner of preaching and praying her ladyship expressed herself much edified;—indeed she and all the world have reason to be so, for he is—I must inform you—a man of rare merit, who, not satis-

fied with expounding the doctrines of the religion of the Church, as laid down by the reformers,—not simply confining himself to preaching our Saviour, his divine mission, and equally divine maxims;—not preaching *Christ* only—no, this would be unworthy of such a genius,—but he dealt in mystical dogmas—which are supposed to be amazingly edifying, and so think the whole Tabernacle, who cast up their eyes and weep. — Well, but I'm putting the cart before the horse,—my poor head is in such a whirl! I must first tell you about her ladyship, and then the Doctor shall have the 'next turn out.'

"You must know that Lady Baby and her *little pet* have, for some time now, been quarrelling and fighting together like—to use a familiar expression,—cat and dog. You are aware of his propensity to the aristocratic amusements of hunting and racing. Well; he raced, till, without feeling at all out of breath he became very low in pocket,—*seigneurly* hunted animals which he at first took to be foxes, but had afterwards reason to suppose were only devils in

disguise, who had taken the shape of fo
in order to deceive and get him into
ficulties. For after a certain time he found
had run to the devil's door. Pardon the a
sion, if you please—there was no resisting
for when a man is ruining himself, you kn
one says, 'He is running to the devil.' N
the part of the business which Lady Baby to
most to heart was, that, not satisfied with r
ning himself to old Nick, he obliged her to r
there with him. This she thought very unkin
in short, without further hope, metaphor, or oth
figure of speech, they were both on the verge
ruin,—and she didn't like it. Faith, my dear
Bouverie, if they go on in this way much longer
Lady Baby, instead of making settlements on your
wife, will be coming to you to supply her with a
morsel of bread. I hope not,—but time is the
great test of all things.

"Lady Baby's fondness for *dear William* was evidently on the decline. You know what is said of Love,—that uncertain boy,—how he flies out of the window when grim Poverty stalks in at the door. At first she remonstrated;—no effect

whatever. Again, more warmly;—no change. He got angry, and wept;—he walked out of the room. As a last effort, she put herself in a passion, and scolded him roundly. 'I, who was so good as to marry you—*you* who were nobody—against the advice of all my friends—well I deserve it—I do. Oh! that I ever could have been such a fool! Oh! oh! oh!

"Mr. Gigglington, as you may have heard, or perhaps indeed remarked, has a very refined and delicate nature, so took all this very much to heart;—very much to heart indeed. All the blood of all the Gigglingtons mounted into his face in a minute; you would have thought he had rubbed it with Dragon's root paste, prepared in his own laboratory; it became so red!—He gave her two or three slaps on the face, and left her in tears. Now for the doctor.

"You know how Martine soliloquises after a something similar sort of a contest with Monsieur Sgnarelle, her husband? "*Je scais bien,*" she says, "*qu'une femme a toujours dans les moins de quoi se venger d'un mari; mais c'est*

*une punition trop delicate pour mon dant !"**

"Whether Lady Baby, having a higher o of her spouse's delicacy on such point Madame Martine entertained of her's, and fore thought she could revenge her wro the manner rejected as inefficient by th Madame Martine, or whether her condu influenced by a previously conceived c comes not within my knowledge; but sur that, returning home unexpectedly, one Mr. Gigglington found the above-men Divine earnestly expounding some contro points of scripture to his lady,—passages admit of two significations, and concern nature of spiritual love; in the considera which question they were both so deeply pied as not to hear Mr. Gigglington ente he stood before them some moments ceived, and astonished both at the Doctor sence, and at the doctrine he delivered however, recovered himself shortly, and

* Moliere.—Le Medecin malgré lui.

certain salutations, begged him to leave the house, as it was growing late.

"I can't tell why, but some people are extremely surprised at all this. I, for my part, perceive no reason why, if Lady Baby was taught worldly love by a doctor of physic, she should not receive lessons in spiritual love from a doctor in divinity: one seems to me fully as natural as the other: but the world says not, so I suppose I am wrong. And now, my good fellow, adieu. I've squandered away half the morning in writing this nonsense, and have not another minute to spare. Give my love to Beatrice, but mind you do not tell her about her mother. It will only plague her.

"MECLENBURY.

"P.S. Your father is in town, I hear. I'll call on him in the space of a few days, and write concerning my visit as soon as I can."

CHAPTER III.

Answering Lord Meclenbury's letter im diately, I begged him for heaven's sake tc to my father as often as he possibly could, represent to him how ill he was behaving to I told him that I had many reasons,—though story would be too long and intricate to be tained in a letter,—for changing my good opi of Mr. Solomon to a very bad one; and for posing that under pretence of furthering m terests, he had been planning schemes fo own profit.

In support of this I just mentioned hi quaintance with Curteis and his projected riage with my sister;—a circumstance v when I came to reflect upon it, made a d and a far different impression on my mind it had at first produced.

I begged him, if possible, to get hold of my very dear friend, Peggy Trueman—who, I said, was a *true woman* for kindliness of heart; and hear all she had to say on the subject. I told him that I had frequently projected going to England, and should certainly have done so, had I not thought it best to wait for his father's return; but as that seemed to be put off *sine die*, I desired his opinion as to my executing the project *now*. I promised to be entirely guided by his opinion in this respect, as in all others, and begged him to write as soon as possible.

I waited for an answer with great impatience; but though letters from Lord Meclenbury arrived, they gave me but little or no information on the point I had so much at heart: they were short and unsatisfactory. Having important business of his own to transact, he had but little leisure to bestow on mine.

"But wait," he said; "shortly I shall have it in my power to send you more information respecting the enemy's march. Wait patiently."

Now, I hate to wait at all; and as to waiting patiently, I never, in my life, could manage it;

—however, wait I now did, because it wa possible to do otherwise than wait.

Meanwhile, Beatrice and I trotted a Paris pretty much as usual, and went a deal into society. We visited at the bassador's amongst other places, though going there now became rather irksome, o count of Curteis, who, in virtue of his offi he being an *attaché*—was generally pre We seemed on such occasions to avoid other by mutual consent, however we fe together in places where we were unable otherwise.

I never could get it quite out of my head Fortune would one day or other turn round make a man of me;—I figured to myself she owed me a debt, one she surely woul quit, with interest, at some time, when sh in a good temper and an equitable mood. great difficulty was, to find out that time such knowledge could only be obtained b quenting her temple. This I did,—and I often met Curteis in deep prayer.

One day,—as the great worker of all

would have it,—we were placed side by side;—and, the table being excessively crowded, were jammed together in a most extraordinarily uncomfortable manner. I shrunk myself up into as small a compass as possible: but, notwithstanding this, his confounded elbow was perpetually in my side. No man in the world likes to have another man's elbow perpetually in his side; and I, less than any man living in the world, could endure it; for I am of a peculiarly sensitive and irritable habit of body and mind. It put me almost out of my wits; but there was no possible way to rid myself of the elbow or its owner, but by resigning my place, as I was by no means inclined to do, there being none other vacant; neither did I choose to leave off play, as I was winning large sums of money, which circumstance, by-the-bye, putting me into a tolerable good humour, enabled me, *just* to put up with the inconvenience of the elbow without evincing any very outward and visible sign of discontent.

Curteis, on the contrary, was losing; and this opposite cause had the opposite effect of putting

him into a very bad temper. Generally speaking, and when reason has time to act, I can make all possible allowance for a man's ill humour, and readily forgive any little inconvenience or affront it may have occasioned him to put on me. I hate to be bothered, certainly,—no man more; but let the botheration have been ever so great, a smile, or civil word, will always make me forget it. Prompt to anger like Achilles, I am placable as a Napæan* nymph.

The mischief is, that sometimes put off my guard by the suddenness of an adventure, and not having time to reflect, I resent so promptly, as to preclude future accommodation. This, however, was not exactly the case just now; for a heap of gold lying before me put my mind into a state of very enviable tranquillity, which it required a vast effort to destroy; though it was, I must own, not a little disturbed by a devilish thump I received on my left cheek, from my friend's elbow, as he rose for the purpose of depositing his stake.

* "*Faciles* venerare Napæas."—*Geor.* iv.

d at the unexpected salute, and ex-
l.
pardon!"
ology was, I thought, somewhat la-
ut I wouldn't stand on trifles, and ac-
Down he sate again; but began
s feet about under the table, scraping
way and that way, and sometimes
ny ankles so as to annoy me exces-
t was the most horrid thing possible,
re you! I hate a person who rolls
bout in all kinds of odd forms and po-
who swings his arms, or twists his legs,
s his feet, or hums a tune, or whistles,
ort, who does anything in the nature of
's tattoo. This is all very odious!
the heap of gold looked up so smi-
my face, that I couldn't find it in my
e really angry.
ew minutes more, up again got my
deposit another stake; and again I felt
b of his sleeve against my cheek,—the
hich was nigh raised by the gold lace

of his coat; and my hair also was extremely dis-composed.

"Dear me, Curteis!" I said rather pettishly, "what *are* you doing? See how you are knocking me about: I do wish you would be so good as to take care!"

"I do take care, but the table is so crowded, I can't help it."

"I wish, then, you would take *more* care, for really the table is crowded for me as well as for you; yet I don't scrub *your* face in that very disagreeable manner!"

He reseated himself, and for a few minutes things went on moderately well. But he continued to lose, and I heard him muttering curses, and blaspheming like a trooper. In a little time he again rose to lay on another venture, in effecting which he gave me a third (as Hudibras—not I—expresses it) "damned blow." Which, however, far from laying me "entirely low," raised me up immediately.

I started on my feet. "I'll not suffer this any longer, Curteis,—you've done it on purpose!

If you bear me a grudge, speak out at once, and let us settle the matter; but I'll not allow this—I expect you to make me a full apology."

"I'll be d—d if I'll make any apology to you, or the like of you. How can *I* help it? don't you see the table is so crowded that I can't move!"

"Faugh! you odious vulgar wretch!" I muttered to myself, as turning from him, I scraped up my immense winnings, and safely deposited them in a pocket not much too large to contain them. I then again addressed him, and appointed a meeting in the forest of Vincennes for the next morning.

He was on the field before me; and had waited some time for my arrival. The first thing I did was to go up and accost him.

"Mr. Curteis," I said, "this quarrel, you are aware, is not of my seeking. I think we had better carry it no further. Only say you didn't mean to affront me, or that you're sorry for it, and I shall be satisfied."

"D——d if I do so"—such was his habitual energetic mode of expressing himself,—"won't

have been kept here so long shivering in cold for nothing;—see if I don't have better luck now then when my foot slipped at Eton."

His obstinacy angered me, and I replied with a scornful smile, but in a calm, careless tone of voice, which made my words more bitter.

"I don't think you will. You know, Curteis, I have invariably beaten you whenever we have been pitched together. First at Eton, then at Bridlington, then ——————" I was about to allude to Beatrice, but felt it would be cruel to do so, and therefore checked myself.

All hopes of accommodation being now at an end, I had nothing more to do than prepare myself for the contest. I retreated, drew my sword, and waited his attack.

He came on like a fury—just as he had done, six or seven years before at Eton; and with just the same sort of evil-mindedness; that is to say, I believe, he would very willingly have killed me. *He* fought from hatred evidently, and to shed blood. *I*, because I was forced to fight; but if his *design* were the same as formerly, his *position* was very different. He then had been

my superior in everything likely to secure victory; and it was chance only which gave it to me. Now, he was my inferior, for I was an excellent swordsman, whilst he was, in comparison, a very indifferent one.

Notwithstanding my superiority, however, the strength and suddenness of his onset confused me a little: I had some difficulty in parrying his thrusts, to do which I was forced to retreat a few steps. However, I recovered myself immediately, and kept him afterwards at sword's length.

I could have run him through and through the body, half a dozen times, but this would have been a severe punishment for him to receive; "for, Lord!" I said to myself, "after all, he can't help being a beast!"—and it would be cowardly in me to destroy him. At the same time, I perceived no sufficient reason for allowing him to pink away at me at his pleasure, as he might perhaps, in process of time, contrive to make a thrust reach me, so I scratched him a bit on the shoulder; it was not much more, I declare, than he had done two or three times to me, on the foregoing evening, with the sleeve of his coat.

It was lucky for him I did so, as, had the contest continued much longer, I might have behaved worse; for I began to be tired of my animal:—but now, the seconds, crying out "Blood, blood!" obliged us to give over the combat; and would not hear of its being renewed, notwithstanding all Curteis's protestations of not being yet satisfied, and his prayers that he might be allowed to have a bit more.

His wound was bound up, and we all prepared to quit the field. I never shall forget the look of bitter hatred and malice he cast on me, as, just before going, he said, "You're right, Bouverie, you beat me at school;—got the upper hand of me in love, and you overcome me now. *I hate you like hell!*"

"Thank you—I know you do:—I wish I could show my gratitude and return the favour: but I can't—I don't care about *you!*" I replied with a quiet smile, which seemed to put him nigh beside himself, as he replied, "Take care, Bouverie, or I'll nick you yet some of these days."

CHAPTER III.

It was quite natural for two young persons like Beatrice and myself, to be pleased with the novel beauty of the scenes at Paris; and that, flattered at the kindness and attention shown us by some of the highest personages, amongst the most agreeable people in Europe, we should, for a time, be neglectful of our interest at home. Such, indeed, was the effect which all this *fêting* produced; and during the first year of our residence, we thought of little else than of running about and dancing, and of amusing ourselves. Beatrice in particular, poor thing, after a short residence abroad, seemed to enjoy all she heard and all she beheld, with all her heart and with all her soul. I have known many women not like to go abroad; I have seen several who, for the first few weeks, have disliked being there; but never have I beheld, nor heard of

one, who, after residing twelve months in the gladdening atmosphere of Paris, could bear the thought of returning to a British fog. But some grave suspicions respecting the conduct and designs of both Mrs. Princep and her son had been gradually, for a long time, creeping over my mind, and, settling at last into almost certainty, had made me often cast very anxious glances towards England.

A variety of circumstances which had never before occurred to me, now obtruded themselves.

I thought over the conduct which the former person had held towards me, both in childhood and in youth: and found that many things I then imputed to *temper* must have been the effect of a well-constructed plan to make my home hateful. I remembered that on every possible occasion she had found fault with me, and on every possible occasion contrived to get me into scrapes with my father. My modes, morals, principles, religion—my conduct and temper, were the subject of her constant censure;—and this, too, with the expressed desire of

making *me better*, or thus, perhaps, of keeping my conduct from my father's observation.

It was in vain,—for my eyes were at length opened, and I was no longer to be deceived.—It was in vain, I say, that I also remembered how she used to tell me that I was captious, capricious, apt to take fancies in my head,—imagine things which were not, and then unjustly to complain of her who was, in truth, my best friend. This used formerly to startle, make me pause, and doubt whether, indeed, I might not be in error. I *now* no longer doubted.

She was *not* my best friend. She *was* my worst enemy. I had *not* unjustly complained of her:—the things *were* as I then felt them to be, and now say they were,—and there's an end on't! The sole and only point on which I was mistaken was in imputing her behaviour to badness of *temper*, whereas it, in fact, originated in badness of *intent*.

As to her son, Solomon Princep, his letters had of late become more rare and shorter than formerly: there appeared to me a species of

mystery in his behaviour. He seemed anxious to instruct me in any family occurrence, till he could no longer keep the knowledge of it from me. I reflected too on his connexion with Cas[illegible]teis, a man whom he never could suppose well disposed towards *me*. The health and habits of my eldest brother made it very unlikely he would ever marry; and therefore Solomon's de[illegible]sire of uniting his fortunes to those of my sister might, to be sure, be the effect of love, she was a very pretty girl,—but it might also be . . . . . I thought it but commonly prudent to look nearer into the matter; and therefore waited with extreme impatience to hear what Meclenbury counselled respecting a return to England.

Our habits of frequent intercourse with the magnates of the land, by no means made us forget, or be neglectful of, our less exalted friends. I never in my life cut a man because he was not of the *beau monde;* indeed, if good sense and proper feeling had not forbidden my being guilty of such weakness and cruelty, my *pride* alone would have done so. He who blushes to be seen with

another on account of his small fortune, says, as plainly as actions can speak, "*I* know myself to be a little, contemptible fellow, and that all my consequence is in the company I keep." Now, neither Beatrice nor myself thought ourselves very contemptible people, and were one day cautiously walking, after a slight shower of rain, down the Rue St. Honoré, she being loaded with a large bouquet of flowers intended as a present to Madame Mareuse on her *jour de fête;* that is, on the day on which her christian name was found in the calendar of saints, and which the Catholics keep as we do a birthday.

We had just turned the corner of a street. "If," I said, catching hold of the arm of a person passing at that moment,—"if I mistake my man, I beg pardon for the interruption — but I *do* not mistake him — and what brings you to Paris, my good friend?"

"Ah! Monsieur and Madame de Bouverie," said Claude,—for it was he. I have the honour to present you both my most humble respects. I was just on the road to the address you had

given me, in order to find out where side."

"Well," said I, "Claude, I am very see you. I want to talk with you abo zerland and our friends. How is Margu very well, I hope."

"Yes, very well, Monsieur; she des respects to you and Madame; and has me with a small bijou of the fabric of o try, which she begs Madame de Bouv do her the honour of accepting."

"I thank you, Claude, for remembe I would go home with you now, but these flowers!—I want to deliver the person hard by. Will you step in with five minutes?"

He agreed to the proposal, and I to to Monsieur and Madame Mareuse; to related the manner in which I had quainted with him in Switzerland, or ra the Swiss confines of France; after this turned home with us.

One is generally glad to meet unexp with a person one has known, under e

dinary circumstances, in a distant country; and it quite delighted me to see, in the gaily-peopled streets of Paris, one whose acquaintance I had formed in a manner so much out of the common, amid the crags of Jura.

We had a long conversation, during which I found he had come up to Paris on business; that is to say, he had been smuggling contraband goods into the country—a trade, by-the-bye, more dangerous than that of "gathering samphire" on the Dover rocks. I could not help shaking my head in token of disapprobation, and just in order to show him how very wrong it was to do anything wrong! Now was not this very moral of me?—it cost me nothing either!—there was no chance of *my* turning smuggler. *I* was too well off in the world for that; though he, poor fellow! had no other way of keeping his wife and family from starving—but that was his affair. *I* had done *my* duty, at all events, however the matter might turn."

"And how, Claude," I asked, "did you contrive to make your way up thus far from the

frontier, undiscovered by those who are set on the look-out for you?"

"Gently, Monsieur, gently," replied Claude, smiling; "*there* is our secret. If that were discovered we might give up our trade at once. But indeed," he added, "it would be difficult to explain how we managed it. I can only say, in general terms, that we clamber rocks, swim rivers, scramble over hills, or tramp through fields and marshes, till we have passed the places where we suppose the Custom House agents are stationed to surprise us. Sometimes, again, we have to remain lurking in forests, and caves, till, seeing a fair opportunity, we make the best of our way to some town or village, in which we hope to find mules and carts ready to forward us and our merchandize.

"Ours is a hard life, I can assure you, Monsieur, a very hard one; and notwithstanding all our pains and precautions, we are sometimes caught, and have our goods confiscated. By a single mishap of this kind, we often lose more than we have made in two or three trips. *How-*

ever, we have been lucky this time, and here," he continued, taking out a small parcel, "is a trifling present, which my wife hopes Madame will do us the honour of accepting, in acknowledgment of our obligations."

He told us that his stay in Paris was very uncertain, depending on the progress he made in selling his wares, but that he did not expect to leave it under three weeks or a month.

Then giving us his address, in a small alley, situated in, as it is called, *le Pays Latin*, he said, that if he could be of any use to us during his stay at Paris, or on his return home, we only had to command his services. How little did I or Beatrice then think of the service he was fated to do us! He then took his leave, after I had promised to pay him a visit, as I should be glad to see not only himself, but what he had brought out of Switzerland.

CHAPTER IV.

At last arrived the long-expected letter from Lord Meclenbury.

"If I have not written to you before, my dear Bouverie, it is partly because I have been extremely busy about my father's affairs, which, you know, are mine also. I wish with all my heart that *your* father's affairs were equally yours, and that yours were his.

"Another reason for my not having before written is, that I first wished to make myself master of the subject on which I was to give you intelligence; and that, to effect this, I was forced to go several times to your father's house in order to reconnoitre the ground.

"Mr. Bouverie received me with the greatest possible politeness; but did not so much as open his lips about *you*, till I mentioned your name and then he did not seem,—I don't say, to *like*

the subject, but to be at all *interested* in it. I relate in as few words as possible, and leave *you* to make remarks,—a sheet of paper is too small to contain many of mine.

"He invited me to dinner, and I accepted the offer; not that I anticipated much self-gratification, for—between friends—the society I was likely to meet, except that of your father himself, who is one of the most agreeable men I ever saw, and of your sister, would not be very amusing; but because I thought it would enable me to serve you.

"Your cousin was even more gloomy on that day than I had ever before seen him. Your sister, too, was anything but gay, and always looked at him, I thought, as women always do look at a man who likes them more than they like to be liked. I thought this very odd;—particularly as your aunt told me her son was very fond of his cousin—which, by-the-bye, all things considered, was natural enough; and that the family was looking forward with impatience to the approaching marriage. Your father seemed delighted at the idea of settling his daughter.

" In the evening we all sat down to pl
Pope Joan. The luck of some people !—
do you think?—a fig for De Moivre !*—*he* k
nothing about the matter. I'm *quite sure* h
given to favouritism, and that some people,
him say as he will to the contrary,—*have* a c
inherent quality, so that they must,—ay,
whether they will or not—win at cards.
imagine! Why,—though there were eight o
of us striving all we could, yet Solomon a
mother were the only persons throughou
whole evening, who ever got *intrigue* !†
clare to you that had I not known them
your relations and therefore honest people,
such a trick, I should have suspected th
packing the cards—but that couldn't be
know—impossible—quite !

" In a few days after this, I again call
and at once gave your father to understan

* A great calculator, who wrote on chances
said, truly enough, that no one has in him a
herent power of winning at cards.—*Note by th*
tor.

† The best card at Pope Joan.—*Note by the E*

I came both at your express desire, and with the approbation and concurrence of Lord Derlincourt, to speak to him respecting your marriage *with our relative*; and that we all hoped, however much he might have been displeased at the *manner* in which you had married, he would, in consideration of Miss Denison's family and high connexions, and of the time which had elapsed, overlook his displeasure and receive you as formerly.

"Your father, I see, is a man who particularly little likes to be *bothered*—he instantly became quite pale, turned about in his chair, and passed a hand over his face, as he glanced towards Mrs. Princep, who—demure as a mouse and without changing a muscle—sat opposite, with her hands before her, looking silently at him, through a pair of spectacles, like an angel.

After a moment's pause, Mr. Bouverie hemmed two or three times, and replied by enumerating the number of things he had forgiven you through life,—and by saying that, under pretence of returning to the University, and fit-

ting yourself to take a profession, you had, contrary to his known wishes, married: which act of misconduct, he said, rendered it necessary for him to make an example of you.—'There was more foolery yet, if I could remember it'—but what I have related is the upshot of it all.

"This manner of talking was so different from the one he used to me on a former occasion—you know to what I allude, at Tunbridge—that, quite confounded, I knew not how to reply, and, turning round to Mrs. Princep, appealed to her for help. But she, it seems, had already done wonders for you;—had been on her knees to your father;—had begged for you, and prayed for you,—had not only on the present occasion but on *all* occasions, befriended you,—and treated you as her own child; whilst you—*you*, on *all* occasions, had repaid her tender affection with ingratitude; and on the present, so far from thanking her for all this kindness, had, in a letter to her son Solomon, expressed resentment because she did not do more. In short, she looked on you as a very ungrateful—a very evil-minded—a very good-for-nothing and indeed a

dangerous person to have anything to do
; upon which account she was quite resolved
y nothing more in your behalf, but let your
r act just as he pleased.—So much the bet-
r him and you too, say I,—a man is always
leased when he is allowed to act as best
s him, and when he *is* best pleased he
nto a good mood for pleasing other people;
ı will both of you gain by this,—don't you

ut,—is all your aunt says true, Bouverie?
pose it must be so; for your father swore
ry word of it, and then added,—'I do
you, my Lord, that your friend Lionel is
ar from being a man of good understanding.
sorry indeed to say, that his mind is *an*
ordinarily weak one. He sees things
distorted point of view—thinks him-
l-used by every one—and takes offence
his best friends, those who were doing
thing in their power to serve him.'
My dear Bouverie, I should not relate all
but that I think it important for you to
the *grounds* upon which you stand—

the arms which are used in *attack*—so that [illegible] may prepare others for *defence*."

"I clearly perceived how matters were go[illegible]ing —and that it would be quite useless to atte[illegible]mpt defending you to one so much at the beck of— [illegible]our *il ne faut pas trancher le mot*,—your mo[illegible]rtal enemy.

"I saw all this; and therefore resolved to give over, for the present. I, however, took ad- vantage of the hint you gave me respecti[illegible]ng Peggy, with whom I had a long conversation, to detail which, however, would occupy more space than I can afford; I shall therefore confine my- self to saying, in a general way, that your sus- picions respecting *Curteis* were *well-founded*. It *was* he, as Peggy has discovered, she says, *beyond all doubt*, who, on his return from Paris, some months ago, told Mr. Solomon about your extravagant manner of living there.

I will return in a few days to your father— [illegible] when if haply,—and happily!—I find him *alone* —I may be said to catch you aunt *napping*, and shall be able, perhaps, to do something for you. Hitherto I have met nothing but disap- pointment.

"Solomon, who, by the way, does not by any means think meanly of himself, is an intriguer, possessing certainly no great intellect, but yet, sufficient for the sphere in which he moves. He is a sort of *small* Count Fathom, a rascal of less range of talent, as well as of territory to roam over, than the great Count Fathom, yet amply provided with the means of worming a way to fortune in a narrow circle. As is related of Frère *Lourdis* in that horrid book, execrated by all good Catholics, and pious Protestants, so may it also be said of him—

'. . . . Il fut rempli de science—
Non de Latin, mais !—de cet art heureux
De se conduire en ce monde scabreux.'*

"And now adieu,—I have had my joke, you see, as usual—don't grudge it me;—it *can* do you no harm, and *may* be beneficial;—he's a bad physician who enters a sick man's room with a solemn face. Gloom devours the mind, or at least its faculties, and renders a man unfit for

* La Pucelle d'Orleans.

action;—keep up your spirits—we'll *floor* the
yet.

"P. S. I'll write again in a few days. *I think*
but am not yet quite decided, that I shall
commend your returning to England. I've filled
two sheets of paper. Never mind the postage.'

CHAPTER V.

LY know to what I can liken the first
roduced on me by Lord Meclenbury's
nfirming all those suspicions which had
arisen in my mind; but which, till very
had been almost ashamed of entertain-

elings were hurt, my mind angered, at
r's conduct. I was both wounded and
. From a child I had always entertain-
eepest reverence for his qualities, and
ion the most passionate for his person.
ies, for he possessed virtues—and sub-
es too — I admired: and himself I
Jonathan is said to have loved David,
more than woman's love." The pos-
f his doing a wrong action, never came
imagination; or if by chance he ever
ed one, it almost, I thought, became

sanctified by his authority. If I ever heard his conduct blamed, my indignation was instantly aroused, and I defended him with all the ardour of a Maltese knight combating against infidels, for the honour of the holy Cross.

Nor was this the sickly thinking of a puling boy, who could give no other account of it, than that he *ought* to respect and love a parent: it had a solid foundation, and was based on reason—on his virtues—virtues which commanded reverence, and inspired love—inspired it, at least, in such minds as *mine*. He was kind, good, generous, beneficent, courteous, just; and concentrated in himself all those qualities required from the aspirants to ancient knighthood; a better or more noble-minded gentleman than he, has never been.

All this had forcibly struck my young imagination, and inspired those feelings I have just described. But the more intense such feelings were, and the more my soul was formed to piety, the greater indignation did the thoughts of such ill-usage arouse within it; and the more my heart was disposed to love, the more deeply did

nt so unworthy a return of its affec-

onduct, it is true, did not proceed imme-
from himself; but was induced by the
of others. Yes! but I had then nei-
ıe nor inclination to look so scientifically
uses,—I felt their effects,—deeply felt
-and on reflecting how he suffered him-
e led against every principle of justice,
ictate of humanity and natural affec-
ıd then endeavoured to cover his own
ıs, by charging weakness upon me;—I
ng, a sickness of heart, and a mass of
and indignant sensations, which are al-
inexpressible by words.

ɜ been rather diffuse in speaking of the
aroused by Lord Meclenbury's letter,
it is from the period of its arrival that I
ɜ epoch of a great and very remarkable
in my moral constitution; and because
ıge led to the destruction of him whom
ed as the chief author of my own.

e,—I speak, as it were, from the tomb,
refore speak unblushingly — Nature

formed me with good, kind, and affectionate feelings. I was susceptible of no greater enjoyment than that of bestowing happiness on others, and of contemplating the good I had produced. Never did a creature, however *low* it might be in the scale of animated nature, appeal to me in vain,—never did I behold the meanest thing in distress, without alleviating it to the utmost of my power.

Strictly speaking, there was no *merit* in this, because I made not my own disposition; it was given to me;—but study and reflection,—and what real, efficient goodness ever existed but as the result* of study and reflection?—had wrought this natural feeling into *principle*, and taught me that men *ought* to be good; that reason is given to them for the express purpose of making them so; that they have *no right* to be otherwise; that their fellow-creatures,—among whom, all which breathe the breath of life who are susceptible of pleasure and pain

* How true is this! Good feeling, unaccompanied by reason, induced Don Quixote to liberate felons condemned to the gallies.—*Note by the Editor.*

ded,—have a most undoubted claim to re-
e aid and protection, pity and kindness, from
n.

Well, this I had hitherto been; but my fa-
r's conduct, and the events resulting from
so disturbed, distempered — so *entempest-*
thus to say, my mind,—that all my good
lings, being violently driven out, were re-
aced by others, bad, sullen, savage, and danger-
us.

Again, this violent and painful effervescence
the passions having subsided, was succeeded
a scornful apathy, and an indifference, per-
ps even still more painful, to all those objects,
e attainment of which I had before regarded
the supremacy of human bliss.

The world became for me a blank, colourless,
d unbeautiful, on which there was no single
int to excite imagination, or raise desire:
hilst mankind and all its objects,—its plea-
res, pains, pastimes,—its little businesses, its
tty ambitions and ignoble aspirations, became
many marks for the shafts of a most bitter
licule.

Lastly, and in the course of many years, my mind, growing more calm and placid, recovered something of its natural temper. I began to look with a less evil eye upon the world and its inhabitants. But never was it as it *might* have been!— Oh no, never!— far, far, from that! Alas! if within some fairy grot, a gently dripping stream of dew, descending into a rock basin, rest unruffled by the winds of Heaven, *or* by aught extraneous, there may, in time, perchance, be formed from it a crystalled stone— some gem, most bright and full of beauty. But, if tempests stir the waters, or earthquakes trouble them; or, if evil-minded Gnomes arise and riot there—still, indeed, the stone may be— but, it will be unfinished, and irregular—its crystals broken, and its colour clouded,—and, lacking all its natural lustre,—it will bear no stamp of loveliness.

CHAPTER VI.

After mature consideration, I resolved on not showing Lord Meclenbury's letter to Beatrice; but on only just informing her generally of its contents, and, saying I was in daily expectation of receiving another, recommending our immediate return to England.

In a few days more, this expected letter arrived, and contained the threatened summons. Lord Meclenbury told me that, everything considered, he had made up his mind to the propriety of my being near head-quarters, in order to take advantage of any circumstances which might arise.

"I am sorry," he said, "at having ever recommended you to go abroad; but, in truth, I was not then so up to the politics of your family as I have since become. I am now quite convinced that, by living out of England, you

give your enemies all the hold over you they can desire; for, in the first place, your mode of going on at Paris is not, as I hear and *believe*, the most possibly prudent; and, in the second,—supposing it to be the most possibly prudent,—you, by being *out of the way*, get forgotten; for your name, Peggy says, is very rarely mentioned in the family. And thus, it seems, you are put upon the shelf, *tout doucement*,—quietly—quietly!

"I want you to raise a noise in the world, my lad,—to cut a figure in it—to create a bustle—to do something high-flying, something quite out of the common way,—to attract people's attention, and make you talked of, and stared at, and run after; and thus put your father in mind of you, and force him to listen whether he will or not, and own, in spite of himself, that you are not quite such a fool as he thinks. Suppose—for example, you should come to England—get into orders—obtain a living—mount the pulpit, and then thunder away on the divine efficacy of grace, and the wicked absurdity of all good works! What say you to this, Bouverie?

'Twould have a wonderful effect, I promise you."

Of all good, generous, and indulgent friends, Lord Meclenbury surely was the best, most generous, and indulgent. I have often, in thinking of him, said,—"Well, after all, the world is not entirely execrable, I must confess!" He afterwards went on to offer me assistance in promoting any step I thought proper to take, and to assure me, that I might depend on his father's exerting his utmost influence to push on the fortunes of a relative,—for in this light, I having married his cousin, did his Lordship now do me the honour of considering me—in any profession I chose to take; though he named the church, as the one he wished me to adopt, it being that in which his father's power to serve me was greatest.

He concluded with saying, "I send you a bill of exchange, my dear Bouverie, for three hundred pounds: as I suppose that, after the *rig* you have been running in the *gay city*, you and Beatrice may have some debts there, and be unable to leave it at such a short notice, with-

out a little assistance. If this is not enough, speak it out at once, like a man; and I'll let you have some more,—and mind you send me an acknowledgment and promise of repayment immediately you become either Archbishop of Canterbury, or Lord High Chancellor of England. Don't neglect this, for *your own sake*, 'twill give me an interest in your advancement, you know. Adieu!"

I imparted the whole of this letter to Beatrice, who, though I had before given her reason to expect receiving advice to return to England, seemed as much startled and annoyed, as if it had come on her without notice. In truth, the prospect was not alluring, and we neither of us at all liked the notion of leaving Parisian brightness, and entering into London smoke; of exchanging the glad, gay, delightful, delicious gardens of the Luxembourg and Tuileries, for the dismal colouring of the Bird-cage Walk; nor could we with less than terror reflect that, instead of wandering along those sunny quays which bank in the Seine, we should be soon taking a wholesome stroll beside the

dark and most Phlegethon-like looking thing called *fair Rosamond's pond.* Oh! what a taste must fair Rosamond have had, to dig a pond in a pit!

"I shall cast many a wishful look towards these bright scenes, dear Lionel, and breathe many a sad sigh in memory of them," she said, as I informed her that we must make preparation for our journey.

"Not more than I shall, I assure you, Beatrice. I never liked London even before I knew better; and now, having seen Paris, I positively detest it. There is nothing in that abominable town to make glad the heart of man—dismal—dismal—dismal — dismalness is the word—no matter that I've coined it for the occasion!—beauty itself has an ill-favoured aspect in its all-corrupting atmosphere. Even that splendid monument, St. Paul's, which, if in *this* bright region, would be so lovely, placed where it is, more resembles Pandemonium than the temple of God. But after all, I am by no means sure we shall reside in London. We must talk with Meclenbury before deciding on

anything. He wishes me to take orders, yo[illegible] see. and then his father will, I suppose, prese[illegible] me to a living. I wish it may be somewhere [illegible] the neighbourhood of Bridlington,—the countr[illegible] is so beautiful !"

The necessity of doing a disagreeable thin[illegible] being once admitted, the sooner it is execute[illegible] the better: for delay but makes the task mor[illegible] irksome. Fixing, therefore, on the fifteenth o[illegible] the month for our departure, I wrote to Lord Mecklenbury, and told him we should be in London as shortly after that period as horses would carry us, or wind and tide permit.

The time between the present moment and that of setting off would be fully occupied. We had to pack up our goods and chattels, and discharge our servants:—we had to get our passport arranged—we had to take leave of our friends,—we had to take leave of *places*, objects both in and about Paris which were endeared to us by frequent visits, and many associations, and we had two engagements to fulfil, one of which was, to dine with the Duke of Richelieu, at his superb hotel in the Rue de Baby-

lone. Here was ample occupation for fifteen days!

I had no reason to suppose that when the Duke pressed Beatrice and myself to visit Versailles, he had any other design than that of paying us a compliment; I therefore had no right to be offended with *him*, because his friend Monsieur de la Barriere had since made improper overtures; or rather because he had sounded his way towards making them. Having settled this in my mind, I made no scruple of accepting the invitation.

With regard to the Marquis however, though certainly I had not quarrelled with him, nor, indeed, become *openly* cool; yet, since the conversation mentioned some chapters back, I never came into his company without feeling shy and awkward. I had been to his house, and he had come to ours, but at such visits I always felt as though I did not know *how* to feel: and looked, no doubt, as though I didn't know how to look. My heart was not so light, nor my tongue so full of gabble when conversing with him now, as they used to be.

Not so with him,—by no means. H
blithe and gay and talkative, as if not
traordinary had occurred between us;
in language nor behaviour, manifest
slightest symptom that he felt cons
having done the slightest thing which
any possible means have given me the
possible uneasiness. His assurance con
my ideas, and made me think I mig
all, have been too hasty in my judgme
that, in fact, he had, as he said, spok
in *jest*. "The deuce," I said, "was h
really in jest only? or is it that he has f
all about the matter? However, it no
fies little either one way or the other, as
going away. I won't tell Beatrice a wo
it, till we get to England, but then,
I'll relate the whole affair.

We were walking one morning about t
when a number of carriages passing d
street obliged us to wait, in order to cros
the other side with safety. During the
the stoppage, I happened to look up
ceive that we were standing opposite
tery-office.

"Beatrice," I said, "fortune has never yet much favoured us in the lottery; suppose we make a last attempt, a farewell visit, just to show her that we part without any ill-will. Mayhap she'll be pleased at such christianly forgiveness, and do something for us even yet, at the eleventh hour. Come, think of five numbers, and I'll put on all the five *quaterns*; if one of these comes up, 'twill be a prize worth winning, I can tell you. Quick,—what shall they be? Choose!"

She gave me the numbers 5, 9, 15, 75, 90, and I expended a pistole, that is, ten francs, on each of the five *quaterns* contained in them. It was *just possible* that all the five numbers would be drawn: in which case, we should be entitled to receive the value of five quaterns, or three millions seven hundred and fifty thousand livres — about a hundred and forty thousand pounds. But this we were both of us too modest to expect, for the chances were at least 1,500,000 to 1 against us. No, if one of them only should come up, we promised to be satisfied; as in truth we well might be, for it

would put about thirty thousand pounds sterling into our pockets.

"Here, my dear Beatrice!" I said, "fold up the ticket in your little pocket book; we shall hear its fate when we are in England, and if good, shall be able to get our money for merely the trouble of writing a letter to Monsieur Perigord."

CHAPTER VII.

We were now within four days of our departure, for which everything, passport and all, was prepared. In another week we should again set foot on the shores of England;—would that we had never left them!—would that the wood which formed our vessel had never been felled!

> Utinam, ne in nemore Pelio, securibus
> Cæsa, cecidisset abiegna in terram trabes!
> Neve inde, navis inchoandæ exordium,
> Cepisset!*

* "Oh! that in the Pelian groves, the wood which forms our vessel had been never felled."

These lines, which are to be found in Cicero's book, *De Fato,* are spoken by Medea's attendant,—her *Lady's-maid,* dissatisfied at being compelled to wander

"Why was I such?" Ah, me!—None will read these papers and repeat the question.

I have said that we had accepted an invitation to dine with the Duke de Richelieu. I now recollect it chanced, but, when the day arrived, I was particularly indisposed for society, without having any assignable cause for illness. I felt unwell: "I had not that alacrity of spirit nor cheerfulness of mind that I was wont to have," and would fain have sent an excuse: but Beatrice persuaded me not to do so.—On a general principle she was right: for if a man once allow himself to give way to the lowness of spirits engendered by every trifling indisposition, he soon dwindles into *un malade imaginaire*—yet, in this particular case,—Oh! that I had listened to the dark bodings of my own sad heart!

The carriage having entered the courtyard

about the world with her mistress. The remainder of the sentence is as follows,—

"Nam nunquam hera errans mea, domo efferret pedem
Medea, animo ægro, amore sævo, saucia."

Note by the Editor.

the hôtel de Richelieu, we mounted the eps of the house, which we were on the point entering, when a person, whose features ere not unknown to me, though I could by means at that moment recollect where I ad before seen them, saluted, and indeed, almost, fancied, seemed willing to address us; but ing at some distance from him, and having rived very late, I contented myself with just re-urning the compliment, and then hurried Bea-rice along into the saloon, where I was ashamed o find we were the last of the company.

The party was not a large one; and con-sisted of the Prince de Soubise, the Marquis de la Barriere, and a person I had never before met, the Count de Val . . . . . I could not well make out the name:—such, with the master and myself, made up the male part of the so-ciety.

The Comtesse d'Egmont, who was the Duke's daughter, Madame de Marsan, and Beatrice, were the only females. In all, the party consisted of eight persons.

Shortly after our arrival, we passed into the

dining-room. Everything was most splend[illegible] the show of gold and silver plate such as I had never before seen, and as I shall never, most likely, again behold; whilst the crystal vases, and the porcelain, were the most delicate and beautiful, both in material and workmanship, which Sèvres could produce.

Certainly are their cooks good in France—but I have neither time nor inclination to dilate upon the delicacy of the viands they placed before me on that day.

From the commencement of dinner to its end, there was one continued succession of anecdote—*bon-mot* and *repartée*. Foreigner as I was, and by no means, therefore, able to appreciate the delicacies of the language in which they were uttered, I, nevertheless, was delighted. Their wit resembled quick flashes of lightning on a summer evening. It was beautiful, and pleased all, because it injured no one: that is to say, no one present. As for the absent—ah! that was quite another affair!—people who don't add to the well-being of a party, can surely lay no claim to its good-will or indulgence.

I was entertained with this, so also was trice, who sate opposite to me, and beside stranger, a man appearing to be consider- past sixty, who seemed to have taken that of fatherly interest in her which kind-hearted ons, of his time of life, sometimes entertain young beauty making her first appearance ciety; and old as he was, I must say there no one present of a more lively conversa- more engaging manner, or distinguished arance. I was always a little vain of trice, and it pleased me extremely to find she attracted not only the attention of h, but that age also courted her conversa- "There must certainly be a great deal young woman who can thus excite the ce of age!" So I reasoned.

owards the end of dinner, there was a pause the conversation; and I took advantage of o address the Prince, who was seated next ne.—"Will your Serene Highness," I said, low tone of voice, "permit me to inquire is that opposite, now speaking to my wife? Comte de . . . . . I could not quite make his name."

"He's a Spanish nobleman of great rank and [illegible] travelling incognito under the name of Le Comte de Valcobero," the [illegible] replied with a mysterious air, which he [illegible] imagined the occasion required.

"He's a nobleman," he added, "have very [illegible] personages indeed come to France in this [illegible] instance, the King of Denmark [illegible] years back, the Czar Peter the Great, did Paris the honour of visiting it."

"A Spaniard, is he! well, do you know I [illegible] could detect a slight, but a *very* slight foreign accent." I felt pleased enough at this discovery, which proved the delicacy of my ear! "But pray, what is his *real* title? Don't you think there is a resemblance between him and the King? that is to say, I never, to be sure, had the honour of seeing his Majesty Louis XV., but I've seen prints and pictures of him, and I think that, allowing for the difference of costume, &c., there is a great likeness."

"You never saw the King! Oh, true! His Majesty rarely comes to Paris: very rarely, and you have never chosen to pay your respects to him at Versailles."

"But, please your Serene Highness," I again asked, "what *is* the real title of this grandee? There's really something quite romantic in all this! It is not the King of Spain himself to be sure, is it? or his brother? yet, I shouldn't be at all surprised, considering the family resemblance, and what you say of that Seigneur's great importance, to find he is really allied to the House of Bourbon."

The Prince was, I thought, on the point of gratifying my curiosity, when Madame d'Egmont rising from table, was led out of the room by the stranger, and we all followed them into the saloon.

The Hôtel de Richelieu was splendid and spacious; but that which, in my eyes, rendered it inestimable was its garden; a tract of ground covering several acres, laid out in a style in which expense had not been considered. This may surprise an Englishman; but at Paris such gardens are common.

Attached to the house, and opening out of it, was a large conservatory, a portion of which had been fitted up as a sitting-room, with tables,

chairs, and sofas; so that one might sit or lie down to read or write in the enjoyment of the sight and perfume of the most delicate flowers.

In front of this was a garden, and beyond it a grove of large trees and shrubs, through which were cut serpentine walks; where I saw some well-chiseled statues of the pipe-playing God of Arcady, of Fauns and Satyrs, and of Diana, a bow in hand, a quiver at her back, buskined and ready for the chase. Further off, again, were cascades of pure water, tumbling over moss-clothed rocks beside hermitages, of which the only anchorites, however, were the Duke and his wassailers, who, when wearied with delights, sometimes stole there unperceived, in order to recruit their spirits for another course of pleasure. It was the garden of Alcina; more so, alas! than I *then* guessed!

The air, more mild and temperate than is usual in that season, tempted us all to go out into the garden.

I don't know how it is with me; but, even in the midst of the gayest and most agreeable society, I often wish to leave it, though not weary

t. And then, suddenly retiring within elf, became, in lieu of a player in the comedy, ectator of it merely, and a maker of reflec- s. Never did a more full flood of poetical ges present themselves to my mind, never more deep and philosophical questions rise t, and demand solution,—never did more m and holy aspirations fill my heart and :e it pant, than when I was one night at a ked ball during the carnival at Paris. And the burlesque figures, their strange costumes, comical attitudes:—the dance, the tricks, songs, the jests—the everything I heard and , were, one would have said, calculated y to excite mirth and laughter.

now, too, had sufficient food for thought; it was neither poetical nor pleasant. I was the point of leaving a country where I had d very happily in peace and idleness—oh! r I do love to be at peace, and to live in ness!—and was about to return to my own; ere I expected to be in constant warfare, and ead anything but a life of ease.—I felt an ression of spirits, an indefinable apprehen-

sion of some occult danger. From being unchatative. I became perfectly silent: and finding myself totally unable to take part in what was going on, would willingly have returned home, but I was restrained from this by thinking it would *seem odd*, and, by a sort of nervous fear of making myself wondered at.

However, although I could not venture on taking leave of my host, I contrived to separate myself both from him and his party: and to glide away, unperceived by any one, into the shrubbery, where I designed taking a few minutes' solitary stroll in the hope of reasoning myself into good-humour.

CHAPTER VIII.

made a circuit of the grounds, I was
g to the house, when on my left hand
ved an alley leading to a spot where I
t yet been. It was a long serpentine
acacias, twining their branches round a
rame, so as in summer to form a vault of

.

will be very beautiful," I thought, "when
olds out golden wreaths to crown her
pers, as she gladdens them with a smile!
who is that?—plague on it!"—I conti-
having already advanced some way, I
d a lady approaching.
k it to be Madame de Marsan. She
y had not seen me, and I was determined
uld *not* see me, if I could help it. I hate
my meditations broken in upon, even by
ty woman. Ah! human loveliness

but seldom equals that which my fancy can create!

Having left Beatrice in company with Madame de Marsan, I should, had I had leisure for surprise, have wondered where the former could now be. As it was, however, I only found just sufficient time to step aside, and creeping through an aperture, broken in the trellis-work, to force my way amongst bushes into another green alley; where I remained, till imagining Madame de Marsan—for it *was* she—must have passed, I returned, and continued my former course.

Advancing, I perceived at a distance one of the hermitages before mentioned; and on approaching it, I heard the sound of voices. I was half minded to turn back again; I did not, however, do so, for on listening more attentively, I thought I distinguished that of Beatrice. I advanced.—It *was* her's; she spoke too in a louder key than usual—what could it mean?—I quickened my pace. She evidently addressed, in anger, some one who, in a far softer note, endeavoured to soothe it. I could not guess nor ima-

gine what all this portended, but almost before I had time for thought, I heard, "Leave me, Sir!" uttered, less with a scream of terror, than in a tone of indignation.

I leaped forward; but, before reaching the hermitage, saw Beatrice herself come out of it as if disengaging herself with a violent struggle from the grasp of some one who remained within.—This was, indeed, the case, and the skirt of her gown became rent by the person's effort to retain her.

Having liberated herself, she, not perceiving me, turned in the direction opposite to mine, and walked away, with a very quick, though not a hurried pace; for feeling, as she has since told me, less fear than anger, she had it much at heart, to conceal the disorder of her mind and countenance from those she was going to meet.

"Beatrice!" I exclaimed in breathless agitation as I overtook her at a few yards' distance beyond the hermitage, into which, by-the-bye, I had, on passing it, cast a hasty glance, without being able, owing to its comparative darkness, to see any one.

"For heaven's sake, dear Beatrice, tell —what is it?"

"Oh, I thank God, Lionel!" she repl turning round, and flinging her arms about neck, "you are here!—let us go—let us go: away—away—not another moment!"

"But tell me, Beatrice, tell me—my lo say—what it is! . . . . How came you in condition, your gown torn, your hair disheve —who did this? . . . . . Beatrice, what it mean—who is in that grotto?"

She gasped. "I'll tell you,—I'll tell all, Lionel,—I'll tell you all!—let us go- out of breath, ... when we get h . . . . dear Lionel!"

She seized my arm, and was trying to me away; whilst I, seeing her so greatly tated, was, for a moment, uncertain, a whether I ought not to comply with her d and accompany her home. But, *in* that ment, my eyes, falling on her bosom, perc a necklace hanging on it, but so covered b shawl which she hastily and in her agitatio drawn round her, as to be only partially vi

which circumstance, added to the confusion of my mind, occasioned its not having before attracted my notice.

"Beatrice!—Beatrice!"—I exclaimed, holding her at arm's length,—"what mean these diamonds?"

Uttering an ejaculation of reminiscence—

"O God!—O God! the necklace.—True—true—I forgot!—let me"—she said, as raising both arms, she attempted to lift it over her head-dress.

I heard no more; the truth, or at least a suspicion of what I afterwards found to be true, instantly flashed across my mind. Breaking from her, I darted towards the hermitage; looked in—and there saw, sitting at the further end of it, the Comte de Valcobero, in that perturbation of mind which may be supposed consequent on the failure of an attempt like his.

I did not envy him his thoughts—he looked abashed—the very soul of shame! Yet it was not *that* shame which, being the mind's acknowledgment of error, promises a return to virtue; but was that of balked desire, of wounded pride,

of rage at being foiled, the shame of being overcome, and of having his defeat witnessed by a stranger.

Perceiving me, he rose. I laid my hand upon my sword—for in those days it was customary to wear swords even at table. Le Comte de Valcobero was no craven; age in him had not slacked courage, more than it had chilled his blood; he would, I believe, at that moment, have rejoiced to hide disgrace in his own death, if unable to cover it by mine.

He too drew his sword, then waited my approach; some accident having happened to mine, fixed it in its scabbard. I tugged with all my might to loosen it, and had just succeeded, when my arm was held back, and I felt my hand to be pressed down so as to push the weapon back into its scabbard. I turned round, it was Beatrice,—wild, hurried, flushed, breathless,—attempting to speak, but unable to articulate intelligible words. Behind her, at a few paces off, I perceived some others running with their utmost speed towards us. Whether they were attracted by the noise, or had been waiting hard

by, I know not, but the complete absorption of all my mental faculties had hitherto prevented me from hearing their approach.

In spite of Beatrice's opposition, I unsheathed my sword, and, she still clinging round me, was advancing into the grotto, when the Marquis de la Barriere joining us, grasped my arm as with an iron vice.

"How then!"—for heaven's sake," he whispered in a quick, wild, and hurried voice:—"will you rush upon destruction! It is the King!—his Majesty!—as you value existence sheath your sword."

I did not sheath it, but its point drooped to the ground; and I stood silently gazing at my antagonist . . . . . .

"The King!" I at last repeated.

"Yes, Lionel—dear Lionel—dear Lionel,—let us go;—do come!—this is no place for us. Here—come away!—come—come!" said Beatrice, imploringly, whilst she attempted, with all her strength, to draw me off.

It is no difficult matter to be calm in word, measured in conduct, and dignified in demea-

nor, when contending with an equal; and, of course, it is still less difficult to be so, when opposed to a superior. We may, then, say with Achiloüs—

"Non tam
Turpe fuit vinci quam contendisse decorum est
Magnaque dat nobis, tantus solatia victor."*

and a pleasing elevation of mind arising, produces calmness, for if not assured of victory we are at least secure against disgrace.

But, if forced into the lists with an inferior, the heart grows sick, and the mind, feeling degraded beneath its proper level, becomes angered at a sense of its abasement, and we lose ourselves. For my own part I would rather combat any monster told of in the "Fairie Queene," than battle with a *parvenu*; and whenever such has been my ill fate, have felt my spirit ensavaged with the rage of a mad wolf.

* There is less disgrace in being overcome than glory in having contended, for the greatness of my conqueror consoles me for defeat.—*Ovid Met. Note by the Editor.*

So bewildered was I in astonishment, as to ill stand silently gazing, first at the King, then pon his courtiers, and lastly, towards Beatrice, ithout however more noticing her appeal than she had not spoken. She made another fort.

"Dear Lionel—come!—come—let us go!"

I turned towards her. The necklace again aught my eye.

"With these trappings on!—You,—my wife! ive them to me!"

Laying my hand on the diamonds, I almost ulled them from her neck before she had time o loosen them.

If he were before ashamed, the King *now* emed shrinking into a very nothing. Never efore had daughter of Eve been unpropitious to is suit. For him to express will had hitherto een the accomplishment of desire. Maids and atrons, simple dames of moderate parentage, nd princesses of the most illustrious descent, ike ambitious of a smile, rather solicited notice han waited to receive homage. *Now* he was ejected—spurned by one whom he, no doubt,

thought would have accepted his courtship as an honour; and there he stood!—humbled by a girl in the presence of those very courtiers whose daily flatteries had almost made him fancy he was a God! I addressed him.

"Fortune," I said, "has accorded to majesty the privilege of impunity for crime—a power of inflicting injury, unrestrained by any fear of human chastisement! Had the Sovereign of Great Britain so demeaned himself, I should have blushed, for *he* would have ventured it only if thinking me beneath the standard of a man; but the *King of France*, ruling over slaves, and guessing not that quick sensibility to wrongs which freedom breeds, thinks, doubtless, we should feel his outrage as an honour!"

I turned to Monsieur de Richelieu. "For you, Duke," I said, "you, my host! *our* stations in society are not so very widely different as to forbid my demanding satisfaction for this insult. But your arm is now too weak to contend with mine; many more years cannot pass before you will be summoned to answer, at a higher tribunal, for your conduct here. Let the

remainder of your life be so spent as to ensure forgiveness for your treachery to-day!

"Monsieur le Marquis, you and I must speak at length upon this subject, at a more convenient season. For the present, oblige me by restoring to their proprietor those jewels, which the veneration in which I hold majesty forbids me from trampling beneath my feet, or casting in their owner's face.—Come, Beatrice."

CHAPTER IX.

TAKING Beatrice by the arm, I led her away, but had not proceeded very far down the avenue when we were overtaken by the Marquis.

"On my word of honour, my dear Monsieur," he said, "on my word of honour do I most solemnly assure both you, and Madame de Bouverie, that on arriving here I was altogether ignorant of the King's intention of coming; and I moreover as solemnly protest that the Duke —for I upbraided him for his conduct—declared it to be, if not without his *privacy*, against his inclination."

I looked at him in surprise, and with incredulity.

"*This—this*—on your parole of honour, Monsieur le Marquis,—as a gentleman. How can it be?"

"As a gentleman, and on a gentleman's most solemn word of honour."

"But how then came his Majesty to be invited?"

"He was *not* invited; that is, he was *self-invited*. He had often heard the Duke, and indeed many others — speak of you and Madame de Bouverie. A few days ago, Monsieur de Richelieu happened to say that you were going to dine with him, and then the King replied, that he would come incognito."

"But why, then, did not Monsieur de Richelieu intimate all this to us; so that being prepared we might have avoided so much disgrace and sorrow?"

"Ah!—I can say nothing on this point. I only answer to my own conduct; the Duke himself must reply for *his*. He might certainly have put you on your guard, particularly too as he is perfectly aware of your opinions on such matters, for I related our conversation to him; but I suppose he preferred obliging his master to serving a friend. Yet had he anticipated the sad result!—what a dreadful scandal it will

occasion. I tremble to think of the consequences."

I could not otherwise than relent towards the Marquis; in truth, if his account were true, I had no reason for complaint against *him*.

"You solemnly, then," I again asked, "assert your entire ignorance of the Duke's design?"

"Not only so; but I assure you also that this affair has given me a distaste for like intrigues. I am grieved at having ever dabbled with them, and to prove this, will do you any service in my power."

"What service can you render me, Monsieur? The greatest, the only one, is to lead me out of this place unnoticed, and uncommented on by any. Can you manage this?"

"I will try, at all events," he said, as he conducted us along a by-path to the conservatory, through which he led us on unperceived but by the host of servants assembled in the hall, who were apparently surprised at the disorder very visible in us all, but particularly Beatrice.

The Marquis accompanied me into the court-yard. Our carriage had not arrived, and we were forced to send for a *fiacre*—for Beatrice could not possibly have walked. Whilst we waited for it, the Marquis took me aside.

"A word with you, my good friends," he said, "before we part. You have angered a great King—have *shamed* him: this can never be forgiven. By nature he is good—certainly he is; but used from childhood to unlimited authority, he regards as enemies any who oppose his will. He thought to do you honour; you have rejected him, insulted him, and this before witnesses!—He is absolute master in France."

"Ay! over his own subjects; but he is not *my* sovereign."

"He is not your Sovereign! No; but you are in his dominions. Leave them as soon as you can. When do you go, did you say?"

"On Wednesday, four days hence."

"Hasten your departure, and keep yourself within doors as quietly as possible, till you are fairly off."

"Within doors, Marquis!" I said, "what do you mean?"

"I simply mean that we have a vast number of prisons in France:—such, for instance, as the Bastile, Chatelet, Vincennes, Ham, Mont St. Michel, and many more; in which, for a less matter than this, persons have been shut up and never again heard of,—they'll treat you civilly enough there, I dare say, but won't suffer you to run about, and enjoy the society of your friends!"

"I'll go immediately to the English ambassador—yet how unfortunate! Lord Stormont is gone to England,—I forgot that; however, I may demand protection from the remaining authorities nevertheless."

"To be sure you may; and will obtain it too of course. What then? some one will tread on your toes. You'll call him out—he'll run a small sword through your body. If *he* fail, another will understand his trade better;—an affair of honour!—what can your government do?—or, you may chance to meet some persons who'll give you a gentle lift over the balustrade

"f the Pont Royal, or Pont Henri Quatre, into he Seine, some dark evening. You can swim, I dare say,—very well! but suppose they first lap a sack over your head and put a few stones in it!"

"You fill my soul with horror! can such things be done in a populous and civilized town like Paris? How would you have us act?"

"Why, my good friend, I would have you quit Paris as soon as ever you can—to-morrow if possible, and not return till a safe residence here is insured to you by the old King's death, which, perhaps, is not very distant. Mind, however, I do not say his Majesty would *order* or even *contrive* your assassination:—greatly angered as he may be, he would content himself with having you clapped up in prison,—*thus* much, depend on it, he will have done, if it can be brought about *privately;* and if he fail in it, there are plenty, who, without waiting for his authority, but in hopes of doing something agreeable to him, will adopt the other mode; whilst he, though too good,—perhaps indeed too timid, to have *commanded* it, will be so rejoiced, at

getting rid of one, who might talk of his d—— affair that he'll not weary Monsieur de Sartines too much in the discovery of your assassins."

"Besides," I replied smiling, for I did not feel, and at all events was anxious to seem not to feel, all the terror which the Marquis wished to inspire—"'twill be of very little service to me when residing at the bottom of the Seine, to have an inquiry instituted about the persons who put me there!"—I believe this to have been my last jest.

"Ha, ha! very true, and therefore my dear friend, leave Paris. The sooner you go the better. If the King dies, come back, and delighted shall I be to see you again. You are almost the only inoffensive Englishman I ever met, and Madame," he continued, taking Beatrice by the hand, which with the usual gallantry of the French he pressed to his lips—"is the fairest and most amiable creature that has ever ornamented Paris with her presence. Now farewell for the present. I will call on you to-morrow, *if possible*, but must be very cautious, or otherwise, without serving you, I shall get myself into great disgrace and danger."

The Marquis then left us, and the *fiacre* being arrived we got into it and drove home.

"Sooner or later crime meets its just punishment:" this, being a sentence replete with excellent morality, should be printed in letters of gold, and hung up in all nurseries;—there is but one defect in it—a want of truth:—but that's a mere trifle.

In fact, people are punished, not for behaving ill; but for doing something which flings them out of the regular course of events; out of the stream of fortune. When this happens they get into a side eddy, which carrying them round and round, and round again, mocks their sturdiest efforts to return into a smooth and uniform flow of waters. There they remain, whirled about, sometimes at a vast distance from, at others, quite close to, but always utterly unable to force a way back into the grand current whilst every blundering blockhead, whom stupidity alone has, perhaps, guarded from a like mischance, stands gaping on the shore, and grinning at his plight; and every brutal ferocious beast flings a stone in mockery of his misfortune, and in aggravation of his sorrow.

By marrying Beatrice without my father's consent, and thus stepping out of the accustomed tide of mundane transactions, *I* got into this eddy, and presented my aunt and her son with the means of working on him to my detriment. Had my conduct been criminal, and had I *persevered in a long course of evil actions*, the punishment could not have been severer, nor the consequences more tragic.

I was not therefore suffering *punishment*, but merely undergoing the natural consequence of putting myself without the *regular course of events*. *Habes epilogum nequid pretermissum aut relictum putes.** Yes! it is yet unsaid, that *Humbug* is the true source of misery to mankind; whom Folly, more than the whip of Ahrimanes, scourges.

* My discourse is finished, unless, indeed, you think I have left anything unsaid.

Cicero at the end of the book—" De contemnanda morte.

CHAPTER X.

Beatrice having retired to bed, for though it was yet an early hour she felt excessively fatigued, I sate down near her, waiting anxiously for the moment of her sinking into repose.

My mind was in that train of reflection, a detail of which concludes the last chapter, when I heard some one at the door say that Monsieur Mareuse desired to speak with me immediately.

There was nothing very extraordinary in either his or any other person's calling on me at that moment: but my imagination was on the wing, and when that is the case, it always flies far. A qualm came over me; but I followed the servant into the saloon.

Monsieur Mareuse appeared agitated—his manner, as well as voice, was hurried.

"'Monsieur de Bouverie," he said, "my bro-

ther has just been at my house to tell me you dined with the Duke de Richelieu."

"Your *brother* told you so! Bless me, true, it *was your brother*, then, whom I saw just before entering the Duke's hôtel! his features were familiar to me, yet I *could* no recollect where I had seen them. I never, y know, met him but once, and that but for a fe minutes . . . . well, my dear Monsieur, wha of that?"

"Why, he informed me of a disturbanc in which you were principally concerned; and that the King, who dined there incognito, turned immediately to Versailles. It was w the utmost difficulty that my brother, by p tending business of the greatest import, cou obtain leave to remain a short time in Pari and thus enable himself to put you on you guard."

"On my guard!—My dear Monsieur, it is *I*—*I*, not his *Majesty*, who has the right to be offended."

"Oh! Monsieur de Bouverie, *right!* if every one had justice meted to him! But give

me leave to ask you the particulars of the case, my brother was too hurried to detail them; besides which, he himself could obtain no very satisfactory account."

I then related the whole story, from beginning to end. When it was finished Monsieur Mareuse replied, that however *I* might look on the matter, *he* too well knew the manner of terminating such affairs, not to advise my following Monsieur de la Barriere's counsel implicitly, leaving Paris as soon as possible, and keeping guard over myself whilst I remained in it. "*Lettres de Cachet*," he said, "are daily expedited at the request of people of very little import when they want to revenge an affront. *You* have offended the greatest personage in the kingdom. I would not lose an instant in going to the English ambassador, and making him master of the whole circumstance, so that if anything should happen, his Excellency may guess what it is, and take measures accordingly."

Far more out of compliance with my friend's wishes, than from fears of the threatened evils, I promised to follow his advice. In truth, so

very magnificent were my ideas respecting the grandeur, power, and influence of England, and of the awe in which she was held; that neither the admonitions of Monsieur de la Barriere,—nor those of M. Mareuse, sufficed to inspire me with any very serious apprehensions.

Lord Stormont being in England, I wrote a short note to Sir George * * *, I forgot the name, —who was left as *locum tenens*, during the ambassador's absence; and, intimating that I had private business to communicate, said I would do myself the honour of waiting on him next day. I at the same time begged that, should he not be disengaged at the hour I mentioned, he would have the goodness to name another, more convenient to himself.

This being an affair in which Monsieur Mareuse thought that a knowledge respecting the practice of the police might be necessary, and in which he might prompt me to advantage, he kindly offered to accompany me to the hotel of the embassy. I readily accepted his proposal, after which he took leave and left me, to rejoin Beatrice, who had fallen into a sound sleep during my absence.

He was punctual to his hour on the following day.

"Well," I said, "Monsieur, here you are catching us lazy folk at breakfast! I have received no intimation from Sir George * * * that he cannot see me, and therefore, take it for granted he will do so. I am at your orders."

We left the house, but on arriving at the Hôtel de l'Ambassade, and inquiring for Sir George, received for answer, that he was gone out of Paris for the day. "When the cat's away the mice will play," I said to myself; "what's to be done now?"

I asked the servant if there were not some one to whom I might address myself, on an affair of some importance. "Yes, certainly, Sir," he replied, "there is Mr. Curteis."

I should have felt an extreme repugnance to transact any business whatever with Mr. Curteis; but to sit quietly down and detail to him the events of the last day was, I found after a moment's debate with my own feelings, altogether impossible, and I therefore replied that I would wait for Sir George's return; which the servant

assured me would be in the evening; when, the affair were of sufficient import, Sir Geo would attend to me: if not so, I should, he said be sure to find him on the next day.

I then turned round to M. Mareuse with a design of leaving the room with him; but found that during this my short conversation, he had stepped aside, and taken on himself to send up to Mr. Curteis. We were thus obliged to await an answer, which arrived shortly, and was to this effect—"Mr. Curteis could attend to no private business on such a day"—it was Sunday: I had forgotten this—"and at a time when he was preparing to attend divine service" but that if Mr. Bouverie wanted anything particular he might return at the same hour the next day. See how poor religion is al pulled in head and shoulders, to enable us do what we like!

I was excessively nettled at this reply,—as one ought ever to mind what a beast says does!—evidently dictated by ancient grudg and for a moment I felt half minded to insi on his paying an immediate attention

ly case. However, a reluctance to name the latter to *him*,—a doubt as to whether I had a *right* to demand his services on that day, and at that time of the day, together with a feeling of its being undignified to attempt it and fail, decided me debate, and made me, much to the dissatisfaction of M. Mareuse, repeat that I would wait for ir George's return.

Passing, on our return, through a corridor, e saw coming towards us three or four persons, : the head of whom was Curteis, well powdered, oed, frilled, and ruffled—with his full-blown oon-face in a very particularly shining prediument. They were, no doubt, I thought, go- g to the chapel. We stepped aside to let em pass. Curteis seemed confused at the eeting; he did not expect it, I think; but ould not well avoid stopping to speak to me.

"Very sorry, Mr. Bouverie, couldn't attend to you; hope it's of no consequence—you e—"

"I dare say, Mr. Curteis," I replied, cutting im short, "that you have done what you *hought* right."

He stammered out something about not having found my letter to Sir George till it was too late for him to give an answer; and was continuing on with a string of apologies, when I bowed and passed on.

We had reached the outer court when my companion, unable to hold out any longer, addressed me.

"I'll tell you what, Monsieur, if *you* don't value your safety, *I* do value it. You've done me too much service for me to let you run yourself into any such noose as this, and if you refuse to go back to Mr. Curteis, I'll go to him myself, and relate the whole story. I must treat you like a child, I see!"

In short, so determinately bent did my good friend seem on taking care of me, that I could no longer find it in my heart to refuse his application; therefore, returning with him to the hotel, we sat down together to await the termination of divine service.

I then again demanded an interview with Curteis, and being shown into a room, where I found him alone, related the story as succinctly

bly, and then claimed protection as a subject against any attempt which might ɛ upon my liberty. I saw delight spar- he rascal's eyes as I was speaking.

d pray," he asked, "what do you want o?—what can I do? I can't do anything ɜsible for *me* to interfere. Sir George home, and if he was at home, I don't ıink he'd issue a writ for you against g of France."

ere," said I, to Monsieur Mareuse, after briefly explained what had been said, you how it would be. Mr. Curteis!— ıt come here to ask a *favour*, but to de- *right*. Do you refuse me protection? ɜhall most assuredly make his Excellency ted with your conduct."

w can I grant protection against the King ce? He's a bigger man than I. I've ıority. What would you have me do? im into Westminster Hall, I suppose, or -street!—you'd best, I think, go to Mr. ɜ, and swear the peace against him."

I wished I could have choked the animal, but almost choked *myself* in gulping the words which rose to my lips.

"Come, come, Mr. Curteis, let us, if you please, have none of this vulgar ribaldry, which savours very considerably of—I beg your pardon—of low company. Inform me in one word, whether you will, or will not, afford that protection which I claim of you, as the right of a British subject."

"Vulgar ribaldry—low company!—I don't know what that means, nor what *you* mean; but know very well, what you've got by picking up with the highflyers here, in this town, Paris;—the tip-top sawyers, as we call 'em: his Excellency warned you what would come of't, I'm told; and now you see how it is. *I* can't help you, nor interfere—you'd best wait a bit, and see what Sir George will do for you."

All this was uttered with a malicious, sardonic—a *damnable* grin of satisfaction, which —Oh! I should like to have throttled him.

"I tell you what, Mr. Curteis. Not only

will I inform his Excellency of your indecent behaviour; but I have a charge of a private nature against you. I am *told*, Sir, that you have uttered the most scandalous—ay, Sir, *the most scandalous and most malicious falsehoods* respecting me."

I observed him change countenance, and sit very uneasily on his chair as I pronounced this. I continued—

"I have neither means nor leisure to inquire into the matter at present; but am going to England, where I will make it my business to find out what truth there is in the report, and if it is confirmed, take you my word for it, that the next wound you receive from me at Vincennes, shall be something more than a mere scratch."

I turned round on my heel, took Monsieur Bareuse by the arm, and was going away. Courteis rose and followed me.

"Really, Bouverie—I beg pardon, for not perceiving you better—the truth is, I'm not very well this morning.—Besides too,—I thought you had better wait Sir George's return;—but,

certainly—yes, certainly, if you *really* think I can be of any service—we'll talk over and consider the matter together."

"It is too late, Sir! I shall await Sir George's arrival."

CHAPTER XI.

We left the Hotel de l'Ambassade, and were walking down one of the small streets in the neighbourhood of the Palais Royal; when, in crossing from one side of the way to the other, my attention was attracted by rather a tall man, of not a very prepossessing appearance, who came so close as to shove me in passing. I was, at that moment, in very intent conversation with Monsieur Mareuse respecting my departure, and had my eyes fixed on the ground, as I listened to him; but, feeling myself pushed, I naturally looked up to see what was the matter.

The stranger immediately took off his hat, asked pardon for the inadvertence, and then continuing his path, was out of sight in a minute. I was rather surprised at all this, as it struck me, that, during the period of his address, mo-

[illegible] as it was, he eyed me with considera- [illegible] attention, as though he had seen me some- [illegible] before, but could not recollect where: [illegible] other, being certain I had never seen him [illegible] though, and having my thoughts then much [illegible] upon [illegible] and the adventure passed [illegible] out my mind, and would never perhaps [illegible] returned to it, but for his re-appearance al- [illegible] immediately afterwards.

[illegible] my taken out my pocket-book, I was [illegible] the day of the month, when, just [illegible] round a corner of the Rue de la Sou- [illegible], I observed the very same person leaning [illegible] one of those large blocks of stone, so [illegible] erected at Paris, by the humanity of [illegible] paternal government, as a means of retreat [illegible] foot-passengers, who might otherwise chance [illegible] now and then to be jammed against a [illegible] and spitted on the spoke of a cart wheel [illegible] much the same way as one sees butter- [illegible] fixed upon a needle in the cabinet of a natur[illegible]

In his hand he held a paper, at which I [illegible] him every now and then look and t[illegible] turn his eyes towards us. I pressed Monsi[illegible]

areuse on the arm so as to attract his atten-on.

"Look at that man," I said; "why, he's taking y picture, to be sure, or yours. See how he tares at us!"

"Where?" said Monsieur Mareuse, looking p, and starting as his eye caught the figure.—"Come along, this way," he continued pulling e in a contrary direction down some small treet. "Let us get into St. Roch, it's close by; e'll not dare touch us there."

"*Dare* touch us!—who is *going* to touch s?"

"Faith, I can't tell you. Come, let's be quick, —I don't like the fellow's looks at all."

The words were scarcely out of his mouth, hen we both set off, at a good round trot. Whether it was this action, apparently indicating consciousness of guilt, which determined their nduct, I know not, but we had proceeded nly a few paces towards the sanctuary, when e found ourselves surrounded by four men,—*tafiers de police*, or constables, as we call em, who singling me out, desired my friend

to stand back, and—*de part du Roi*—in the King's name, requested the *honour* of my company.

Being perfectly aware that neither his Majesty, nor any of his Majesty's subjects had any cause of reasonable complaint against me, my first impulse was to defend myself; but the gentlemen, being adepts in their trade, had, by pinioning my arms, and unbuckling my sword, before I was aware of their intentions, effectually prevented me from even making such an attempt.

Had I not before been instructed in the perfect uselessness of appealing to a Parisian populace, on similar occasions, that which I then saw must have convinced me of it. I observed many people turn round, look at me an instant, and then walk away, as if nothing extraordinary had occurred. One person,—she was a female, lately, perhaps, come to Paris, and unfamiliarized as yet with such scenes, exclaimed in an accent of surprise and grief,

"Eh! mon Dieu, mon Dieu, qu'est donc ce qu'on veut faire à ce Monsieur là."

"Oh! madame," replied he who accompanied her: "ce n'est rien—ce n'est rien!—une petite affaire de police; un enlevement seulement—il l'a bien merité sans doute."

Dragging me away, they made me get into a hackney-coach, waiting for us in the street; and, two of the four seating themselves with me inside, we drove off. Having a little recovered myself,—

"And how dare you," said I, "arrest a British subject in this scandalous way? Depend upon it, you shall be brought to a severe account for such conduct."

"Monsieur, we beg you to pardon us,—we have only obeyed the orders of our superior officer. We suppose he thought your features tallied with his instructions:—if there is any mistake, or if you are innocent, Monsieur de Sartines will doubtless order your release."

"Innocent!" I exclaimed indignantly;—"of what am I accused?"

They shrugged their shoulders. "Ah, Monsieur!—it is not our business to inquire into that. We are perfectly ignorant of the complaint M. de Sartines has against you."

"And so then," I retorted, "you let yourselves out to serve another, and never inquire whether the work he gives you is good or bad: you favour tyranny and forward justice with an equal indifference! You are a nice couple,—you two little rascally wretches!"

This was a wise reflection, certainly, to utte[r] to a brace of tipstaves; and perfectly charac[te]ristic of the speaker. I always seemed to th[ink] that every one I conversed with, was a philoso-pher or an Angel at least,—or that if not, he *ought* to be so.

Again the man shrugged his shoulder[s], and then flung himself back comfortably in a c[or]ner of the coach.

If *I* travelled unwillingly, so also did the horses, they were poor hacks, indee[d]!— scarcely able to drag themselves along; m[uch] less themselves and a great lumbering f[our] wheeled carriage, charged with four full-gro[wn] robust persons. However, on we jogged, leaving by degrees the habitable part of t[he] town—by which is meant, *that* part where it is possible for any person, of any figure in t[he] world, you know, to exist—came gently into

quarter where, no one having any sort of regard to his character as a man of good society, figure, and fashion, dares be seen: and, at last, arriving in a division of the town which had hitherto escaped even my penetrating search, we entered a street so very, very narrow, that a couple of lovers might have held a very interesting conversation indeed, from any two of its opposite windows.

Here we stopped, and the coach drew up at the door of an hotel, having two sentinels stationed before it; but which, — except, as I afterwards found, that some of its windows were barred,—had little to distinguish it from many others I had seen. The bell was rung, the porter opened, and we alighted.

Before entering the courtyard, I cast a hasty glance around, in order to make out, if possible, in what quarter of the globe fate, fortune, his Majesty, or the devil, had tumbled me. During this momentary investigation, how great was my delight, when my eyes fell on Monsieur Mareuse, who, I thought and trusted, had followed the coach, with the kind intention of

finding where I was lodged; and of informing Beatrice of the discovery. The seeing him was a great relief to my mind; how I thanked him, in my heart, for this act of friendship,—but I had no time to do more than just give a sign of recognition, as I was led forward, and given into the custody of the Provost, or guardian of the prison.

"Mr. Provost," I said, "I beg you will take note, that I am a foreigner;—not only this, that I am an Englishman, — an *Englishman!*—I attached an idea of vast importance to being an Englishman—in no way whatever a subject of the French government. I have done nothing which ought to draw on me even the attention of your police, much less its punishment. I have the honour of being intimate with several great personages in Paris; and of being personally acquainted with the British ambassador. If you detain me, be it at your peril; but rest assured, that you shall be brought to a very severe account for your conduct."

The Provost replied, as I might have anticipated, that he perfectly well knew his duty; and

that I might, on regaining my liberty, lay any complaint I thought proper,—but that it needs must be preferred against his superiors, under whose authority he acted, and who, therefore, were alone accountable for my arrest.

He then led me up a pair of stone stairs, and through several long passages; till, without having met a single person on the way, we arrived at a strong oaken door, the bolts of which being undrawn, and the door itself opened, gave me the view of a tolerably large and very comfortably furnished room, destined for my abode, and in which he assured me I should be treated with all attention and respect, and want for no indulgence consistent with my state, of prisoner.

"Prisoner!—at whose suit?—for what crime?—where are my accusers?—when shall I be tried?—give me a copy of my indictment,—I *demand* it!"

Alas! poor Lionel Bouverie!—you fancied yourself in England; where the very least advantage your countryman might expect, for having exiled their natural and legitimate sove-

reign was a certainty that neither they nor their descendants should be put into jail, without being informed wherefore.

The Provost, who was an old man, calmly, and indeed even, I may say, meekly replied—that one of the orders the observance of which was the most strictly enforced, was that of not replying to any such questions.

"But" he continued, "were I even *disposed* to answer them, I could not: for I solemnly assure you, I am quite ignorant both of the charge preferred against you, and of him who prefers it: and that, except perceiving you to be an Englishman, I have no idea whatever, who or what you are—I have not even been informed of your name."

"Oh what a most abominable government is this!" I exclaimed, stamping on the brick-paved floor in an agony of rage; "but *I* know what it is!—none need tell me—*I* know my accuser: and if I bring him not to the shame he merits—would to Heaven only that I had sacrificed him to my resentment!"

"I trust, my son," said the Provost, "that

your arrest may prove to be one of those mistakes which frequently occur, I assure you; for owing to the great zeal which the officers of both Church and State manifest in the maintenance of good order, they often commit a peaceable citizen rather than risk the escape of an offender."

"Admirable!" I exclaimed; "why, we surely then are living in the land of *Torlore**—the laws and customs of which are in direct opposition to those of every other country, and to everything which reason would make them. In England, we say it is better ten guilty persons escape, than that one innocent man should suffer."

"Every country has customs peculiar to itself," replied the old man, with a most provoking calmness; "yours are good for England, no doubt ——ours are good for us: but, as I was saying, I trust this will prove to be a mistake; and that we

* Torlore is an imaginary country, spoken of in the poems, &c. of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. A short account of it may be seen in the history of Aucassin and Nicolette.—*Note by the Editor.*

shall shortly receive an order for your release; when, without doubt, apologies will be made me for the violence done you."

"I'll not receive them! A mistake! No, it is *not* a mistake. I'll write instantly to the British ambassador. Let me have pens, ink, and paper."

"Impossible!—quite impossible!"

"Impossible!—why? Do you mean then that I am to live here incarcerated all my days without informing my friends where I am! This—*this* is impossible."

"I do assure you, my son, that were I to furnish you with what you require, I should not be suffered to retain my present situation, for the space of twenty-four hours—nay, should, most probably, be made to partake yours; but patience! give only time for the discovery of the error, and no doubt you will be released. Indeed, the very fact of your being brought to this place of confinement, instead of to any other; and the orders I have received to use you well, prove that you, my son, or the one for whom you may have been mistaken, is not accused

of criminal or disgraceful conduct, and this gives reason to hope, that yours will be but a short punishment."

I looked at the Provost,—whose address "my son," now first struck my ear,—more attentively than I had before done, and now also first perceived, in my *mind*, and by *reflection*, that which, owing to the hurry of my thoughts, had hitherto only passed through *my eyes*, without making much impression on my interior man. I observed that he was dressed in a soutane, or cassock, and covered with a species of leathern cap, or calotte, as it is called, worn by those belonging to religious orders; and therefore, to his last expression I hastily replied, "No, this I perceive is not a common prison; but where then am I?"

"In a priory of Recollets, of which I am the superior."

The Recollets, I knew to be a reformed order of Franciscans; and I replied, "St. François d'Assise little suspected, that men acknowledging him for their founder, would ever so thwart his pious purpose, and change its benefi-

cence into an abomination!—you have been reformed to small effect, methinks, good father!—are there, I pray you, many more like me, detained here, against all right and law, and every precept of religion?"

"My son," he replied, "if you have any questions to ask respecting our religion, I will answer them to the best of my abilities; which, though humble, may, I trust, with the assistance of our blessed Saviour, enable me to manifest the truth of the most holy Catholic faith; and thus lead you from the profession of that mischievous heresy, in which you have been brought up, and for which every man, if he die in it, must invariably suffer eternal perdition. *This* I will gladly do, but to such questions as you ask, my duty commands me to be silent."

"Gramercy, good father!—you call me son, and yet treat, me, methinks, after a most unpaternal fashion,—worse even," I added, in an under voice, "than my real father does, and a pretty one *he* is, to be sure! to keep me here. As for your religion—I thank you—but I already have one of my own, which will, at least,

, suffice to place me in a better situation
:y present,—it can't be much worse at all
! Certainly you have taken no pains to
ıose me in its favour. I return you many
, but am little inclined to adopt a creed
aids and abets the tearing a man from his
and friends, and locking him up in a jail."
r a few more words, expressing a hope
e grand vicaire would shortly authorise
ɜase, the superior took his leave.

CHAPTER XII

se, our good friend,—he will inform

s idea appeased me for a moment; as I
it that, immediately my situation came to
owledge, she would, of course, apply to
glish authorities, and obtain my release.
other terror struck my imagination;—she
rself exposed to the same oppression as
might, for aught I knew to the contrary,
een arrested at the same time—be al-
..... No wild beast ever roamed
furiously about the den of his impri-
nt than did I around my room; mine was
ry of a lion, not *refusing* chains, but
g with scornful rage under those im-

How I cursed all things! but the chief,
e bitterness of my wrathful hatred and
, was for my aunt and her son,—them I
ed as the primal cause of all my sorrow.
nd yet," I thought, "it *is* possible, just
le, that this may, as the Prior hints, have
lone through error. They *may* have mis-
:en me for some other person. The coin-

cidence is curious enough, to be sure, that it should happen so immediately after this disturbance at the Duke's—yet, strange as it is, stranger yet have been. Courage, all may be well!"

During such reflections time passed. They brought me dinner. I ate some: it was excellent, but my appetite failed me. The wine was delicious, and of that I drank plentifully; I needed it. I was served by a lay brother, and treated with great deference and respect;—but no one word could I extract regarding anything which it really imported me to know; that is, with regard to my supposed offence. The only information I acquired being, that the priory, under the immediate jurisdiction of of the archbishop, was seldom used as a place of confinement, and never so, excepting for offenders of a certain station in society, whose imprisonment it was particularly wished to conceal from public notice, and that they were never detained there long, being either altogether released or sent elsewhere.

"O God!" I exclaimed internally, "shall I not then be even allowed to remain *here?*—Must I be taken from this place—perhaps even from Paris, and sent, it may be, to Ham or Mont St. Michel, or some other castle of Despair, where I shall never again be heard of? Oh, Beatrice, Beatrice!"

My hope, my only hope was that M. Mareuse had been able to inform her of my situation; yet, what probability was there, that they should leave her—*her*, the cause of my imprisonment, at large to revenge it?—it was far more likely that the blow, which struck me, had reached her at the same moment, and that she was now in some convent of nuns;—worse than this I did not anticipate. Not even a king of France would, I knew, dare so shock the gallantry and generous feelings of his subjects, as to employ violence; and, surrounded as he was on every side by etiquette, such things could not be done in secret. No, the object he now had in view was, I apprehended, simply to avoid the *publicity* which might arise from our boasting of

his defeat.—We should *not* have boasted, but this he could not know. Yes, freedom, if it were to come at all, was to come to me through Beatrice—who else was there to aid me?—I had obtained a passport, and taken leave of all my friends; an absence, therefore, from my usual haunts would not be commented on, or if commented on, it would be replied, "Oh! he is gone to England." As to Monsieur de la Barriere—for it would have been idle to expect assistance from the Duke or any of the other of the party,—but, Monsieur de la Barriere, who really was my friend—to a certain point—could I reasonably anticipate that he, in the pursuit of pleasure, would find time to turn aside, and reflect seriously on *my* sorrows? or, by instructing the English ambassador of my imprisonment, thwart his own projects of ambition, in openly opposing his sovereign's will? I could not even expect so much from Monsieur Mareuse, however grieved he might be at my misfortunes. There is a wide difference between feeling pity or giving such assistance as he had already

rendered, and the laying himself open to the resentment of his King, and thus insuring the utter ruin of himself and all his family.

Thus at length, wearied with rage, I sank gradually into despair. I felt utterly lost.

Most men, if prosperous, serve the Devil, and reserve God for adverse circumstances—a sort of *pis aller*, who is to help them when no one else will. With *me* it is quite different. Being happy, I often look and meditate upon the works of Nature, until—drinking from the cup she offers me, and, drunken with a love the vulgar know not—my pure, unworlded thoughts rise up a hymn of gratitude!—and in the torch-lighted aisles of holy churches, I stand and listen, with a breathless awe, as slow-paced, solemn, surpliced monks, and alb-clothed choristers, and white-veiled virgins, sprinkling sweet flowers around them, chant holy praises to the Highest! And few, indeed, are there,—though *none* of them, perchance, have thoughts entirely mine,—who bow with deeper reverence than I.

Thus, when I am happy; but, when n
is anguished, piety decays; and then
and call on Ahrimanes to do his worst ar
me!

CHAPTER XIII.

It grew towards evening. I listened to the bell calling the monks to Complies,—the last service of the day, and a farewell prayer to the Virgin for watchfulness over them during the coming night.—I heard their steps as, leaving the chapel, they advanced towards their cells.

I stood at the window; the bars of which were not, I imagined, so firmly fixed, but that I might, in time, and with some exertion of strength remove them. But what then?—still my distance from the ground was too great to admit of escape. I looked at it and sighed.

The setting sun had given the sky that golden tint which is a promise of fine weather for the ensuing day. I drew my chair close to the lattice in such manner as to enjoy a partial view of the garden beneath, and of its trees,

waving their tall feathered branches as the gale gently passed them.

The sky was clear, a deep, dark, lovely blue!—all was serene, silent,—beautiful!—and the stars!—Oh Beatrice! thus did I look on those same stars, and thus again they looked on me, when first I knew you. Upon that night when first we met!—what a world of thought, on things gone by, will the most trifling sight or sound—the aspect of a flower—the motion of a leaf, or humming of a bee, at times call over us!—Burying my face within my hands,—is it wonderful?—I wept.

I was roused by the sound of the abbey clock solemnly vibrating on the still air—one—two—three—I counted on to ten . . . . . Again! the quarter . . . . the half-hour! . . . . . the three quarters! . . . . . I was weary, but less in body than in mind.—I slept and did not hear the following strokes. . . . . .

I started up.—Who can that be!—I listened,—some person was creeping softly along the corridor. . . . . 'Tis one of the brothers returning home late, and going to his cell! . . . .

No!—He stops at my door!—What *can* it be? Gently, gently, gently—but so very very gently, that the noise would have awakened no one from an unagitated sleep,—I heard the outward bolt withdraw, and then a key turned in the lock. I sate motionless, with my body twisted round in an arm-chair, and my eyes fixed upon the door, breathlessly awaiting what was to follow.

The door was slowly opened.—It creaked a little,—but being then pushed back, with a sudden jerk silencing the sound, I, by the light of a lamp still burning in the chimney, saw enter a man, carrying something, — I could not make out what it was—flung over his arm.

"Who is that?" said I, starting up and speaking in an authoritative voice—"who dares. . . ."

"Hush—hush—hush—silence! Monsieur.—Diantre! silence! or we are lost;—you and myself too!—We have no time for talk now,—we must *act*.—I am sent by your friend—let this do for the present."

"What friend?—who, and what are you?"

"Monsieur Mareuse sent me, but no more

now—can you trust me?—if so, I'll set you free—but first—have you courage?" . . . .

"Courage! my good friend," said I, exclaimed at the hope given me—"do you think it requires much to attempt escaping from such a place?"

"Ay, ay,—all very well, but do you possess *presence* of mind? Can you reply coolly if unexpectedly questioned, give fit answers, and act calmly, if need be?"

I told him that I hoped to be able to do all that.

"Well, then," he replied, "you must put on this *soutane* and cowl in order that if we should be met by any of the brothers, you may be taken for one of themselves; come, follow me gently.—But stay, before setting out we'll give them a puzzle for to-morrow morning,—something to take them off the scent;—the bars of these windows were never very strong, and are now eaten with rust:—help me to bend them only so that there may be just sufficiently room for the body of a man to pass. After this we'll link the sheets and blankets together, tie one end to the

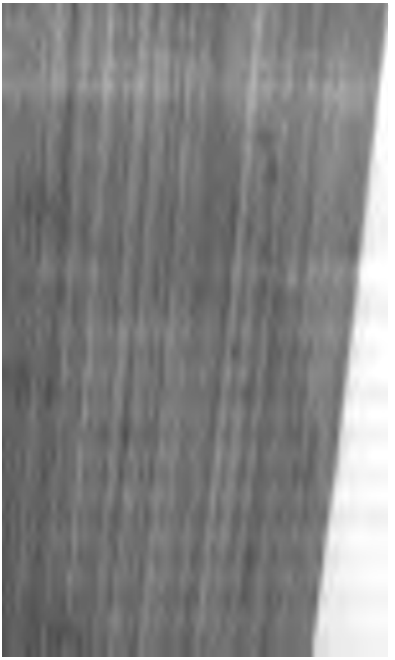
own-work and fling the other out of the window; —come Monsieur, there's no time to waste."

We were not long about our work. "There," he said, as, finishing it, he dropped the long white line into the garden,—"they'll think you have escaped this way—the other end can't be above ten or twelve feet from the ground, and that is a distance you may have jumped without doing yourself much injury."

"And the garden-wall, which is so high!—how am I to have clambered that?"

He shrugged his shoulders.—"Ma foi, Monsieur, nous avons fait notre possible. et s'ils ne sont pas contents,—tant pis pour eux!—Follow me with as light a step as you can.—If we meet any one, pass on without speaking—probably he will take no notice; yet if he should address you, make no reply, but cross yourself, lay your hands upon your bosom, and walk on. He will then suppose you to be some brother in penitence, and not allowed to speak. I will give you other hints, as we go along, if I find it needful."

We left the room, the door of which my guide



ne fo
lanth
perou
end of
of whi
its ang
brother
hand.—
immedi
" Mi
grave, an
—If he s
I brace
faith, it r
was at lea
coming,—b
would have

ght.—We gained the grand staircase, which ing of stone, might be descended without any ar of its creaking.

"We are pretty safe now, Monsieur," said my ide: "how did you like your dinner, Mon-eur?—not much, I fear—you did it no ho-our."

"I had no great appetite," I replied, looking t him with surprise, "but the dinner itself was uperb—what makes you ask?"

"My *amour propre* is interested in the ques-ion—I had a principal share in composing t."

"You!—are you then cook to the priory?"

"I am the *under*-cook, and if merit—which, as! is seldom the case in this world—received ie reward, I should be cook-in-chief; for though r no means fond of praising myself, I must id will say, that for a bouillon perlé, or soupe la reine, une longe de veau de rivière, un rré de mouton, or indeed for anything else the way of my profession, there is not to be und in Paris a better artist than myself. But seems vain of me to talk in this manner—ask

Monsieur Mareuse, that's all—*he* knows very well what I can do."

"Confound this man's gabble," thought I; "what *can* he mean by chattering all this absurd nonsense at such a moment?—Not at all vain of you, my good friend—not at all," I replied, with as much patience as I could command; "people should always have a proper esteem for themselves—ay, and show others too that they know their real value. I like to see it; one is apt to get trodden on, i'faith, if one's too modest. But how comes Monsieur Mareuse to know you so well? I should not have thought him much of a man to come all this way, into the Lord knows what faubourg, to dine with a set of rascally Recollets."

"Nor does he, Monsieur; our acquaintance is of a much longer standing than my residence here. I've known him many years; he used to dine at my table frequently when I kept an hotel in the Palais Royal.—Diantre! who can this be?"

To my much annoyance—for my thoughts were not on cookery at this moment—he held

his conversation during our descent, and was stopping a few moments in one of the passages, in order to deliver himself with greater energy, when we heard a door closed, and on turning round, saw the old Prior coming after us, but at a great distance, and in a manner which plainly showed we had not yet attracted his attention.

Our lanthorn was immediately darkened.

"Come along," said my guide, "step lightly; it won't do to let *him* see you; he knows your figure too well."

He then took me by the arm, and assisting me on, whispered,

"Our way lies through a door which we shall not have time to unlock before the Prior comes up. I'll hide you, if I can, till he has passed; yet if he should see us, without giving him time to make an alarm, you must leap on him, tie your handkerchief over his mouth, and threaten his life, unless he swears by *St. François — St. François*, mind *that*,—not to make a noise. After that, go gently up the stairs—there, yonder on your left hand: and if I leave you, as I may,

perhaps, be obliged to do, wait for me at the top. I'll return soon, and take you round by another way. Remember well all I'm telling you, and don't be alarmed, if I am obliged to quit you for a few minutes."

We crept on gently, on tip-toe. Suddenly, my foot striking against something, I stumbled and nearly fell. "Hush, hush!" said my companion, holding me up; "you'll make us be discovered."

I turned my eyes towards the Prior, as he came toddling along, in one hand a candle, and in the other a missal. These gentlemen never travel, be it ever so short a distance, without this; they fancy it keeps the devil off! The noise I made had attracted his attention. He stopped a moment and looked about, but hearing no repetition of the sound, quietly continued his course.

That against which my foot had struck proved to be the projection of one of the two pillars, forming a sort of alcove before a large door, the one through which we, if undiscovered, were to pass when the coast was clear.

"This way—gently—turn round," said my

ide, taking my arm and conducting me. Now, stay there—still as a mouse."

Faith, I'd no disposition whatever to make a oise. I scarcely breathed as I stood, my whole ngth glued, as it were, to the wall, into which longed to force an entrance, as the fairy did hen she had done cooking fish, in the Arabian ight's Entertainments.

My friend was close by me, but opposite. Hav- g hidden the lanthorn beneath his coat, we were darkness—dark as pitch. I heard the Prior me shuffling along—scrape, scrape, scrape,— arer and nearer. At last the flare of his ndle fell on that part of the pavement, and t side of the wall, which came just within my n. Like its bearer—whom the Deuce con- und! thought I—it kept slowly creeping on l, reaching the point opposite us, it brought into ew the bottom of a steep staircase, a few steps which only were visible, the others being lost impenetrable night.

"Ah," said I to myself, "there it is, thout doubt, that he is going. Yet *should* unlucky fancy take him — *should* he

turn down here!—I hope not. Ah! Monsieur le Prieur! I feel a warm regard for you, —have a great respect for age, and reverence for your calling—certainly I have; but Necessity!—she speaks very loud—Necessity does, and she *will* be heard. I should be very sorry to throttle you—I really should—but I absolutely must have my freedom.—I must indeed!"

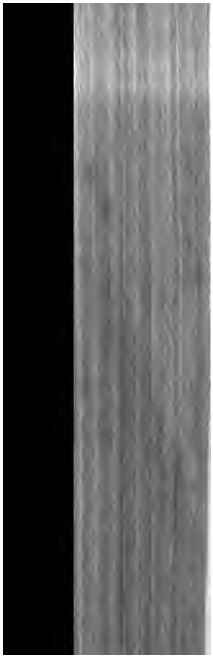
At last he himself came in view. He stopped just opposite to us. How my heart palpitated! Now, then, is the decisive moment. Which way will he take? He stopped a moment, and having snuffed his candle, the wick of which had grown to an enormous length, he turned to the left, and began to ascend the stairs.

"Ah!"——it was a deep, deep, but almost noiseless expiration. Moving a step from my position, I placed both hands upon my lips, and kissing them to him in token of an eternal adieu,

"May I," I said, or rather thought, "never again see you before or behind, fore or aft, in *this* world; and as you say, I shall be surely

unless I turn Catholic, I suppose *you* great desire to meet *me* in the next?— ell, and God bless you!"

d watching the old man, as he mounted tep by step, until the lintel, or top of -way, hid him from my sight. In an- tant, the glare cast by his candle was and all again became darkness, and all t.



CHAPTER X

"Now," said my guide, as th
Prior's last step expired—"no
nothing more to fear; we are
about to enter on my peculiar

With these words he unlocke
stepped with him into a large
one side of which was an op
the wall, after the fashion of
Cambridge, for the purpose of
produce of my friend's handicr
of St. François's servants. Op
the kitchen, beside which I

a low whispering tone of voice. But Monsieur happening to be asleep, he was obliged to speak in a louder key. At last he made himself heard, and Monsieur starting up, came towards us with a scraping, slip-shod, sleepy pace, which awakened my anger, for I was desperately fearful of some other interruption to my further progress, and almost fancied I beheld the old Prior looking out at us from the buttery.

"Ay, Jacques," he said, "here you are, at *last*. I've been waiting these two hours, and thought you'd never come at all. What makes you so late?"

"I was kept past my time," replied my companion, "and had reason at one time to wish I'd been kept little longer, for old Domine was near falling foul of us.—He was going to visit brother François, who is very ill, you know; and as bad-luck would have it, was on the nick of finding us in the corridor—I shook for my life!—but please you, Monsieur, give me the keys."

With that, he returned him three keys tied in a bunch, and received two others in lieu of them.

"How is Mademoiselle Barbe?" I hear him inquire in a voice which would, I thought, have been louder and less faltering if Mademoiselle Barbe had been his sister, "I hope Mademoiselle is very well"—I shall claim your promise, my good father . . . . . You see what danger I run for her sake."

There was some reply, but made in too low a key for me to discover its purport. Jacques was about to rejoin, when impatience getting the better of good manners, I broke in on the conversation, and begged him, for Heaven's sake, to defer his business for a better occasion, and let me out of the priory.

"Good night, Monsieur," he said to his friend, "Remember!" and then opening the door before-mentioned, we began to descend a flight of stone steps.

"Monsieur," he said,—"were you ever in love?"

"The devil confound this chatterer!" thought I, now put beyond all patience—"he'll never have done with me."

"I see very clearly, my good friend," was

ıy reply, "that *you* are in love; and I need o conjurer to tell me the name of your mis-ess. She is a pretty girl, of course. You re going to marry her soon, I hope. I wish ou all happiness and freedom from those mis-hances which, as far as I can see of the world, enerally attend marriage. Who is that old ıan?—Your intended's father, I suppose."

"No, Monsieur, her uncle—her half uncle, hat is to say. Barbe's mother died many ears ago; so her aunt, and that old man you aw, have taken care of her ever since."

"Her aunt!—then I'll lay any wager she ıas no children of her own; and no brother to ıpunge upon for his estate!"

"True, Monsieur, Madame Jacintha has no relation, excepting Barbe, whom she looks on as a daughter."

"That's lucky for her, Jacques, and I wish her joy; for thus having no particular temptation to do wrong, she may, perhaps, be happy here and hereafter; but look to your lamp!—hold it down a bit—see where you're leading me—breaking my shins amongst these old casks!"

We were in the cellar, and had proceeded

half way through it—when, stumbling over a barrel, which, by the sound it emitted, I knew to be empty, I made the above exclamation. A few more steps brought us to some stairs, at the top of which was a door; my guide put a key into the lock, but before turning it,—

"Monsieur!" he said, few persons do anything for nothing—*I* am like my neighbours in this respect, and am not without certain expectations. Monsieur Mareuse promised that if I would get you safe from this place, your liberality would enable me to demand Barbe in marriage —I have no doubt you will perform his promise."

"Rest assured I will most religiously perform any promise he may have made you,—what was it? I have but little money with me at present; but, depend on it, your utmost expectations shall be realised."

He was just going to reply to my question, when I heard a footstep on the stairs we had lately descended; and immediately afterwards, a light flashed athwart the gloominess of the vault.

"Haste—haste—haste—my dear Jacques!" I said, putting ten louis into his hand,—"this

all I have about me,—quick, or we are undone!"

Scarcely were the words out of my mouth, when I found myself in the street with the door closed against me.

My first feeling—and I never repress such feelings—was to sink upon my knee, and return thanks to God; my next was to discover where I was. That part of the town being entirely unknown to me, I couldn't tell whether I ought to turn to the right or to the left. I perceived not a soul near me, and *had* there been any one, I should have avoided, not sought his attention; for I should have considered him as an enemy, on the look-out to clap me up again in prison. But my principal fear was, lest I should stumble on some sentinel, who would surely, I thought, recognize me for a runaway.

I ripped off my *soutane*, which, together with the cowl, I contrived to stuff into a subterraneous drain hard by. The street was narrow, dark, and gloomy: I stood debating with myself what to do, when suddenly I heard a step

close to me, and so instantaneously after, that it may be called at the same time, felt my arm gently grasped. I had not leisure to be alarmed.

"Monsieur de Bouverie!"

"My dear, dear Monsieur Mareuse, how can I ever enough thank you for this act of friendship?—Beatrice!—my wife!"

"She is, as you may suppose, in a dreadful state of agitation, but is quite well."

"I thank God!—and where?—at home?"

"No, at *my* house." What a weight did these three words lift from my heart!—"But you shall hear all presently—let us make haste to leave the purlieus of the priory. There is danger here. The road is intricate, but I am acquainted with it: Claude is waiting hard by. I brought him with me, thinking we might chance to need his assistance."

We had not proceeded far without being joined by the latter; and now, being three in number, I felt secure and began to question Monsieur Mareuse more closely about Beatrice. He replied by telling me, that immediately he saw

me enter the priory, he conceived hopes of procuring my liberty, and should have immediately set about doing so, had he not felt the still greater importance of first securing Beatrice against any attempt to entrap her also. "By-the-bye," he said, "the persons employed to take you, seem to have been ill acquainted with their trade. They ought to have chosen a time when you were walking alone,—no one would then have known where to look for you; and it might have been generally supposed you had been either assassinated, or had fallen into the river. But perhaps hurry had prevented your enemies from giving very precise orders."

On leaving me, he had hastened to my house, informed Beatrice of my arrest, got her to pack up the few things of which she might be in immediate want, and taken her to his house.

"Do you then really imagine," I asked, "that they would have dared to take her by force from home; before so many witnesses, too, as there must necessarily have been?"

"I am quite positive of it. Having arrested

you, there was an absolute necessity for getting hold of her also, in order to prevent inquiries she otherwise would naturally make: arrest, however, would have been made during night. Being aware of this, I knew I had time to prevent it."

"Pray," said I, "who is the man you employed to liberate me?"

"Oh, Jacques Tategrain! a very old acquaintance of mine—a comical fellow enough doesn't want for wit, but is terribly deficient in conduct. He formerly kept a sort of hotel near the Palais Royal, where I used often to dine: he was a good cook, but a very extravagant man, and managed his affairs so ill, that he broke: after this he set up in business again, and then had a lawsuit, which he did me the honour of requesting me to carry on. I gained it, and this was a good thing for *him* certainly; but it was a bad one for me that I ever had anything to do with either him or his business; for he never paid my bill, not even that part consisting of hard money advanced for the benefit of the suit. He owes me between six and seven

hundred crowns. I've twenty times threatened to arrest him, but he has always begged himself off. About three months ago, he hired himself as cook to the priory, where he now is. Here he thought himself, I believe, to be tolerably safe; but I contrived to hunt him out, and lucky for you that I did so, for I went to him to-day, and promised to give a discharge of his debt, provided he would set you at liberty. Such have been, as far as I know them, the life and adventures of Jacques Tategrain."

"How good and evil go together, Monsieur Flareuse, hand-in-hand in this world" said I. Our great poet was right.—'There is a soul of goodness in things evil, if men observingly distil it out. Had out Monsieur Tategrain been in your debt, I should not now be out of prison. I, of course, am your debtor to the amount you mention, Monsieur; but, beside this, I must give him some money for his wedding. He is in love, it seems, and can't obtain the consent of his mistress's aunt, until his pockets are somewhat better lined than at present; but we'll talk of this at a more convenient time."



CHAPTER XV.

At length we arrived. With
than hope, Beatrice was awaiting
Monsieur Mareuse. She flew to
was some time before she spoke
thank God, Lionel—I thank Gc
" but where, Lionel, will all this
leave this place—this hateful plac
to-morrow—now ! I shall never ha
peace till I have again set foot in

" Leave it, Beatrice !" I replie
will leave it,—certainly we will; bu
—not to-morrow—not as fugitives-
who have broken prison, and ru
the galleys. I'll not set foot out
until I know why, contrary to the

ssador's before he have ended his first morn-
g's song."

"And ruin me, my wife, and bring down
struction on Tategrain, who liberated you, into
e bargain," said Monsieur Mareuse. "No,
, you'll not do that, I am sure. I and my
mily have a right to expect, that, having re-
vered liberty by my means, you will make no
uiries into how you lost it; in short, that you
ll keep my agency a profound secret."

One hates to be balked in full course, like a
rse which his rider pulls in when rising to a
p. I bit my lip. "What injury can I do you
demanding justice for the most scandalous
d outrageous insult and tyranny that was ever
rpetrated; the most unheard-of violation of
laws human or divine?"

He then explained, in a manner so clear as to
ve me not a word to reply, that by seeking for
dress, I should not only implicate, but most pro-
y entirely ruin him, and all connected with
y escape; as it would be impossible such an
air should be canvassed without its appearing
at he had aided my escape; and this too, he

said, I should do without reaping any real advantage for myself.

"In fact," he asked, "what good do you anticipate from publicity? You will engage the English ambassador to inquire into the affair; well,—he will apply to Monsieur de Sartines, or to the Archbishop, either of whom will answer by making a thousand apologies for the error of his *estafiers*, and saying they had mistaken you for some other person. You indeed may, if you please, insist that those *estafiers* shall be punished. Do you feel any anger against *them*? Not I am sure. You may choose to say that you *know* your arrest was made by order of his majesty, or in consequence of a wish expressed by him to Monseigneur, the Archbishop. How will you prove this? the whole story being told, presumption will, I own, be in your favour; but what of that— is *presumption* proof? But suppose it were,—say that the truth were manifest,—how are you to punish a powerful monarch? Can you cite him before a court of justice, send him to the galleys, put him in prison, or even fine him like a common offender?

will your government, do you think, be willing to break the good intelligence, now subsisting between the two nations, and go to war, for a matter that in no wise concerns it? Suppose, for the sake of argument, that it would. Then some thousands of poor fellows on each side, having no interest whatever in the affair, and who have done you no sort of injury, will be slaughtered, whilst his Majesty remains quietly carousing amidst his courtiers at Versailles; and thus the only persons you will injure are either people you never saw, or those who have risked a great deal to serve you."

"There, my dear Lionel!" said Beatrice, "what reply can you make to that? I never heard better reasoning in my life—you *must* yield—come, come!—Oh! let us get free from this place. You have obtained all you want—liberty; let us make a good use of it immediately and go to England. How can you want—revenge?—*you!* I've always heard you call it a low petty passion, indulged only by persons of very ordinary minds, and by no

means becoming a gentleman—a *preux chevalier.*

"Well, Monsieur," I replied, "you're a wiser and more temperate man than I. I yield, to an argument against which I can reply nothing—it is not every one does this, let me tell you *en passant;* but the account you give of your King's goings on, reminds me of the Caliph Aroun Alraschid; who, when his grand Vizier Giafer affronted him one day, not only ordered *his* head to be struck off, but the heads also of all his family to the fortieth degree of consanguinity. Yet, seriously!—it's quite clear there is no possibility of our remaining here unprotected; even for the short space of time we designed to do so. We must set off to-morrow, I suppose; everything is in readiness, or nearly so; there remain but very few things unpacked; my passport is signed—here it is. . . . . Mercy on me! How is this?" I exclaimed, after having in vain searched in every corner of every pocket. "What can I have done with my pocket-book?"

I looked and searched, and felt—felt and

searched, and looked again and again in every part of my dress, but to no purpose; my pocket-book was nowhere to be found.

"How *can* I—*can* I possibly have lost it? Oh! it was when the *estafiers* took me; I—I—recollect it now! I had it in my hand at the time. What *shall* we do?"

This was as sad as unexpected a blow. To obtain another would take me above two days; besides which, it would necessitate my presenting myself before a class of persons I most particularly wished to avoid—the *police agents*. On the other hand, I dared not set off without a passport, as, my escape from the priory being discovered, they would, in order to prevent the ill consequences of the first action, be ten times more anxious to recapture, than they had originally been to get me in their power, and, my flight from Paris being known, they would naturally seek for me on the Calais road. Now, although in those days the French government was not strict about passports, still, it had the *right* of being so; and therefore, if found travelling unprovided

the delay; and the idea of the fatigue which Beatrice,—who was not very strong, and had never entirely recovered from her fall in Switzerland,—would have to undergo during so long a journey in a *charrette* without springs, frightened me; yet as she affected to make light of the matter, I became more reconciled to the plan, and, seeing it would free us from the danger we so much dreaded, accepted the proposal.

There were, however, several things to be thought of, and many arrangements made, previously to our departure, which it was agreed should take place on that very morning. Still we had no passport—but, as we were to travel in the disguise of peasants, and as if belonging to Claude's party, he assured me that a passport was not necessary. Saying which, he left us, in order, first to give directions for preparing the carriage, and then to procure costumes, enabling us to support our assumed characters during the voyage.

I employed the time of his absence in giving Monsieur Mareuse directions respecting cer-

tain affairs which the events of the last two days had prevented me from terminating. I found that in bringing my wife from home, he had foreseen the probability of her not being able to return to it, and had, consequently, made her pack up as many things as hurry would allow in two large trunks which he showed me.

Perceiving that they contained many things perfectly unnecessary for the journey, I chose such only as would be most needful, and packing them up with a few volumes of books, in a single trunk, I begged Monsieur Mareuse to give the rest, together with the goods and chattels he was to procure from my hotel, a place in his house, till we should send him further instructions.

This being arranged, we all sate down to wait with melancholy impatience for Claude's return. There are not many hours out of the four-and-twenty, in which the Rue St. Honoré is in undisturbed tranquillity—this, however, happened to be one of the few;—all was silent; still as death—too late for the theatres or other places of public amusement; too early for the country

to be bringing their provisions to market,
a sound was heard.
denly, we distinguished a distant rumbling
eels, and a low beating of horses' feet
he pavement. It grew louder and louder
ry instant, till we heard a rattling, tramp-
lattering of carriage wheels, and horses'
and a cracking of whips enough to shake
use down about our ears.
ere he is! how quick he has been!" ex-
d Monsieur Mareuse, as, hearing the ve-
top at our door, he went down stairs to
its conductor.
had, indeed, been expeditious; not only
ed the carriage, but procured our dresses,
he had to knock up a dealer in ready-
clothes, an old acquaintance of his,—but
py-headed rascal, it seems nevertheless,
r lived, in order to do so.
were not long in putting on our disguises,
en, our trunk being safely deposited,
g more remained to be done but to take
f our kind host and hostess.
ng, perhaps, to the peculiarity of our si-

tuation and its desolateness, I felt extreme anguish of mind at the moment of parting. Sorrow, indignation, shame, a sensation of horror towards those whose intrigues had occasioned all this turmoil—a passionate desire of being revenged on them, together with strong feelings of gratitude towards the persons I was about to leave, almost forced tears from my eyes, as I pronounced "Farewell!" Whilst Beatrice, clasping Madame Mareuse round the neck, kissed her again and again, and wept—yes, she wept! but had she known!—Ay! and had *I*—*I*, then known, that which, but to *think* of now—even now!——

CHAPTER XVI.

We seated ourselves in the carriage, a *charrette*, or long but light cart, placed upon four immense wheels nearly six feet in diameter, having their axle-trees projecting twelve or fifteen inches beyond the naves. Its covering was of a thick coarse canvass stretched upon wooden hoops, and painted, as I afterwards observed—for the light was not then sufficiently strong to enable me to distinguish—of a red colour.

This machine was drawn by three horses, which, harnessed unicorn-fashion,* were given up to the sole guidance and domination of a middle-aged man, seated on a bench outside, and holding in one hand a rope which served as a rein to the two wheelers; whilst the third horse, free from any such restraint, and like Pindar, when writing verses, *lege solutus*,—was suffered to run—as a young colt trotting

* Two horses abreast, and one in front.

after his dam—sometimes to the right, and sometimes to the left hand, being, in this respect, guided solely by the capriciousness of his own wayward genius and inclinations, and by the loud, perpetual curses, and bitter revilings of his indignant driver, to the sound of whose voice, however—I must do the animal the justice to say it!—he generally paid an immediate, albeit only a momentary, attention.

The carriage was not fixed on springs; but, to supply this deficiency, its seats were hung on leathern straps, which gave them a sort of elasticity; and Claude, with that gallantry which runs throughout his nation and exists no less in the bosom of its peasants than of its nobles, had contrived to lash a large arm-chair on one of them for the convenience of Beatrice.

Whatever grief and anxiety might be in *our* bosoms, there was evidently none whatever in those of our companions. Our friend Claude laughed and talked and seemed quite delighted with the notion of returning home; whilst, as the unsightly vehicle rumbled and rattled over the pavement of the Rue St. Antoine, its con-

ductor, cracking his long whip in all the exultation of a glad heart, made its yet lonely walls responsive with ten thousand echoes.

The hour was so early that it was by no means probable I had been yet missed at the priory. Nevertheless, on approaching the Barrière de Charanton, a feeling of alarm crept over me, and I trembled lest we should be recognised by some one sent there for the purpose of arresting our further progress; so in passing through it, Beatrice and I, slinking back, hid ourselves as much as possible from view.

Not the slightest notice was taken of us, however; and now, the great danger being over, we ought to have become more tranquil. Yet the terror of being pursued haunted me continually. I thought of little else throughout the day, and at night dreamed only of *lettres de cachet*, *estafiers*, and thraldom.

Having arrived early at the end of our first day's journey, we rose betimes to commence that of the second. On the third we got a little more assured, and, placing ourselves in front of the carriage, looked about us. The fresh-

ness of the air, the blueness of the sky, and beauty of the woodland scenery around, conspiring first to tranquillize our spirits, then to enliven them, we ceased talking about the probability of being recaptured, and began to converse upon family business, on our past ill luck, and our prospects of future good fortune.

"Oh, Lionel!" suddenly exclaimed Beatrice, I've got—how sorry I am!—but the hurry and worry of late events quite flung it from my mind—I've got a letter for you."

"Have you?—give it me then—who is it from?"

"My cousin Meclenbury; but I've not got it about me.—I remember now—I must have left it in the dress which I exchanged for this."

"Ha, Beatrice, how came you to be so careless?—you read it I suppose;—what is it about?"

"No, I received it only an hour after you left me; and, expecting your return every minute, would not break the seal. I'll give it you when we get in to-night."

After a severe day's journey, as, indeed, all

ours had been, for I begged Claude to use his utmost dispatch,—we arrived at Auxerre, and then I made Beatrice give me her cousin's letter.

It was a very long one, but its substance was pretty much as follows. Expecting me to return so soon to England, he would not, he said, have written again, had he found it possible to resist the temptation of imparting agreeable information.

He had been to my father again, and contrived to work a considerable change in his opinions respecting my conduct. He had formally complained of the position in which his cousin Beatrice was placed, and said that his father, Lord Derlincourt, frequently expressed himself to be not only surprised and hurt, but even highly *offended*, that Mr. Bouverie should so resolutely refuse acknowledging his son's marriage with one whom he himself had ever hitherto considered as a fit match for *any* gentleman in the kingdom.

The deceit I had used was then objected to me, and the loose, profligate, un-Englishman-like,

very vagabondish, gambling sort of a most
moral existence I passed at Paris, together
many other things, too numerous to be rela
were brought against me. These accusat
Meclenbury,—answering them with that res
which a young man, be his rank what it n
owes to age, but with spirit and firmness,—
tirely overthrew; and in fine, obliged my fa
to yield the point, and promise he would o
look everything.

"So, then, I've done the job for you,
see, at last, Bouverie. I'd a hard task for i
can tell you—above two hours! I think I
know your father's character *perfectly*.
possesses a vast number of good qualities, n
unquestionably he does, as you have always
me. You have also always said that he liked
very much when you were living with him.
make no doubt but he did so, and I think
he would very probably like you very m
now, if *you were living with him*, as he wo
like any one else who was *living* with him. E
Lord!—I believe you to have long passed fr
his mind, as though he had never seen you.

"He has existed all his life by himself, or rather, in a small circle of his own, in which he,

'Like Cato, gives his little senate laws,'

at least, so he thinks, but *I* think he's mistaken—

"As for Mrs. Princep and your cousin, I'm sure that whenever they see me enter the house they internally exclaim with the fairy Morad, 'The blessings of the evil genii, which are curses, be upon thee!' As for her other chickens, they're young, and can't do much mischief just yet; but you remember what the historian says of the seven little daughters of the Ogre, into whose hands the far-renowned *Petit Poucet*, or Tom Thumb, had the ill-chance to fall?—'Ces petites ogresses n'étaient pas encore *fort* mechantes,—mais elles promettaient beaucoup!*

"No matter, we'll distance them all; things look fairly enough now—your father is far advanced on the right road. But come *you*, and come quickly, lest there be any backslidings—buy two pair of wings, one for yourself, the

* Contes des Fées, par Perrault.

...ner for Beatrice, and skim over land and over sea like a couple of swallows in May. Adieu, my lawyer summons me to the inky atmosphere of Lincoln's Inn.

. . . . . Mr

...terrissa trahit Proserpina.—Vive, valeque!

CHAPTER XVII.

ɔuld I do, after reading the above letter, ʒ my arms round Beatrice's neck, and ı the fulness of my overjoyed heart? It ːssary for me to inform Meclenbury that ːn to England was delayed. I therefore l his letter, but I did so hastily and in a ls. I said we had been on the point of ɟff for Calais, when a most unfortunate reseen occurrence, threatening my liber- ːelled us to quit Paris, as fugitives, and ʒwitzerland. That we should get upon ıe, and coming down through the Low ːs to Ostend, thence embark for London. , too, I told him, suffered extremely great fatigue of her journey, and that ıre intended to remain for ten days or a ː at Neufchatel, in order to allow her

time to recover strength for continuing the long journey which remained.

I put my letter in the post, and returning home, was indiscreet enough to let Beatrice sit up, talking over our affairs, till a late hour at night. As for myself, my mind was far too agitated to admit of sleep. I did not go to bed at all; but just flinging myself down in my clothes, had my fancy intently fixed upon our future prospects, and was again on foot long before Claude, or his horses, were ready for our service.

At last we set off. The good fortune awaiting our arrival in England almost obliterated from my mind the memory of that ill-luck which occasioned our leaving Paris. Besides which, the fear of pursuit, if not entirely gone, was greatly diminished by our distance from this latter place.

I sate by Beatrice, and held her hand closely locked in mine. What lovely visions passed before our fancy—what projects we formed!

"Now, then, Beatrice—my love—my own dear, dear love—now then 'the winter of our

discontent is turned to glorious summer'—we are going to be happy—really, truly happy—supremely blest. Hitherto. . . . . it was all very well, to be sure, I like Paris, and its gaieties, its follies, and frivolities, and its inhabitants too, extremely—but—but—still it was not what I could endure for ever. . . . . I must have a profession, you know; and I really believe a parson's life will suit me best, after all. What do *you* say to this? I shouldn't wonder if I were to make a great figure in that profession, because, you know, I possess a good deal of eloquence.—

"What,—you laugh at my little vanities, do you?—very prettily impertinent this, upon my word, of you!—very!—Well, perhaps I mistake my talents—no great matter, I'm not over-ambitious, after all; and, if I can't be a Tillotson, — why, I'll e'en rest satisfied with being like Chaucer's parson. You know what Henry the Fourth used to say about a *pot* and a *Poulet!*—'I mean that each of my subjects shall have a fowl in the pot every Sunday of the year,' — we'll try to come as near this as we can for our parishioners; it

shall be our grand object to make them love us. —How delightful it is to be loved, dear Beatrice! I don't mean merely *liked*, you know, as one is by acquaintances in the world; but really *loved*, and looked up to as a friend and protector. Then, too, we will have a garden. What a beautiful one—what a Paradise it *shall* be!—and you the Eve!—to tend its roses, to bind up eglantines, and direct their growth, and, 'defend its tender myrtles from the winter's cold.' Oh, Beatrice, how I *do* love you, dear—dearest creature!"

Of such things as these was our conversation, as we sate, looking into each other's eyes, until, perhaps, fatigued with exhibiting so many pictures of happiness, I sometimes sank into a silent contemplation of them, which might be broken by the intrusion of some thought upon our distance from England, and the slowness of our progress towards it; and then, suddenly starting up, I bounded on my seat, and clasping my hands impatiently together, exclaimed to the driver and his horses,—

"On! on! on!"

Alas!—the absolute necessity for haste which,

had existed at our first setting out, and the strong wish which, after the receipt of Lord Mecklenbury's letter, we both had to reach England as soon as possible, occasioned my being so little attentive to Beatrice's powers for performing so long, so quick, and so rough a journey.

Even as early as the end of the first day, she complained of fatigue, and of renewed pain in her side. A night's rest, however, sufficed to restore her sufficient strength and spirits to re-commence the task: yet, the constant jolting of the carriage again brought on the aching before much more than half our day's work was done. For the first three or four days, it was not very bad, nor was it constant; it came by fits, and going in the same manner, left her sometimes altogether free from pain, and in good spirits. But it grew worse as we proceeded, and on our arrival at Dôle, was so bad, that I insisted upon remaining there a few days, that she might recover entirely from it, and acquire sufficient strength to cross the mountains. This delay occasioned me the less

annoyance, because every apprehension of being overtaken, or of, indeed, being even sought for, at so great a distance from Paris, had altogether subsided.

Always making it a rule to see as much as possible of every town I enter, I sallied forth to visit the curiosities of Dôle. Pleased with an old history of Dijon, which was lying in a bookseller's shop, I desired the man to wrap it up in paper; he having done this, I put it under my arm, and returned home.

On re-opening the parcel, I saw that its envelope was a newspaper of four or five days old: and glancing my eyes over it, they lighted on some figures—they were those of the last drawn lottery, and stood thus, 5, 9, 12, 75, 90. Events of late had driven all thoughts of the ticket which I bought a day or two previously to our fatal dinner at the Hôtel Richelieu quite out of my mind; this brought them back.

"Beatrice, my dear, what have you done with the lottery ticket I gave you to take care of?—I have forgotten its numbers."

She directed me where to find the little pocket-book in which it was deposited.

I took it out—5, 9, 15, 75, 90: four of the figures, 5, 9, 75, 90, tallied with those I saw in the gazette.

I laid great stress upon myself, and walking up to Beatrice, spoke very solemnly, and looked very grave. So does a bottle of champagne, when well corked down, and bound with wire—but loosen that—bang!

"Beatrice! I'll make you a promise."

"Well—what is it?"

"To wish you joy, provided you will return the compliment, and wish me joy too:—there—a fair bargain."

"Certainly you are in one of your generous moods to-day, Lionel!—come, let me hear what it is I must felicitate you about."

I first showed her the figures on the ticket, and then produced the gazette.

"There, don't you see?"

She looked up in my face, of which no muscle stirred. She did not exactly know what to think, but supposed there was something good coming.

"Well, Lionel, I see there are some of those

numbers alike,—let me count, one, two—ay, four of them: you took five; the fifth is not here; you've lost then;—but no! we must have something, too,—come, tell me at once what it is—don't keep me in suspense. I see there is something good."

"A mere trifle, my dear—a very trifle! I think, however, it may be worth sending for when we get to England—it will pay the journey there; besides, I should think—I should *think*—mind, I speak with caution—it will enable us to return Meclenbury the money he lent us."

"That will be a good thing—but tell me, how much do you fancy we *shall* get?

"Why, really the exchange varies so very much, that it is quite impossible I should tell you *exactly* what it will produce in England but I rather imagine somewhere about—about . . . let me see—about—perhaps thirty thousand pounds—and after all, this is not a very, *very* contemptible a catch, *is it?*"

"Thirty thousand pounds! Why, you don't mean to say we have gained all that?"

"Yes, my love, my dearest," I replied, flinging myself around her neck, and almost stifling her with kisses,—"I *do* mean to say it, my own dearest Beatrice. We *have* won it, and our fortune is made!"

After the battle of Chæronea, Philip danced upon the bodies of the slain. I do not think I should ever have done *that:* but I could not, for the very life and soul of me, help dancing about the room a bit, on finding that four figures had put seventy-five thousand pistoles into my pocket; and that which must surprise every one unacquainted with my remarkable strength of muscle, is, that the weight of so much money did not incommode me in the least!"

CHAPTER XVIII.

We remained two whole days at Dôle; and then, Beatrice proposing that we should continue our route, we again set off: she, thanked God, with a renewed strength, and a elasticity of spirit, which gave me hopes of bringing her without any farther delay to Neufchatel.

Travelling by short journeys we arrived at St. Vitus, as it was I believe called, and remained there for the night; on the second day we reached Besançon, and slept there. Hitherto, Beatrice had not had a return of her pain,—at least not to any very great extent; but the road here became extremely bad, and unhappily for us, the weather, which had hitherto been remarkably fine, suddenly changed to a cold drizzling rain, at times intermixed with sleet—and we both of us got wet.—That *I* should be drenched with rain was a matter of the least possible consequence:—the incle-

mencies of the *sky* have never injured me!—It has been *men*—those beasts I've struggled with—those beasts, whose foul and filthy breaths were poison—who have injured *me*—not the pure airs of heaven—however rudely visiting my cheek—oh, no!

But Beatrice was not formed to bear them. Her pains became still more painful, and though we intended to get as far as Pontarlier on that day, the utmost we could effect was to reach the little village of Sombacourt, at about three or four leagues from the former place.

On the next morning I found her but little refreshed by sleep—her head too ached—and she had fits of shivering. She seemed disposed to remain where we were throughout the day, but I cheered her up and persuaded her to attempt reaching Pontarlier, where she should be in every respect better accommodated, than in such a filthy little pot-house as that at Sombacourt.

On arriving at Pontarlier I recommended her to put her feet into warm water, and made her go to bed; hoping that a good night's rest would restore her strength.

On awaking, I found she had passed a restless night. She coughed too a great deal.—I took her hand, it was hot as fire.—I felt her pulse—it was quick;—but I knew not whether it was strong or feeble, or full or wiry;—to judge of this requires science, and *I* had none.—I started out of bed, hurried on my clothes and went to get a physician, whom I made accompany me home.

He felt her pulse.—I watched his countenance as he stood looking at and questioning her.—What changes did *my* pulse and countenance undergo during the investigation!—how my heart at one moment beat with terror, and at the next thrilled in exultation, according as the cast of his features spoke alarm or gave good promise.—At last, turning to me, he ordered her to be kept perfectly quiet, and allowed to eat scarcely anything; he then wrote a prescription, and said he would call again in the evening, when he hoped to find the fever allayed.

This report did not make me fear that her's would prove a dangerous illness; but caused me to anticipate its being a long one. So thinking we might be detained a considerable time at

Pontarlier, I felt it would be proper in every point of view to write to Lord Meclenbury, and explain why we could not be in London so soon as he expected. I told him also, that, if he used diligence, and wrote to me within a few days from the receipt of my letter, I should get his answer: as, after such an illness, Beatrice would require ten or fifteen days, or perhaps even more, to regain sufficient strength for a journey. I went out and put this letter in the post myself, and this was the only moment I left the side of Beatrice for the whole day.

Towards evening, the physician returned; his report was pleasing;—the fever was somewhat less,—but very great care was to be taken.—"I hope she will pass a tranquil night, and if so, I make no doubt but that she will get gradually better; but mind—she must be kept *perfectly* tranquil."

I watched her through the night; she was restless during almost the whole of it, and, when she closed her eyes and slept, her sleep was unquiet.—In the morning, her fever seemed to have returned to its original height, whilst the pain

[redacted] her side was [redacted]—rather perhaps increased—I [redacted]!

[redacted]—two—three days passed—I studied the physician's features as though I would have read his very soul. Generally they were grave, sometimes however, they seemed to me to wear a more hopeful aspect. I used to stand gazing on him breathlessly, and grasping for his words, which for the most fell upon my ear like the harsh croaking of the foreboding raven. Yet at times—rare were those times!—they spoke some comfort—a spirit of comfort, and then—ah!—Hope. Hope! who will ever part with thee if thou wilt stay with him!

At rather a late hour, one afternoon, having followed him out of the room with a lighter step than usual, for Beatrice had passed tolerably well through the day, and I fancied her to be better than on the preceding, I asked his opinion.—He shook his head.

"It is impossible," he replied, "in this early stage of the illness, to foretell what will be the event: I *hope* for the best, but if inflammation, as is to be dreaded, takes place, her state will become dangerous!"

Dangerous!—How otherwise can I explain the sensations produced by this word *dangerous*, and by his tone of voice when uttering it, than by saying that my heart seemed to sink away and leave me?—I felt as if suddenly bereft of vital powers, and stood for some moments, as it were, inanimate.—He had told me something *new*—so very new—so wonderful—so unheard and so unguessed of, that I was unable to believe it all at once; and, requiring time to consider of its probable truth, I remained silently musing, as we sometimes do when a person has advanced a paradox which we will not credit, but cannot immediately answer, and which we search for arguments to overthrow.

That she was ill, I *knew*—very . . . . Ay! that she was *very* ill!—yes—I would even admit *that!*—that her recovery would be long, I was also aware; I had made up my mind to *this* too;—but, that she should or *could* be *dangerously* ill—that anybody should for one, one single moment suppose it possible she would not ultimately be restored to health—should think, believe, or imagine, that she could *die*, and *leave me!*—or that any one should

dare—ay, should *dare* to say or even hint at *that*—no—I was unable to believe it!

How long I remained in a state of insensibility to all surrounding objects I am unable to say;—not perhaps many minutes,—yet I can't tell,—time passed unnoticed,—but I was aroused from it, by the touch of a soft hand which clasped mine, and by a gentle female voice addressing me.

I looked up; and, through the tears which filled my eyes, and were trickling down my cheeks, beheld, standing over me, a young female, on whose countenance I observed an expression of pity, rendering her, who was before handsome, divinely beautiful.

I had several times before seen her about the house, and remarked the neatness of her dress, the elegance of her figure, and the modesty of her behaviour; she was, I found, married to one of the public functionaries of the town, and nearly related to our hostess.

"Ah!" she softly said, "your lady is ill—very—very ill! you love her fondly—I see you do. Alas, poor thing!—from my heart I pity you!—but why—why are you not of *our*

faith—the true and holy faith—the only true faith?—there is such comfort in it!—such solace!—Oh, you cannot guess *how* much!—how it would lighten your affliction—what help—what succour you would receive!"

"Comfort!—help!—*I!*—for *me?*—where?—what help?—what comfort is for *me?*"

And the smile, accompanying the words, spoke a mockery of myself.

"In our religion, shall you find comfort!—in our religion!—that is, in *religion*—there is but one—*one, true, holy* religion—all else are false and failing!—come with me!—come!"

I made no reply, but still kept looking in her face; and she continued.

"Ah! if you *knew*—if you *could* but tell the comfort there is in kneeling down and pouring forth the sorrows of our hearts to God!—no,—not to *God;* for *He,*—is too great and mighty to be approached by such as *we!*—but, to the blessed virgin!—*She,* was a mortal like ourselves and knows our wants,—She, was a woman, such as I am, and is full of pity—*She,* will hear you and grant your prayers;—never does She re-

fuse one supplicating with an humble heart. I have heard of thousands—I have *seen* many, many whom She has helped."

Still I remained silent; but looked up into her face, and smiled as if in doubt. My irresolution encouraged her.

"Come," she said, "come—go with me! I will take you to our church, where you shall address the mother of God;—She will hear you,—believe me She will,—come!—let me show you the way!—humble yourself before her—She will grant your prayers—*indeed* She will—come!—come!"

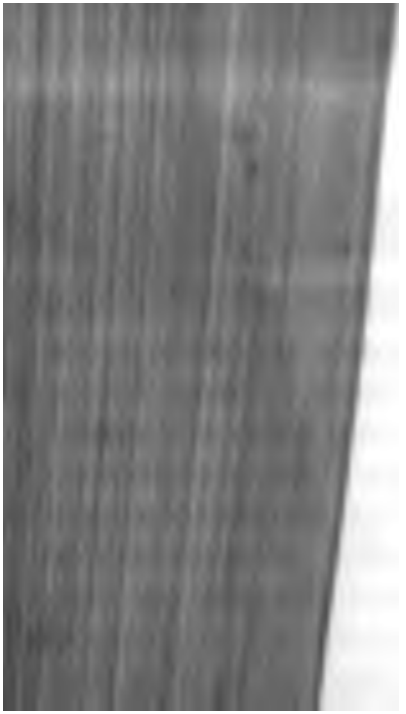
She drew me gently forward,—I obeyed the impulse, and arose.

"I will—I will—I will!—Humble myself!—ay!—*that* I will. I will lick the very dust from off her shrine, so she will hear and grant my asking. Lead me,—lead me on!"

Conducting me to the church, she pointed out in one of its aisles a small oratory dedicated to the exclusive worship of the Virgin. "There," she said, "go in;—but go with piety, for it is a holy place; and go with hope, for you shall receive succour.—Farewell!"

I entered it reverentially; and reverentially I stood and pressed my hands upon my bosom, and looked upon the shrine and on the altar and on the statue which surmounted it, and reverentially I approached and kneeled—I prostrated myself and bowed my body down until my forehead touched the pavement.—With what a deep, impassioned, panting fervour did I pray!

"Oh holy Virgin!—Mother of God!—Lady of compassion!—look on me!—listen to me!—hear me!—pity me! . . . Oh, if thou hast, as many say thou hast, the power to succour,—save me!—manifest thy might!—am I an unbeliever!—urge not such a crime against me at such a time as *this!*—convince me of it rather—convict me of error, make me confess it, — put me to shame!—reveal the truth—confound me with a sign—make me blush—oh, force me—*force* me to believe.—I am a wretch!—true! I *am*—I *am* a wretch, a poor, a miserable wretch—a worm—a worthless thing—the least—the lowest—meanest—vilest—worst of things—undeserving of thy regard!—I know it—I own it all!—yet



ner,
poo
it b
. . .
•
I a
been
Heav
the su
in con
The
me; a
saints
avarice
placing
all thing
gothic c
feelings o

CHAPTER XIX.

On my return to the inn, I was going up stairs.

"Hush—hush!—you will awaken her!"—said Madame Cecile—for so was named the fair kind-hearted creature who had accompanied me to the church.—"Our Lady of good succour has heard your prayer and granted it.—I told you She would!—I *told* you so—she sleeps—step lightly along the passage."

I took her hand, and pressed it to my bosom and to my lips, and smiled on her—such was my reply—I would not speak—my heart was too full.

She had told me truly. Beatrice was asleep. I approached softly and kneeled by her side, and blessed her and thanked God;—I was happy—oh, how unutterably blest!

About twenty minutes elapsed; she awoke.

"Lionel, where have you been all this while? I've been expecting you."

"At church to pray for you, my love, my fondest mistress."

"At church!—what church?—why, you have not surely offered up prayers for me in a Roman Catholic church, Lionel?"

"Yes, but I have, dear Beatrice, and see—my supplications have been heard:—you are better, you will be quite well soon! I am sure you will."

She had often seen me kneel on entering a Catholic church, and indeed had herself unconsciously followed my example, for I always maintained that such an act of obeisance was no acknowledgment of faith in any creed, nor of adherence to any particular tenets, but simply a reverential homage due to the Creator of the Universe, in whose temple we most indubitably stood—to that great, great, great Spirit, who was an object of adoration to men of *every* creed and of *every* sect. Yet notwithstanding this, she was by no means prepared for my going into a Catholic church for the purpose of

offering up a specific prayer; *this* seemed to her a direct renunciation of my own tenets, and she by no means approved of it.

Alas! I was soon undeceived, as to the efficacy of my supplications; the sleep which she had gained during my absence, was deducted from her rest at night. In the morning . . . . . but why should I dwell upon her sufferings—hers and my own?—Days passed, and nights passed, and *as* they passed she grew more and more feeble—her health declined—visibly declined.

I never left her side—where was I to go? Out of her presence, was Desolateness; should I have sought companionship with *her?*

I often sate by her side and looked upon her countenance, and, to please her, forced a smile; then turned away and muttered curses—deep, bitter, hellish curses. I suffered no one but myself to administer her draughts, or lave her lips, or wipe her brow, or smooth her pillow, or lift her in bed. If she closed her eyes, I stood and gazed on her with my arms folded on my bosom, and then approaching, leaned over her, and listened to assure myself whether she

still breathed, or if . . . . . my cup were full!

"That cough—that cough—oh that cough!—it tears me like a Demon's fang!" Then I have crept softly into a small adjoining closet and stood and clenched my hands and lifted them and cursed; then, falling on my knees and bending like a Mussulman in the Caaba, till my brow reached the earth, screamed forth bewildered prayers; then, touched by Hopelessness and reawakened to a full sense of all my misery, have started up and beat my bosom and struck my head, and again howled smothered curses.

One night, being fatigued with watching, sleep overpowered me. I was awakened by the first morning's ray. I looked towards her.

"She sleeps!—hush! God be praised.—Yes, God be praised!—she sleeps!"

I replaced my head upon its pillow — the day advanced.

"I do not hear her stir!—she still sleeps!—Hark, how tranquil!"

Again I lifted myself gently up, and looked towards her; she had not changed her former position.

"What a sweet sleep does she enjoy!—what good this will do her!—she has not had so uninterrupted and placid a sleep for many and many a long night. She will get better now, speedily, I thank God. I know she will—I thank God—I thank God!"

I put myself on my knees in bed.

"Oh God, oh God, how good Thou art—how greatly good!—Thanks and blessings on Thee!—Why did I murmur!—pardon the sin!—*thy* will be done!—forgive my wild words of anguish,—they were not *mine!* Despair uttered them!—forget my foolish anger—receive my tears as expiation—let them wash out the crime—or, Oh! visit it not on *her*—but on me—on me, the guilty one—yet what wouldst thou have of such a *thing* as *I?*—the goodness of a seraph?—of a pure heavenly disembodied spirit?—I am but clay—I am but clay!—think of this!—think of my nothingness—and then, through pity, pardon me."

Another hour passed—two hours. I *must* look at her as she sleeps!

I arose to go to her; but stepped so gently,



not hear it. I approached my che
still no sound!—no, nor the slig

"Beatrice!" I whispered.

There was no reply . . . . .

I raised my voice—she did no

"Beatrice!—Beatrice! my l
speak to me!"

All was silent.

"What! Beatrice, Beatrice!
I say—speak!—my love, my d
answer me—speak!—Beatrice,
me!—Oh, awake! awake!"

I gently shook the bed-cloth
mained motionless. I placed m
bosom—I drew it back, and shr
dered.—Must I tell the rest?—
not for worlds—not for worlds!

CHAPTER XX.

A VAST pile of ragged stone was that grey mouldering castle, to which Claude conducted me! and it was mighty, in the olden time, when Charles of Burgundy poured down his steel-clothed legions on the Swiss.

It had long been deserted by its proprietors; and indeed, was in such a state of ruin and dilapidation as to be altogether uninhabitable by persons who paid any attention to the comforts and conveniences of life,—but *I* was now become careless of comfort, and, in the aspect of desolateness, beheld that which was most congenial to my usual train of thought.

At my desire, two spacious rooms and a smaller one, all leading into each other, had been assigned for my use and habitation. I had all the filth and rubbish which encumbered them cleared away; some few repairs made, so as to

render the apartments tolerably wind and rain tight, and I then established myself in them without more ado.

The rooms, fronting the south-west, beetled over a steep rocky precipice which formed the glacis of the castle, and commanded a splendid prospect. The time had not long passed when such scenery would have raised ecstasies in my bosom. It did not displease me then, and with my cheek resting on one hand I stood, at a late hour in the evening, looking at it.

The door was opened, and I turned round.

"Ah Claude, is it you?—Come in—I have been waiting for you a long while."

He approached me. "All is prepared," he said, in a half whispering tone, which showed that he too, poor fellow, was deeply affected,—grief, it seems, is catching, and sometimes communicates itself to its beholders.

"Are you sure that everything *is in perfect readiness;* so that there will be no delay or interruption?—I would not for the world there should be any hindrance, it would kill me outright, my good Claude—I have already suffered enough!"

"I myself saw to it, Monsieur;—I did it all with my own hands.—*I* piled it up—no one else touched it—it has been felled and lying by for nearly three years, and is as dry as touchwood."

I shivered as he spoke,—but not from cold.

We quitted the room together, and going downstairs, got out of the castle, unobserved, by a back-door. The Moon was in the full, and her rays being reflected from the snow, still covering the long line of mountains which rose on every side, and which was indeed lying here and there, in considerable masses on the plain we traversed, gave sufficient light to guide us through defiles even less familiar to our knowledge than those we were about to enter.

We went on in silence. No single word proceeded from my lips, and Claude, knowing the tumult within my bosom, respected it, and was also silent.

In turning round a salient angle, formed by a mass of mountains, our ears were suddenly struck by the fall of a loud cataract—how awful, at the dead of night, is the deep sound of many rushing waters!—which, leaping from the heights

above us into its rocky basin, rolled on in a broad rivulet before us.

It was not deep, and wading through it, we began to ascend a narrow but steep and rugged pathway, which, at last, brought us to a plain of several acres in extent, surrounded on every side, except that by which we entered it, by high hills.

Situated at about its centre was a chalet, that is, a small cottage, constructed as a habitation for cowherds during the few weeks of summer in which they bring cattle there to pasture. At a little distance off was placed a large square mass of wood, the separate logs of which were piled crosswise on each other. It was supported on four heaps of stones, one at each corner, so that the air, having a free access underneath, might flow in a constant current throughout the whole structure.

I unlocked the door and entering the chalet alone—for I would by no means allow of Claude's assisting me—began to dig into and clear away the snow which I had before heaped in large quantities in one of its corners; and at last, after

some time and exertion, perceived the object of my search.

It was all as it should be, I perceived;—I stepped out.

"Claude, the tinder-box and torches—there,—put them down.—And now, my dear Claude, leave me. No mortal eye must witness this.—Before morning you will again see me."

He quitted me, slowly and without uttering a word. I saw his heart was mine—could mine be less than his? If a *dog* had pitied me I should have loved him.

Returning into the chalet, I stood some time to look on what I had found. It was a sheet formed of that species of cloth which remains unconsumed in fire, and is called *Asbestos*. I had sent Claude as far as Geneva to obtain it.

It was folded round another substance; I stooped and raised it in my arms. How cold it is!—so heavy, too!—Why, I have often before this borne it in my arms and felt no burden!—Ay,—true, true,—but there is no light, heaven-aspiring spirit *now* to buoy it up.

I carried it to the summit of the pile; and as

I carried, pressed it to my bosom; but she who, had I but done so at the first quarter of that moon now shining on us, would have returned the pressure, drooped down inanimate upon my arm, insensible to my caresses.

I laid it on the logs and kneeled beside it—but not in prayer. I uncovered her face; it had undergone no alteration since I last saw it: the snow had preserved it from change.—How lovely —not a single cloud. How still and silent is the air; not a breath—not a sound, except the scarcely-heard rushing of distant water. And the Moon, how serenely beautiful! Oh, just as now she shines, she shone upon the cliffs and on the sands, and on the sea at Bridlington when—Beatrice, Beatrice,—oh, Beatrice!.. but for this, what happiness might now be ours—the wretches — the cruel, cruel, cruel wretches those most accursed things.——Forgive them! .... Ay, ay, ay,—must I *not* forgive them?

I stretched myself beside her. I strained her to my bosom—I parted the hair from off her forehead, and kissed it,—as I had before so often done. I rained tears upon her cheek;—I

spoke to her, and waited for a reply. There was none! I wrung my hands,—I begged of her,—I entreated her,—I prayed to her,—I supplicated her by the living God! that she would answer me and speak one word—but one, one small, one little, little word of comfort before leaving me for ever — of forgiveness for my offences—Oh! how bitter is the thought of them at such an hour!—a bequest of pardon—an assurance that she parted from me in peace .... Beatrice!—a word—a whisper—but a *whisper!* —a smile or pressure of the hand!—some token! —sign! Give it, give it! .... No, no, she will not—she will not! How unkind she is become!——I who so love her!——Yes, I deserve better! — She was not always thus relentless! * * * * * *

* * * * * *

See!—see!—the smoke curls up, the flames arise! It burns! .... It burns! .... It burns! .... Now the ascending vapours are dispersed in Heaven, and Nature is collecting them in her rich store-house, whence calling them again, in her good season, she shall change

them into various forms of loveliness—to dews and painted rainbows, and to other coloured things;—to the acanthus and the eglantine and hyacinth—to aromatic herbs and every tribe of sweetly-smelling flowers;—to emeralds and amethysts and topazes and pearls and chrysolites, and to many other gems of wondrous worth and beauty! . . . . . And *thus* it is that she I loved shall never be the prey of loathsome reptiles!

CHAPTER XXI.

ED a large chest to be made for the
)f containing those parts of dress and
ects of general use which had belonged
ce, and directing that one corner of it
e partitioned off from the rest, I des-
) the Asbestos sheet, and—to the ashes
t utter it—and yet to think that—
ld be but ashes! The remainder was
ı her ornaments and such other parts
ess as were not too large and cumber-
e deposited there.
ıest was circled round, and strength-
ıeveral metal braces laid into the wood.
strong lock made for it, and kept it
:loset in my bed-room.
ıy, Marguerite brought me two letters;
-writing of their separate superscrip-
me that one of them came from Lord
ıry, and the other from my father.

It was a long while indeed since I had be honoured with any communication whatev from the latter; and, as he had not been pleased to write to me before, not even in confirmation of Lord Meclenbury's report, though I had addressed him on the subject and, expressing my delight, thanked him for his forgiveness, nor to signify his most gracious intention of overlooking my great offence; in short, as he had not taken the slightest notice of me when his countenance would have been a blessing, but had deferred doing so until his favour had become worthless, and his resentment a thing at which I smiled; it is, perhaps, no very great wonder that, with a feeling of—I was going to say—of *indifference* —but let me change the expression to that of deep anger,—I tossed his letter unopened on the table. Alas! how different was every feeling towards him now from what it had been but eighteen months ago, when, full of love and piety and fond affection, I flew to visit him in sickness!

I broke the seal of the other letter; it began thus:—

"Good Heaven, my dear Bouverie, what can you possibly have been about at Paris?—What *have* you done? Not what is *asserted* by your enemies, I am convinced; yet something most imprudent, I am very sure. Mr. Bouverie, your father, calling on me this morning told me such things, which, *were they true*—as they are *not*, I'll wager my existence—must necessarily overthrow all the good I have done, and place you in a far worse plight than the one in which you were before. I'll be hanged if your father didn't seem quite delighted at having found an opportunity of showing that he had been right, and that I had been wrong, in our estimation of your worth, character, and general conduct. Thus Vanity and he have manifestly made up their quarrel, and are again become the very best friends possible."

The letter went on to say that Curteis, having been in England for a few days, informed my cousin Solomon—who told it to my aunt Prudence—who, *quite accidentally*, said something which made my father exclaim in his usual way—"What is *that*, Prudence?" and

that thus, my au
relate the whole
have done, but on
the world, as it wa
had ever heard i
surely, she knew, c
easiness, as it had
sisted on being to
since my return to
old haunts, and ma
cipal place of res
gantly, and paid m
cards; and that m
of not being very
That Curteis, char
to see what sort of
be, I had insulted
possible, and calle
because he had
slight push; and t
apology for so mu
to go out next mo

"If," continued
up a living by gam

can do more than any man before your time ever did, and must be a real genius. You know how easy it is to give a false impression without *telling* a lie: for example, a man may *look* a lie. In short the thing is easily and often done, and *was* done, I apprehend, by Curteis; for I have far too good an opinion of the beast's cunning to imagine he would hazard telling a direct falsehood, liable to be overthrown the instant it was inquired into. But what, in the name of Heaven, my dear friend, is that odd and most un-understandable story about a certain dinner, given by the Duke de Richelieu; at which you were present, when the King of France was to be there in *disguise*, as is, it seems, his Majesty's custom on *certain* occasions, and when he has *certain* objects in view? You did not know of this before-hand, of course?—and how did you behave when you discovered it? I was utterly unable to make out either head or tail of the matter, and, inquiring more particularly about it, your father shook his head, and replied, 'Oh! I know!' and when I asked him to be so good as to impart his knowledge to me, he a second

time shook his head in the same manner, and a second time replied, 'I know.' In short, the u[illegible]t most that, by prayer and entreaty, I could kno[illegible] from him about the business was, that—h[illegible] knew. You must tell me yourself when we meet, which will be soon now, I hope. I called on Curteis, intending to ask or rather to *demand* of him the particulars, but the rascal had returned to Paris.

"Whatever the real story may be, it seems that this dinner was the cause of your leaving Paris so suddenly. By-the-bye, it appears you claimed protection as a British subject; and as Curteis, not thinking himself authorised to interfere in an affair where the sovereign was implicated, declined acting, and begged you would wait till the evening for the return of Sir George, you behaved with great violence and threatened to horse-whip him. How much truth, and how much falsehood is there in this?"

He then went on to speak of my sister, whose marriage was, he said, fixed to take place in about a week from the date of his letter.

"Poor girl!" said he, "I pity her from my

very heart—he is very handsome, and has, as far I judge, a great fund of good sense and posesses an excellent disposition. I saw her a few days ago; she spoke of you—but in private only—with great affection: she is certainly very fond of you. She looks pale and worn to death, and grows still more pale whenever your aunt, or her son, approaches. She seems to dislike and to *fear* them both. Your father does not appear to see anything of all this. At all events, he does not outwardly notice it. Poor creature! she merits a better fate. Solomon Princep is not likely, even under more favourable circumstances, to make such a girl happy, but, betrothed as her heart is to another, what can she anticipate with him but sorrow?"

At any other time I should have grieved for my sister; as it was, I scarcely felt her sorrows as an addition to my own: pain makes one sadly selfish. One of the great misfortunes produced by wickedness is that its victims are often incapacitated, by their own sufferings, from sympathising with, and alleviating, those of others.

The perusal of this letter made me curious to

know the contents of the one from my father. I broke its seal, and found a short, but full and formal denunciation of me for his son, and this—"for reasons he did not enter upon, because, I must already know them perfectly well; as, also, be aware that they fully justified him in so doing."

I recognised his style, always concise; yet, what those reasons, which *I so perfectly well knew*, might be, I could not by any means imagine, though I felt quite convinced that he considered them so good, and thought the evidence against me so strong, so impossible to be controverted, that he should have all the world to a man—except blockheads—who, by-the-by, were no fewer in number than all those who were not of his opinion, on his side; and that I could make no reply enabling my best friends, —I may say my only efficient friend, Lord Mecklenbury—to advocate my cause. He fancied he had me entirely in his power, and so in fact he had, in one respect.

I formerly should have bounced a bit about the room, no doubt, at the receipt of such a letter, and stamped, perhaps, on the floor, and

d——d a little, I dare say; but I had lost my spirits for such things. I had grown considerably more grave of late. Grief, it is true, had not *destroyed* my passions, but had *sickened* them: I felt a loathing to any exertion—to that even of showing anger. However,

"This is all very well certainly," I said, "they are playing on velvet just now; but, in real earnest do those good folk seriously suppose that I—I, Lionel Bouverie, am to take such things quite quietly?—that I—God help me!—I've no very high opinion of myself either—I have a thousand faults, ay! and more; but can't help knowing, nevertheless, that if Mr. Solomon Princep, with his mother and Mr. Curteis to boot, were weighed with me in the same balance their scale would kick the beam. Do they really think that *I* will suffer this, or suppose that they, who can no more compete with me for worth, moral or intellectual, than I can with Hercules for bodily strength, and whom, in truth, I despise as I do this dirt upon my boot, are to go unscathed for all this? Do they really fancy it?—Wait, my good friends! wait

a brief space. Let us see how matters will terminate. I am somewhat of a dangerous foe in these days, seeing that I am now alone,—thanks to yourselves for this;—and thus, having myself only to think about, the sting of death has lost its chiefest poison."

How many were there on whom I might heap curses! On my aunt and her son, the first movers of all the ills which overwhelmed us—on Curteis, who aided them in wickedness—on the Duke de Richelieu and all his set, whose conduct, forcing us to make a long and painful journey, was the direct and immediate cause of the loss I sustained. Yet—for we must be just even in our anguish—these last had no design of injuring me, nor, had they guessed the sad consequences of their misbehaviour, would they, I thought, have so misbehaved.

Against Lady Barbara, whose services Beatrice had unknown to me repeatedly solicited, and who might have exerted herself effectually and promoted our interests to a great extent, I used formerly to indulge very bitter feelings; but these had

passed, for she was a silly thing, altogether unworthy of exciting any serious notice on such a solemn and sad occasion as the present; besides which, she was the mother of Beatrice, who had always disapproved of my strictures on her conduct; and thoughts of this not only deadened anger, but raised up in my bosom something almost like a feeling of affection. Such power do the spirits of the departed still hold over those who loved them!

After all, my father was, I felt, the primal and true cause of my present misfortune. In *his* unwariness had it all originated. But so it is; they who, by every law of nature, are bound to love and protect their children, are the very persons against whom, if they neglect their duty, and behave with harshness or injustice, those children have no redress, and of whom they are scarcely suffered to complain.

CHAPTER XXII.

Two days after the receipt of Lord Mecklenbury's letter, and before I had gathered sufficient spirits to answer it, I received a second, in which, amongst other things of import at that time, his Lordship informed me that my father's family had been just thrown into the greatest consternation and alarm by the sudden disappearance of my sister, who had contrived to elope with Mr. Moysten. They had taken, it was believed, the road to Paris with the design of being married there, and to this place my father, accompanied by Mrs. Princep and her son, had set out, in hopes of overtaking them before they could conclude the nuptials.

In replying to his two letters, I told him of the sad event which had taken place at Pontarlier, and then—

"I am far too crushed in spirit," I added, "to

enter into details at present, and only beg you will take my word, for there is no truth whatever in the stories you have heard respecting me. I am glad—can you believe there is now anything in the world capable of making me so?—of my sister's good fortune in escaping from that dog—that *dog!*—I am pleased with it on *her* account—I rejoice at it on my *own:* had the marriage taken place I should be less free to inflict that punishment which his misdeeds so well deserve..... Do they think I sleep?—The fools!—Give me but a few weeks to recruit my exhausted strength, my impaired health,—a few weeks to mourn in solitude and silence over her of whom they robbed me, and then ..... they shall not glory in the deed!

"This done, I bid the world adieu;—not that I have a grudge against it, but because we do not suit.—As Orpheus mourned Eurydice in woods and mountains, and in flowered valleys, so will *I*, also, weep for Beatrice.

"No, I do not hate mankind, but I feel that I now can never love it, and therefore it is best we live apart, each in the place assigned him by

the Almighty. I will do all the good in my poor power to my fellow-creatures—so I suppose I must still call them!—I will listen to their complaints, assist their wants, and ease their burdens as much as in me lies; but will never again either struggle with them in their businesses nor be a partaker of their pastimes. Let there still be an acquaintance between us, but no longer any companionship—except, indeed, with you, my dear Lord, if you will still honour with your proud friendship one who has always reverenced your high virtues and will ever feel grateful for your many kindnesses."

In a postscript I added—

"By the post which brought your letter I received one from my father. He renounces me. Be it so!—It is well, however, that, losing *his* protection, I have acquired that of Fortune, who has befriended me in the French lottery—I have won about thirty thousand pounds. What happiness would be mine might I but share this with Beatrice! Alas!—as it is, it will no doubt do me good service, but procure me, I fear, but little true enjoyment. I send you an order for

it on Monsieur Perigord.—Place it for me, if you please, in the English funds."

The day after sending this letter, I sate down to answer the one I received from my father:—but how was I to treat the subject?—To indulge feelings of revenge against a parent—to inflict pang for pang, or to utter curses, even though they are extorted and torn from us by anguish, is an act which Virtue can scarcely pardon, as it is hardly possible that a father's conduct can at any one period be so cruel as entirely to overweigh and cancel the many obligations he must almost necessarily have conferred upon his child at the other various epochs of his life. This much in *general*; and as to *my* father *in particular*,—justice, together, mayhap, with some small iota of a still lingering love, forced me to admit that I was deeply indebted to him.

If I possessed, as I felt or *fancied* myself to possess, any great or good qualities;—if I had any noble or virtuous aspirations, it was to *him* alone I owed their origin:—their seeds, although, perhaps, he had not nurtured them with much care were *sown* by him.

His nature possessed many of those high dispositions, which bestow fame on men and mark them out as heroes: it was benevolent, generous, talented, just, and chivalrous; and, if an unerring judgment had not always piloted him, or if a too easy temper laid him often open to the machinations of craft and subtlety, this might be less imputed as a crime than grieved for as a misfortune;—none are such easy dupes as the lofty minded!—Still those dispositions of nature existed, and existed for *my* benefit as well as for that of many others; and I reaped advantage from them, as they often broke forth in words of such good counsel as he gave upon the last day we ever met; and which were such as if the hearer well understand and properly receive them, will guide him honourably through this life, and afterwards, accompanying him to Heaven, rest there with him alway!—Gifts such as these might not go with me for nothing, and if it were impossible to bless, so neither could I find it in my heart to curse him.

With a spirit, therefore, breathing partly grief, partly a mournful anger, and partly a sad forgive-

ness, I wrote a letter such as this triple feeling of the moment prompted; but he being then at Paris, and I ignorant of his address in that town, I locked it up till, either from Lord Mecklenbury or through some other channel of information, I should hear of his return to England.

CHAPTER XXIII.

HAVING prepared the above-mentioned letter to my father, I felt undecided what line of immediate conduct to adopt. To return to Paris and call Curteis to an account for his behaviour would, perhaps, have been the most natural course to pursue, and was that which in very many respects would have suited me well;—it was one, too, which I *might* have taken by merely writing to Lord Stormont for protection; but I felt an unconquerable aversion to entering that town so soon after the unhappy event which had chased me from it.

Besides all this, Curteis was not the one whom I the most wished to punish; and I felt loath to risk my life in a contest with *him*, before having fully revenged myself upon my cousin; but where to find this latter at present, I knew not. That he had gone to Paris, Lord Meclenbury's

letter assured me; but he might since then have returned to England, or he might, for all I could tell, have accompanied his uncle in pursuit of my sister into some other part of France.

Having no certain information on this point, I was necessitated to wait till I could obtain it, and this, I trusted, would not be long in arriving.

During this delay, I employed my time in wandering on foot over the wild country surrounding the Château; since my arrival at which, I had adopted a costume similar to that worn by the mountaineers, amongst whom I lived—if, indeed, I could be said to live with any one. I never went abroad unarmed. A pair of large pistols hung suspended in a belt at my waist, and a *couteau de chasse*, or short pointed hunting-sword, was at my side. I had thick boots, well studded with nails; and a cap, such as was usually worn by the peasants of that country, covered my head: and, indeed, except that my linen was finer, and my jacket composed of somewhat better materials than

theirs, and that around my neck was slung a thick gold chain, to which poor Beatrice's portrait was attached, I might have been mistaken for one of them.

In the neighbourhood of my residence, there was a natural curiosity, which I used to visit. A steep, rugged, and zigzag pathway conducts the visiter down a declivity which he, at a first view, fancies is leading him into a beautiful and fertile valley. But, as he descends, he finds that instead of expanding, the hollow becomes more and more contracted, until it terminates in a small level plain; from which, looking up, he beholds, piled confusedly above his head, high masses of enormous rock, enclosing him around on every side, except on one which nature has left partially unbarred, for the purpose of giving vent to a vast volume of angry waters, which leap forth, foaming from a deep, untrodden cave, and rolling madly onward through their rocky channel, form the river Loue.

Perched on an eminence beside this cavern, stood a small oratory, having in its front that which the French call—but for which I know

not the English expression—a *calvaire*, that is, a high Cross, bearing on it the figure of our crucified Saviour, beneath whose feet was nailed a square board, with the following legend,—

"Etait il jamais douleur egale a la mienne!"

"Ah!" I sighed, and said in passing it,—"Was there ever grief which equalled mine?"

I used frequently to pass my mornings in this place, when, choosing some lofty position, and the most desolate in appearance which I could find, I sate, my head reclining on my knees and my arms locked around them, mute and motionless, except when sobs broke forth and shook me with convulsions. My Being was become a tear—a sigh—a solemn sound of sorrow—an embodied grief, howling with terror at the thoughts which chased it.

The spring was now far advanced: the crocuses and snowdrops and bluebells had disappeared, and the wild violet, ceasing to shed perfume through the groves, had resigned its place to plants of larger growth. Thus much for the valleys; but we, residing on the Jura,

were exposed to all those many sudden changes of temperature to which an elevated region is always liable.

This, too, happened to be a late season everywhere, and we, of course, felt it with a more than a twofold severity. The high pinnacles of the Jura had not yet changed their winter clothing; and lower down—even where the fields began to show signs of a general verdure—sudden storms arising, would often sweep over their surface, and deposit a fleecy burden on the Alpine pines, which I often, throughout the following day, beheld shaking their dark summits over a still unmelted snow.

Returning rather late one evening from the deep abyss which I have just described, I saw the sun go down in clouds; and observed that the entire aspect of the heavens gave threatenings of a stormy night. It was dark before I arrived at home, where I found a large fire prepared for me, and an abundant store of wood piled up in a corner of my chamber.

Having, as had lately become usual with me, bolted the door to keep out intruders, I went

to the closet, and took out the chest containing the relics of my poor lost one: relics as precious in *my* sight, as worshipped in *my* heart, as fragments of the holy Cross are worshipped by the pilgrim.

One by one,—and with a most deep reverence,—removing them from their repository, I uncovered them, and kissed them, and pressed them to my heart: and if there chanced to be a speck of dust or anything which was not *of* them, I removed it: then I spoke to them,—as though they could have heard me, and told them of my sorrows, and made them confidants of my affliction,—as if they would have pitied me! —then again I kissed them, and again pressed them to my heart, and shed, perchance, some tears upon them: then I again folded them up, and replaced them in their sanctuary—and, all was done!

Such was my nightly task:—I had imposed it on myself. Let no one smile at this! Love, like religion, fades from the bosoms of its warmest votaries,—so weak we are!—if it be not quickened there by rites and ceremonies.—

I would have perished, rather than have forgotten—*I* never sighed for Lethe.

I drew near the fire; the table was covered with books, some of which I had bought in passing through different towns in my journey from Paris; the rest were those originally packed up in my trunk.

Amongst the latter of these, was one given me by Jean Jacques, during my residence near him, in the preceding summer: it happened to fix my attention, and I took it up. It was a small edition, printed at Geneva,—a town famous for its press—of Lord Bacon's essays, and also of that part of his works treating of "The wisdom of the Ancients." It was the Latin translation made during the author's lifetime. This was all very well for Rousseau, who was totally unacquainted with the language in which it was originally written, but somewhat unfortunate for me, who, notwithstanding all the love, and may, indeed, say, the deep veneration I have always felt for the ancient authors, have never succeeded in acquiring more than a very superficial acquaintance with the language in which the

wrote. However, the latinity of Lord Bacon's essays is not very difficult.

It is lucky for me that, however much my spirits may be depressed, any appeal to reason, any question in moral or natural philosophy, or any investigation on the properties of the human mind, has power to excite me for the moment; and, by acting as a sort of dram upon my spirits, to make me forget sorrow. It is the fond lispings of Folly which I have always found intolerable, and which, overwhelming me with a leaden load of despondency, have often driven me nigh wild with angry anguish.

I opened the book, and at first tossed over its pages carelessly, and with the sickly appetite of one whose mind disease has rendered incapable of fixing itself on any single subject. At last, my attention was attracted by the title "*De Fortuna.*"

"Ha!" I exclaimed to myself, "let me see: what says the great chancellor on this most interesting matter? — *He*, methinks, ought to speak scientifically upon it. Fortune read him many a pleasing lecture, and gave him many a

hard lesson to learn! I wonder if our thoughts hang upon the same peg!"

"Negari non potest quin accidentia et casus externi ad hominum fortunas promovendas vel deprimendas plurimum possint."

"There needs no ghost to tell us this!" I said; "it is most unquestionably true. Never did I think of denying that chance has a very principal share in making or in marring our success in life."

"Gratia alicujus ex magnatibus,—opportunitas,—aliorum obitus,—occasio virtuti cujusque congrua."

This too is true—quite true.—The favour of great men—Opportunities—The death of persons occupying the situations to which we aspire, and the being ourselves placed in such as our peculiar tempers enable us to take advantage of,—all these circumstances certainly conduce to forward us in the world.—I remember well what the great Machiavelli said in his book called *The Prince*.—'No man can raise himself to empire, unless he light on an *opportunity* fit for doing so." . . .

"Verum tamen fortunam suam fingere cui-

ıe præcipue in manu propria est.—*Faber isque suæ fortunæ*,—inquit comicus." . . . .

This I doubt.—Here, I apprehend, *the riter of comedies* is altogether wrong;—he was › philosopher, I ween!—It is very far indeed om being clear to my mind, that—*every one akes his own fortune.*—On the contrary, there e many minds altogether unable to stoop to the loption of the means necessary to ensure a good ıe.—Had it been said,—" every man may *un*ake or mar his fortune"—Ay, to *that!*—reed!—but to make!—oh no!

" Atque inter externas causas, illa frequentisma—*Stultitiam unius, alterius fortunam proovere.*—Nemo enim ita subito evehitur, ac ocasione errorum alterius—ut inquit adagium. *Serpens nisi serpentem comederit, non fit raco.*"

" Ha, ha!" I exclaimed, " this—*this* is indeed ue! no one was ever yet so highly raised by his vn exertions as he has been by the errors of other en.—Philipe de Comines, too, has I recollect id something which, if not exactly similar, bears least a family likeness to this saying.—' The

mishaps which happen to one man invariably produce good to some one else.'—*A serpent*—This is a strange saying enough—an odd mode of speech—I never met with it before—but that is not extraordinary, seeing how little of a bookish personage I am!—*A serpent cannot make himself a Dragon unless he devour another serpent!*—Ha! it seems then, that I,—*I* am the serpent—the little, small, the silly, foolish serpent, who has quietly suffered himself to be devoured by another small creeping reptile, who is thus swollen out and become a huge Dragon!"

"Yes!" I said, as laying aside the book, I began to pace slowly up and down the chamber, —"yes!—it was *my* folly—it was so—true enough!—I ought to have guarded myself more carefully against their wiles—I should have *known* their interests were at variance with mine —I should have known they would advantage themselves of circumstances—I should have known that God formed not such little spirits to resist so great a temptation, and, if I *did not* know it from my own inborn wit, I should have

listened to and learned it from the wit of others, who years ago foretold what has now happened. —A *serpent!*—a serpent!—Ay, a wily, whispering, a wicked serpent!—a serpent who—like that 'old serpent' tempting to do evil things, and having on him the Almighty's curse—shall bite the dust!"

CHAPTER XXIV.

I WENT to the lattice, it was a transom or cross-barred window, and opened it. The night was dark, deeply, dismally, deadly dark—nothing but darkness—not a star in heaven, and the thick snow fell, and the wild winds howled fearfully through the shattered battlements of the old fabric which war had leagued with time to ruin;—yet they respected *me*, and circled through my long tangled locks and round my fevered temples with the benign playfulness of a summer breeze.

As I stood bending forward through the aperture, I fancied that, between the blasts of wind which sped so swiftly by, I could distinguish the sound of human voices coming round an angle of the building to the right. I took but little notice of this at first—I was accustomed to the like; and thought they proceeded from some of the

gang, who returning from an expedition, were giving their comrades intelligence of their approach towards home.

Again I heard it—I listened.—Again and again—and then a shrill whistle. . . . . "Is it any one in distress?—Hark!—there!"

I ran into the closet, from the window of which I should obtain a more direct, if not a clearer view of the spot whence the sound proceeded.—I looked out, but perceived nothing—nothing but darkness and the large flakes of snow which, as the glare of my lamp fell on them, I saw madly hurried forward upon the wings of the wild tempest to be whirled into the deep abyss beneath me.

"Horrifer Aquilonis stridor gelidas molitur nives!"

There was a pause—a momentary pause.—It seemed as if, wearied with its own exertions, the storm stood gasping to recover strength for a renewed effort.—During this interval, I again distinctly heard a whistle, and voices shouting out for help,—but at the next instant, the winds

again broke forth, and sweeping by me with redoubled howlings, drowned the cry.

I had got as far as the door of my principal room with a design of going down stairs to advertise my friends below that their assistance was wanted, when the unbarring of the great gate of the hall, and the sound of people leaving the castle, assured me that the short intermission of the tempest had enabled the benighted to attract the attention of persons both competent and willing to assist them.

Returning therefore to my station at the lattice, I shortly afterwards, by the light of their torches, perceived two or three men in search of the distressed travellers—or whatever else they might prove to be; and heard the barking of dogs as they ranged snuffling over the snow to discover the exact spot on which they were situated.

They were not, as it turned out, very far distant from us; and had they but been conversant with the country and continued their course straight on for a few minutes longer, would have reached the chateau; but the deep darkness of

the night prevented them from seeing it at first, and when—as I afterwards learnt—the light from my lamp showed them that they were in the neighbourhood of our habitation, they were deterred by fear from attempting a further progress, as they could not tell what rocks, ravines, or pit-falls, might lie between them and the desired object.

In a few minutes I perceived, that the torches making a retrograde motion, advanced toward me; and I began to hear the voices of those who bore them, in conversation with the persons they were conducting. Presently they became more audible, but still I was unable to distinguish what was said; and in another moment, both the flaring lights and the sound of voices were entirely lost to me, they being intercepted by an angle of the building round which the party turned in order to reach the yard—or, as it was called, in former days, the outer *ballium* of the castle.

In about half-an-hour afterwards Claude entered the room for the purpose of asking me if I wanted anything that he could do for me.

"Well, Claude," I said, as he made his ap-

pearance, "what has
have you got below—s
or are they strangers?

"Travellers, Mons
to Pontarlier, when th
the road got choked
his way."

"Travellers are the
I was just coming dow
the others leave the cl
you know?"

"They are Englis
None but your countr
of pleasure out on su
well they haven't be
wolves! This cold w
perately fierce—I had
evening, but missed
there beside St. Leona

"Are they English
they come from?"

"There are four, o
and a man-servant, bes
know nothing more ab

"Don't you know whence they come nor whither they are going? What sort of looking persons are they—have they the air of gentlefolk?"

"Oh yes, Monsieur, I just told you they were going to Pontarlier, and they come from off the Neufchatel road; that much is certain, for the horses belong to the post-house of Les Verreries de Joux. As for their looks, they are all so muffled up that I have scarce been able to catch a glimpse at their faces yet. The females seem very much discomposed by the cold and fright. One of them sits down by the fire, and says not a word; indeed, I believe she can't speak our language. The other lady, poor thing, has been crying bitterly; and as for the gentleman, he never speaks either to any one, except to her, who is, I suppose, his wife or sister, and then it is only a word or two of reproach—as I guess them to be from his looks—whilst she sits by and only answers him with sighs. As well as I can make out, she is very pretty. But, mayhap, you would like to come down and have a little talk with them, as they are your countryfolk?"

"*I!*—indeed I should not like it at all; *I* don't want to see them—not I;—I wish them well out of this scrape—there now, good night. They want your services, I dare say. . . . Stop! can I be of any *use* to them, do you think?—for, if so, I needs *must* go down to them, I suppose."

"No, Monsieur, none that I know of; they have got all the place affords."

"Very well, then let them remain quietly where they are, and me where I am, for we don't want one another, it seems. Good night to you."

"Good-night, Monsieur, it's high time for me to go. While my wife is getting something ready for them to eat and drink, I must set out with a pair of oxen, and drag up the carriage, which is stuck fast in the snow. I think I hardly ever saw such a stormy night so late in the season."

"Good-night, Claude . . . . Hark'e! Claude, —hark'e!—Claude, Claude, stop! step back for a minute—here! . . . . . Mind you don't go talking to those people anything about me, nor

of your having one of their countrymen above-stairs, or anything of that sort, to excite their idle, childish, chattering curiosity—do you hear now? mind too, to tell your comrades that if they tattle . . . . Alas! my good Claude, I've not spirits to see any one, and am in no mood to bear the vulgar stare of folly or impertinence. —Now go, and make haste to prepare the oxen. . . . . Yet, stop again a moment. There are women, you say; but you have not got beds for them, have you?"

"You know, Monsieur, that we all sleep upon bundles of straw and our thick cloaks on the floor, except Marguerite, who has a small bed, which she is going to give up to one of the ladies. The other must needs sit up or sleep in her chair by the fire, which I'll take care shall be a good blazing one."

"A lady sit up by the fire when I . . . no, no, Claude, this will never do, women must not be treated in that manner—they suffer quite enough from our cruelties during the day. Let their nights be easy at least—she shall have *my* bed; I've enough gallantry remaining *even now* for this."

"And you yourself then, Monsieur—where are *you* to sleep?"

"*I!*—where am I to sleep?—Why, where I've often slept before now; in my chair, to be sure, or on my mantle upon the floor, if needs be, or I'll wake and watch all night, perhaps—this will be no great novelty for *me*, Claude!"

"Corbleu, Monsieur!" replied the kind-hearted fellow, "you musn't do so; you'll kill yourself with such pranks, I've often told you so; you're in no state of health for such things as these. Deuce take it! I wish Marguerite's bed were but a little bigger, so that the two ladies might lie comfortably in it together."

"But as it is not so, there is no remedy, you see; one never can allow a female to sit up in this way, when there is a bed in the house to offer her. Chivalry cries shame on such a thing; so go you down and arrange matters, minding however not to let them know how you manage it. I don't want to be plagued with the thanks they will think it necessary to bestow on me, nor with any of their civilities, which will mean just nothing at all, and put me excessively out of my way to receive. Let

them set off to-morrow without hearing or knowing anything about me. Now quick, call up some one to help you in dismounting the bed, for I can't consent to yield this room when . . . Away!—the lady will be glad to hear of her good luck, no doubt."

I could by no means bring myself to allow that any one, and much less a perfect stranger, should occupy an apartment containing so many reminiscences of my beloved. The removal of the bed, however, was not a business to be immediately entered on; for Claude was first obliged to go out for the carriage, and his wife forced to employ herself in preparing a sort of supper for her visiters.

The first of those objects being accomplished, and the carriage placed under cover, Marguerite quitted her work to assist her husband in dismounting the bed; but this was an affair of time, produced a vast deal of noise, and occasioned much confusion and going backwards and forwards; to escape from all which I left my room and stepped out into the passage, intending to remain there during the time the change was being made.

I walked up and down, down and up, the whole length of the corridor several times; but happening, at one of the turns I made in it, to stop leaning against the crazy banister of the staircase, I suddenly heard one of the travellers leave the hall,—advance a little way along it, and call out, in bad French enough, to, I supposed, his own servant,—speak a few words to him, and then return whence he came.

I had placed myself in the position just described, by mere accident, and without any design whatever but that of passing away the time. I was also deeply buried in my own reflections, yet the sound of the voice made me start, and recalled me to myself in an instant, as a convulsive shiver ran over my body.

"That voice!—how strange—*can* I be mistaken?—I *must* be—impossible! Tush!—tush!—it cannot be."

My curiosity however, perhaps too some other feelings, were awakened. I by no means felt quite certain — and then I *did* feel quite certain, and then a thousand imaginings rushed across my mind, which shap-

ed them into a sort of connected history. Then again I doubted, and again listened for the voice, —but all was silent. "It will cost me only a little trouble to satisfy myself on the subject!"

Gently, and softly, and slowly, I stepped down the stone stairs, and crept along the passage at the bottom, till I arrived at the hall-door, in which, luckily, there was a rent sufficiently large to admit of my seeing what was going forward inside. I looked in—how my heart beat—how it *did* beat!

"'Tis he—'tis *he!*"——

I retraced my steps—I flew along the passage and arrived at the foot of the stairs. One, two, three—a few—I know not how many springs, brought me to their summit. In a moment—in less than a moment—in less time than I could think of it, I regained my chamber.

"Claude!—my belt—my pistols!—where have you laid them?"

I did not wait his answer—my eyes fell on the weapons at that moment—I laid my hands on them—I buckled them on—I caught hold of my cutlass, and again burst from the room.

CHAPTER XXV.

I AGAIN stood at the hall door, through a broken pannel of which, as I before said, I could perfectly well see everybody and everything at the farther end of the room, and sometimes tolerably well hear what was said.

At the table sate Bazil and François, two of Claude's comrades, drinking and in conversation with the postilion who brought the strangers: at the same board I observed one, whom I judged, from his appearance, to be a Parisian *valet de place*, and who was not more than half awake.

Round the fire were seated two females; the eldest of whom, I had no difficulty in at once seeing, was an English lady's maid; the other, I took to be her mistress: she was leaning disconsolately on her chair, and listening to certain reproaches made by her male companion;

on whom I observed, that she now and then fixed her eyes with an expression of grief, anger, and contempt; as her lips seemed to mutter words which the low, smothered tone of voice in which they were spoken, and my distance from her, forbade my hearing.

The man, though he had laid aside his thick travelling cloak, and slung it athwart the back of a chair, was still so muffled up about the neck, and sate with his face so inconveniently placed for my inspection, that had he not sometimes, in addressing the youngest female, turned it towards me in such a manner as to allow a strong glare of light to fall upon his features, I *perhaps* might not have recognised him under such circumstances—except indeed, by his voice—*that* it was impossible to mistake under any circumstances or in any place.

He said something, which, being spoken in rather an under-tone, I could not quite overhear; neither could I catch the answer, pronounced in that almost whisper, which is sometimes the effect of the speaker's being strongly

worked on by the joint passions of fear, grief, and indignation.

The rejoinder, called forth by a rage which he who uttered it, vainly endeavoured to suppress, was in a far louder key, and contained in words flung out in a tone of voice resembling something between the growl of an Hyena and the blowing of an Hippopotamus just as he is rising above the stream.

"If you don't like it, I'm sorry for it!—It's all your own fault, you know, that we're in this uncomfortable place..... If you had ever listened to the advice of your friends;—but you have no feeling—you never had! If you had any *principle* or *strength* of mind....."

Such were the broken sentences which caught my ear, and such the last word which reached it, as the steps of Claude and his wife bringing along the mattrass, and hastened, as they since told me, by my abrupt manner to them just before—overpowered the speaker's voice—but I had heard enough!

Lifting the catch of the door, against which my utmost strength was exerted, I flung it

from me, and swung it back upon its hinges with such a force as to make the unfurnished walls of the almost roofless hall re-echo with the sound, and cause the females, with their companion, the sleeper, and even the astonished wassailers themselves, to start up aghast.

This was my last act of noisy violence. In an instant, and as by magic, I became calm—my soul laid bonds upon itself. Silent and motionless I stood a moment on the threshold, and looked on them—on them! On *him!* I saw none nor aught besides. At last,—

"I know that voice," I said. "I have before heard that cant!"

With my body bent partially forward, one hand spread over and resting on my hip, the other armed with a *couteau de chasse*, which was looped around my wrist, and swung loosely by my side,—with an extended neck, and eyes fixed upon my prey, as though I feared he might escape me, and whom only, of all there present, I could have seemed to see,—I strode, but with a step so soft and stealthy, that it was almost inaudible—along the chamber until

I came in front of him, who stood shivering with fear and abashed with shame.

The first words which broke upon the deep and awful silence hitherto prevailing, came from female lips.

"Oh, Lionel!—brother!— my dear, dear brother—how came you here? and when?" said Amelia, now springing forward, and clasping me by the arm—"Lionel!—why do you not speak? —answer me!"

She at first attempted to fling herself round my neck; but this I had prevented, and by extending my arm kept her at a distance. Now, however, I looked round, drew her to me, and kissed her forehead.

"Leave the room, dear Amy," I replied;—"this is no fit place for women:—I will be with you shortly;—at present one who is still dearer to me than yourself demands that I . . . . Go, dear—go! . . . Marguerite!—conduct this lady into my room, and the other also." My sister moved away, but reluctantly, and as though hurt at the coldness of my reception.

I then again turned to—need I say, that it was he?—my cousin.

"You, sir, and I"—I said, but in that slow, measured, and suppressed tone of voice which approaches to a whisper—"have been acquainted in former days;—a sort of friends, I believe!"

"This is very strange conduct, Lionel!... what do you mean?... you seem to think... I have never... I am sure... your sister left home and my uncle—I'm sure, I never."....

I placed a finger upon my lip,—no sound passed it;—yet his words were answered;—it was by a smile;—a smile—dark,— bitter—deadly.

"Claude,—reach down a cutlass, and place it in the hands of this stranger."

All present were struck with so much amaze at the strangeness of the transaction now passing before their eyes, that none of them knew in what manner to behave. The postilion, and the servant now completely awakened from his half-slumber, gazed on what was going forward with an appearance of mingled wonder and alarm. The smugglers, long accustomed to strife and carnage, most certainly felt no approach of fear; but they were evidently filled with astonishment

at an adventure so little similar to anything they had ever before witnessed, and remained silently looking on to see what would be its termination.

With regard to Claude, habituated as he, for some time past, had been to pay an implicit obedience to my orders or, more properly speaking, to accede to them, without questioning their propriety—for I had no authority over him beyond that which his own free will, prompted by affection, accorded—guessed this to be some old quarrel which fortune now enabled me to prosecute by the usual means of a duel. He accordingly considered it as a simple affair of honour, and did mechanically as I bade. Bringing the weapon, he held it out to my cousin, who received it as though he did not like its ugly look.

Amelia, who instead of leaving the room as I desired, and thought that she had done, had, all this time, been stationed at a little distance, and silently looking on what was going forward, now perceiving my intention, again darted towards

us, and falling on her knee, clasped my hand in hers, and kissed it and wept, and called me brother, and spoke of my father, and intreated me to be still.

If anything could have changed my purpose, her tears would have sufficed to do so. I know not, indeed, what temporary effect they might have produced on me, had not my eyes at that moment happened to fall upon the golden chain to which Beatrice's portrait was suspended.—I drew it out.

"It is not to every one, Amy," I said, "that I would expose *this*. Look *you* at it however! He who now stands before us is the chief cause that she—my mate, my love, my partner in life,—the sharer of my pleasures,—my comforter in affliction,—that she, whom as a maid I loved—as a wife I fostered—whom I now and shall for ever mourn!—that she who bore with and excused all those excesses of a temper, *dis*tempered by the intrigues of that wretched trembling thing, is now no more, and that—who stands before us—The serpent!" I exclaimed, as, men-

tally alluding to the subject of my late study, I stamped upon the ground and made the old hall echo with the sound of my iron-nailed boot—the serpent! he stung her!—I have an oath in Heaven!"

A moment, and I was again calm. I took my sister's hand.

"Now be silent, Amy,—leave us!—He shall have a fair combat; be you sure of that;—and, as you perceive, it will be in the presence of many witnesses. If he overcome me 'tis well for him, but live he shall *not* in a world in which *I* live.

"Marguerite!—*do* you hear?—conduct these ladies into my room; and mind that you do not allow them to leave it. Wait there for me—I shall come to you shortly."

My sister was then led, or rather, indeed, carried away, by Marguerite, assisted by the lady's maid, who seemed glad enough to escape from such a scene. Before going, the former again looked on me, but now with a countenance of reproachful sorrow mixed with terror, as she said,

"Oh, Lionel!—you are *so* changed—how gentle you *used* to be—how terrible you *are!*"

I waited till the door closed on them, and then,—Claude and the rest still looking on in an impatience which was now tinctured with awe,—again turned to my cousin, who finding himself surrounded by persons not, apparently, at all disposed to side with him, betrayed that alarm which such a situation may be supposed to call forth in any man, and much more in one who did not count courage as amongst the number of his virtues. I addressed him.

"Come!"

"I am sure, Lionel—my dear Lionel!—you are mistaken . . . I did not . . . my mother and I never . . . . . "

In a stammering and supplicating voice, he was going on with a number of excuses, all of which tended only to prove even more satisfactorily to my mind, that he was inexcusable, and that those things really were which he wished me to disbelieve,—when I silenced him by again lifting a finger to my lip, and by then just ele-

vating my open hand, as much as to say—"Enough!" After which, replacing myself in a posture of defence, I invited him on by a repetition of my former word.

"Come!"

He raised his sword a little, then again drooping it to the earth, seemed willing to recommence a parley. I struck him with the flat part of mine,—the affront seemed, for a moment, to arouse his benumbed faculties. A second time he raised the weapon, which now met mine; at the next instant it was again pointed downwards and he addressed me,—beseechingly.—I repeated the blow.—He had no alternative,—a second time our swords were joined—he made a lunge at me which I parried, and then wounded him in the cheek, and again in the arm. He was no match for me:—he felt this, and fell back several steps.

I followed him up, still he gave way; but I kept close to and harassed him. His retreat became more and more quick—he had gone nearly round the table;—at last I saw an open-

ing—I was just going to take advantage of it. Perceiving my intention, he turned short round and fled.

A cry escaped me;—I leaped forward, and seizing him by the collar, should have buried my sword to its very hilt in his reins, had he not, feeling himself thus attacked, twisted his body round and, thus avoiding the thrust, caught me at the same moment round the neck with one arm, whilst he contrived to wound me slightly with the other.

A violent struggle ensued, and continued for a considerable time. This, in truth, was his surest mode of warfare, his superior height and greater bulk of body giving him a manifest advantage over me. But then I, on the other hand, was naturally more active than he; and this, though sorrow had greatly impaired my strength of late, together with a far greater skill in using the sword, may be said to have placed us nearly on a par.

As he was overwhelming me with his weight, and had almost smothered me in the pressure of

his arms, I, by a sudden and violent effort, contrived to release one of mine, when, finding that both of his were employed in confining the rest of my person, I took advantage of the circumstance, and thrust my sword completely through his body.

He fell without uttering a word or groan, and dragged me with him to the ground. As I laid upon the body, I fancied I could feel a slight quiver run over it—then he was motionless. Releasing myself as speedily as possible from the death-clasp of his arm, I rose. I looked on him.—"He shall never work me further ruin!"

"Basil, drag out the corse into the yard. In the morning see that it be removed to a greater distance from the castle; but mark me!—strew you no earth upon it,—mind *that*! Let the wolves bury it, and the vultures!"

CHAPTER XXVI.

Leaving the scene of action, and Basil to perform the orders I had given him, I went upstairs to my sister, whom I found in tears, and waiting my arrival in an agony of impatience. I attempted to comfort her by all the means within my power, and by every argument I could think of; and succeeded, if not in entirely removing, yet in at least greatly alleviating an affliction produced less by fear at her cousin's danger, than caused by alarm for my safety, and by a sick horror at the appalling scene she had been compelled to witness.

Indeed, it is scarcely natural that her cousin's death, however much she might have deprecated the means of its accomplishment, should plunge in unmitigated sorrow a young girl who, by

that event, not only found herself released from all fear of marrying a man she loathed, but to whom that circumstance presented a hope of being united to the one she loved.

At best, however, her state of mind was but bad. She had beheld and partly acted in a scene of tumult and horror which convulsed her spirit with a mighty shock. She reflected, too, upon her father, and on what his feelings would be when he came to hear of it.—I thought it most prudent to leave her for a time in solitude and stillness, if not to repose and sleep.

On the following day she was less agitated, and I took her to Pontarlier, where we remained together for two whole days. During this time I entered into a very full account of her aunt's and her cousin's treachery towards me; of this she was not, till then, by any means aware. She had always, to be sure, felt that my father's conduct to me was harsh, unjust, unparental, and injudicious in the highest degree. Thus much had a kind feeling hinted to her heart, and an untutored good sense made manifest to a sound

understanding. To have perceived beneath an apparent friendship for me, and an ever loudly-proclaimed wish to promote my welfare, the various covert artifices used to ruin it, would have required the experience of an older head, or the science of a more depraved heart than hers. She was young, and without guile.

In return for my communication, she explained to me how, in order to avoid a hated marriage with her cousin, she had left home with Mr. Moysten, and accompanied him to Paris; and how, before the necessary preliminaries to their nuptials could be arranged, their residence at that place had been discovered, and a further progress in them prevented by the unexpected arrival of her father, accompanied by Mrs. Princep and her son.

They were thus, she told me, compelled to make a second escape; and this time, directing their course towards Switzerland, had reached Berne, where they hoped to remain unknown as long as concealment should be necessary; but, were—by what means she knew not,—again dis-

covered and followed by Mr. Princep, whom his mother dispatched in quest of them, whilst she herself remained at Paris for the purpose of attending on my father, at that time too unwell to undertake so long and fatiguing a journey.

He had come with a document from my father, reclaiming her as his daughter, and authorising his nephew to take charge of her person. This paper being signed by Lord Stormont, no difficulty was found in procuring the interference of the English Resident, who, without hesitation, applied to the municipal authorities, and obtained from them an order, compelling her return to Paris.

But for the excessive darkness of the night, and the violent snow-storm which, bewildering the driver, made him diverge from the direct road, she, in a few days, would have again been subjected to the same species of persecution as she had before endured for above twelve months.

Informing my sister of the good fortune which had befallen me in the lottery, I promised her every protection and assistance it might ever be

in my power to afford. We then took an affectionate leave of each other. I, on my part, wishing her a long life and every possible happiness with Mr. Moysten, against a marriage with whom I presumed no further objection would now be raised,—and she, on hers, promising to keep up with me a constant correspondence by letter, and always to look on me as her best friend.

At one time, I designed to have given the letter written for my father, as well as another which I composed to Mrs. Princep on the very night of my struggle with her son, to be delivered at their destination by Amelia. But a very little consideration induced me to alter this plan; and no sooner, therefore, had she quitted me, than going out, I put them into the post, so that they might reach their destination before her arrival.

The late events seemed almost to necessitate some change or addition in the letter written to my father—yet I made none. I did not even re-open it, as I preferred that he should hear

from others, rather than learn from me, how the one whom, to the exclusion of his son, he had overwhelmed with bounties, had paid the penalty of wickedness and thus been one of those who lucklessly enabled me to utter the words with which I commenced these memoirs,—"Like St. Paul, I have fought with beasts—but not at Ephesus!"

I might add much to what I have already said, and—giving an account of my feelings, thoughts, studies — of the various changes of mind and heart which resulted from thought and study,—of my modes of life, and of the many fortunes which befel me after the fearful event just mentioned, — bring down my history to the present epoch.—I may yet, perhaps, do this at some future period, but at present, my spirits flag, and my heart is sick.—I am weary of thought, and need repose; I shall, therefore, terminate my narrative with a copy of the two letters just alluded to, and which are far too deeply engraven on my memory for time ever to efface.

TO MR. BOUVERIE.

"FATHER,

"It is finished!—Now then the one I loved is . . . . . no, I cannot utter it——I *dare* not utter it lest the unhallowed words should snatch me hence into the realms of madness.

"Heaven trusted you with power, — you have ab-used it. She gave you talents,—you misapplied them;—judgment,—you submit it to the will of others.—She invested you with virtues which might befit a God!—where are they gone? Ah! whither have they flown—and *who* has chased them?

"*My* spirit breathes not the life which *common* spirits breathe! extremes are mine—unbounded joy or grief the most unutterable has been appointed it. *You* chose the *last* should be its portion;—and yet you are my parent! What now, if starting from a fevered slumber in the world of spirits on some future day, and leaning on a restless pillow, you should ponder on these



that I had been more just!—I
not done thus!'

"Tremble, Father!—Tremb

"LION

"In the Jura,
May 13, 1772."

TO MRS. PRINCEP.

"Upon the summit of Mount
sleeps in his own blood. Shoul
who made it flow, say that it wa

"LION

"In the Jura,
May 29, 1772."

APPENDIX.

I OCCUPIED above a week in perusing and re-perusing the foregoing pages.

Being one day seated in a comfortable arm-chair and enjoying a delightful prospect of flowers beneath, of the Seine beyond, and of the Tuileries in the distance, I was meditating—it had given me food for thought, on the strangeness of my friend's adventures, when he himself entered the room.

Perceiving his manuscript upon the table, he took it up.

"Well," he said, "you have by this time, I presume, finished the narrative;—what say

you to it? Do you think better or less kindly of me since becoming acquainted with 'the courses of my life?' Yet beware," he added with a smile, "how you assert the latter!—I should *hate* any one who did not like me better after, than before knowing them;—what is more, I should *dis-esteem* him. I feel—*Je sens*, as says Jean Jacques Rousseau, *que je ne pourrais de ma vie estimer cet homme la.*"*

I could not help smiling. "Here," said I to myself, "is a man who most unquestionably loves to be loved, and who, lest by any possible chance, I should mistake his meaning, has given me what the lawyers call, *a leading question.*"

"It would be extremely difficult," I replied, "for anything to increase that regard which your many and great kindnesses have already inspired, but this book has altogether bewildered my ideas respecting you: the first part raised curiosity, its second excited awe; its end inspired terror; and the whole has overwhelmed me with amazement. You have not, indeed, as

* Preface to the Heloise.

you yourself, a few days ago, told me, passed a very happy life!"

He smiled mournfully and replied,

"And yet how little,—how very little—what a mere nothing, would have sufficed to make it so—supremely so!—With Beatrice, the power of doing good, and of bestowing happiness upon others—with a home, books, a garden, flowers, and a few other such things, possessed in peace and security, I should have been as blessed as angels are. Such was no great boon, methinks, to ask of Fortune!"

"And yet," I replied, "what *greater* boon than these *could* Fortune have bestowed on one requiring them as the certain, but sole means of happiness? What *more* than happiness could *you*, or indeed do *any of us* demand of Fortune? what but this does the miser anticipate from wealth? what else did Pyrrhus seek midst wars and wounds and toils and carnage?

"Alas, my dear sir, you have only undergone the usual but sad fate of all intellectual and deeply-impassioned spirits. Placed here amid a

herd of dull unfeeling ones, you got irritated at the contact, and thus, anger drawing your attention from the compass, you neglected your vessel's course and suffered her to run a-shore, where she bulged on rocks which a more ordinary pilot would have avoided, or over which a less deeply-laden bark would have glided in perfect surety.—You have not,—to borrow an expression from those who drew up the Articles of our faith,—'been understanded by the common people;' and common people, as indeed the expression implies, forming the majority of mankind, you have of course met more of them than of others like yourself; so that finding there existed but little communion of thought and but few sympathies between you, you turned away and shunned them with a mixture of disappointment, terror, indignation, and disgust.

"There, too, was your aunt mocking your father's blindness and your own, and taking an equal advantage both of your faults and of your virtues, to destroy you.—But no matter; those sorrows are now passed: better times will



come! You remember—*do* you remember it?—you have, I see, quoted from the book in which it is contained,—the following passage?

"Non temere nec fortuito sati et creati sumus, sed profecto fuit quædam vis quæ generi consuleret humano, nec id gigneret aut aleret quod cum exantlavisset omnes labores tum incederet in mortis malum sempiternum. Portum potius paratum nobis et perfugium putemus:—Quo, utinam ut velis passis pervehi liceat!"*

He heaved a deep—a deep sigh, and—"Yes, indeed, I *do* remember it," he replied, "and please God that it may contain a true promise." . . . . . .

* We are not the creatures of blind hazard. There is some Being who has given us our existence, and never let us think that, having taken such pains to produce and to preserve his work, he will, when we have drunk the cup of sorrow to its dregs, leave us to the horrors of an eternal death. Say rather, that there is a haven and a safe refuge prepared for us in another land, where affliction has no place. Oh! that with an unfurled sail and prosperous gales, I now might seek it.—*Cicero. De morte contemnandu.*

There was a long pause.

"Will you, Mr. Bouverie," I at length said, "permit me to make a few inquiries respecting some of the persons who figure in your tragedy?—so must I call it. For instance,—your father . . ."

He interrupted me, and placed a finger on his lip. "Of any other than of him! *His* name I have seldom suffered myself to pronounce,—never indeed, unless necessitated to do so, since the sad day on which my sister and I parted at Pontarlier. The rest I despise too much to hate; ask, therefore, as many questions about them as you choose, I will answer."

"Curteis, then, what became of him?"

"Curteis," he replied, "never crossed my path since our encounter at the Hotel de l'Ambassade; I never sought for him, as justice was I thought, satisfied—and beyond justice Heaven forbids that we should step—by the punishment I had inflicted on the chief author of my misfortunes:—he may be dead or be still living, for aught I know."

"He has been so frequently mentioned in

your memoir, that one cannot but feel some curiosity respecting him. What was he like in personal appearance? He was not, if I remember rightly, of a good family."

"Oh, dear no—by no means, he was of an extremely low origin; his father—for as to a grandfather I don't think that he ever had one—but his father was a merchant, or dealer, or stock-broker, or something or other of that sort in the City, where he made a large fortune, and then bought an estate in Surrey. As to his person, it was rather short, but thick set, and remarkably strong—as I found to my cost at Eton. He had a great round face, so deeply marked with the small-pox, as to be almost disgusting. At school, I remember that he had long red lanky hair, but this, in aftertimes was disguised by powder;—in short, he had just such a figure and face as you would suppose must necessarily belong to a man possessed of no one single virtue.—*I* at least never discovered any in him."

"And Mrs. Princep, with her family?"

"She has been dead these many years. As for her two daughters—*les petites Ogresses*, as my poor Lord Meclenbury used to call them, they soon became *des grandes Ogresses*. They grew up like other people, fell in love,—or at least in what they and all others of their species fancy to be love—like other people, had children like other people, which, like other people they thought a very fine thing indeed!—walked, talked, thought, and believed, like other people; went to church very regularly on Sundays,—played at Pope Joan on Christmas-eve, but not on Sunday;—no, not on any account what-so-ever! and throughout the whole year, whilst drinking tea and eating toast of an evening, gave out very judicious ideas concerning religion, morality, persons, principles, and things,—all like other people; and by such doings and such sayings, acquired, I am told, amongst their acquaintances, infinite credit, for wise conduct, good sense, and fine feeling.

"Besides all this, they made a constant study of the holy Bible, and read comments and anno-

tations written on it by our best divines. Sometimes, too, I have heard, they even ventured to dip into a novel—provided there was nothing immoral in it!—be *this* understood; and in short, having performed a variety of such actions like other people, they at last completed their similitude to the generality of mankind, by dying like other people, and—at least I hope so—going, like other people, to Heaven, where, please God, they still remain."

"What a thorough and most bitter scorn you *do* appear to feel for them, Mr. Bouverie!" I said.

He made no reply to the remark, but by slightly raising his eyebrows, and by an almost imperceptible elevation of the shoulders.

"Your aunt must," I said, "have been bowed down to the very dust by sorrow and repentance, before she died."

"Repentance," he replied, "and sorrow, are a punishment, which, for the kind purpose of awakening culprits to a sense of virtue, the Almighty inflicts on minds which, naturally good

and great, have erre
weakness of human n
died unrepentant; b
ever about that matt
respecting her."

"As to Lady Bar
I suppose, I scarcel
been dead—all are
my uncle, too, is gon

"Your brother,"

"No, he is still li
recovered his healt
bad, and is now resi
Kent. He is very
suppose, for I am m
also extremely infirm

"Oh, by-the-bye,
Denison. Did Con
the sleeve, and whisp
to restore you the
brother to bequeath

"Why, yes, inde
think—I have but a

I did somewhere or other hear that Conscience often took this liberty with him, and sometimes even went so far as to pinch his ear, and occasion him considerable pain; and that on such occasions he used to sally forth into the park, collect a number of his tenantry, and scare away Conscience, by preaching and explaining to them the doctrines of morality laid down in the Bible. I do just remember to have heard some story to this effect; I by no means answer for its truth. In fact, I paid but very little attention to the goings on of any of those people;—but though I cannot absolutely vouch for, yet I can readily believe it, for, as all the world knows, he was a very ingenious man! The utmost I am able to answer for, with any degree of certainty is, that I never got back any of my money from him, but this was, perhaps, because he thought I did not want it, my expenditure always being within my income."

"Lord Meclenbury, you have already told me, is no more."

"Alas! no. Having succeeded his father,

he enjoyed the title and estate for about twenty years, and dying ten years ago, left me almost solitary in the world. My sister and her husband, however, are still alive; they were always very happy together. I pay them a visit whenever I go to England.

"As to my old Parisian friends, they were most of them cut off during the Revolution. What an hour of fear was that!—what scenes of horror I then witnessed!

'Astante ope barbarica,
Tectis cælatis, laqueatis.
Hæc omnia vidi inflammari,
Priamo, vi vitam evitari,
Jovis aram sanguine turpari!'

"Le Marquis de la Barriere, and my good friends, Monsieur and Madame Mareuse, were amongst the number of those who fell. Claude was more fortunate; placed at a distance from the principal scene of action, he weathered the storm, and lived long to cultivate the farm I purchased for him in the neighbourood of Pontarlier, and to enjoy its fruits.

"He and his wife have been dead for many years: they left but two children. Bonaparte made a soldier of the youngest, and sent him to the camp at Boulogne; where he took his wife and family, and where, at the end of the war, he fixed a permanent residence. I used often to assist them with money, and last year I settled them comfortably in the cottage which you saw upon the cliffs. The sum you asked me about the other day—*the money which I gave to that very pretty girl, about sixteen years old,* was a wedding present to their eldest daughter, who is shortly to be married to a young man in a very prosperous business.

"As for me, individually, I have, you perceive, outlived almost all my old friends. Heaven be praised, however, I have not yet survived myself—that is to say, my faculties; for, having had too much good taste to consume youth in low unseemly pleasures,—in riotise and debaucherie,—which both enervate the body, and degrade the mind,—I, in age, possess a heart as young as ever: I can still rejoice in

the good fortunes of another, grieve at his distress, and, what is infinitely more to the purpose, I can and often do bestir myself to relieve it.

"I regard it too as no small blessing, that I am not only able to follow up and receive pleasure from the pursuits I had in youth, but that even the pure simple tastes of *childhood* have not yet deserted me—that neither the sound of surges howling round me—*scopuli . . . . multis circumlatrantibus undis*—nor that of cataracts bedewing me with spray can scare me;—that the storm which shivers Alpine pines cannot make me tremble;—and that the destroying avalanche is not to me a fear, but that all and each of these have still an echo in my bosom, and that my bosom answers—'God!'——

"That, gleaning delight from everything in nature, I can still make friends of beasts and birds and bees and butterflies, and even of the very shrubs and flowers round which they gambol, fearless of my presence: and lastly, that roaming with my faithful friend, old Hylax here, I can take as lively an interest in guiding one

little lake of water into another little lake of water, and in seeing them tumble headlong over the edge of some steep precipice, as I ever took in doing such things when under the tuition of the Rev. Dr. Jeremiah Marshall, at his little rascally school in Derbyshire; or as when, during the holidays, my aunt Princep used to smile, and open the great eyes—*les grands yeux—mais bien grands!*—very wide indeed! and express much astonishment how a great boy like me could possibly be pleased with such babyish things."

"Were it not for one thought,—one sad, sad thought which never leaves me—never, because I nourish it,—I should be truly happy: but *this* thought poisons every enjoyment; and yet I would as lieve leave life as part with it:—what most strange animals we are to love sorrow so!

"With regard to the little beings, whose trickeries have had a such a mischievous influence on my existence; *them* I can almost forgive. 'Shall I,' said some one amongst the ancients,

'be angry with the tiger for ferociousness, or chide the monkey for his malice?'—Like all other brute animals—like pigs, poking beneath a tree for acorns,—they were led on by the irresistible impulse of a natural instinct to obtain food. *They*, less than I was, were in fault. I should have been more wary, and warned them off my land betimes.

"*Them* then I, in a manner, can forgive. *My father*, I cannot pardon,—never! *He* ought to have known better: *him* had nature gifted with good gifts, and those gifts stamped with a mark so visible, that the most careless observer of them would instantly have exclaimed,—'These are gold!'

"Yes, *he* should have known better—*he* should have acted better. Providence bestowed him on me as a protector from all evil things; and yet, deserting his charge, he most witlessly, abandoned me without a struggle to the machinations of persons whom—had he consulted Wisdom—Wisdom would have told him were my natural foes.

"Lastly, let me, my young friend, say,—that were you to inquire which of the virtues I consider as the most certain guide to Heaven and eternal happiness—to that *excelsus, per-illustris et plenus stellarum locus*, for which sages pant — I should most unhesitatingly reply,—'There is but one—one only who is unerring. It is she who gave birth to all the others; but, who is so superior to her progeny, that, compared with her, they are 'but as sounding brass and as a tinkling cymbal;' and, bereft of her support, show like some tinselled trumpery, botched up to catch the vulgar gaze. It is she, whose companionship is assurance of success in every undertaking; but who,—mark well my words and bear them in your mind,—wends never with the unmeditative.—She is named Wisdom!"

My intimacy with Mr. Bouverie from this period to that of his death, was unbroken, and

my residence in his house very constant. I was, however, absent from Paris in the year 1826, when he, being attacked by a violent inflammation in the chest, sent for me to come to him.

On my arrival he seemed perfectly aware that his illness was dangerous: for, saying that he had made me executor to his will, he gave me many particular directions as to the disposition of his remains. These he by no means chose should be carried to England and interred in the family-vault: but, begging me to take them into Franche Comte, he desired they might be burned in the valley where he had before consumed those of Beatrice.

He then ordered that his ashes and those of his wife, together with each little thing which had belonged to her, might be buried in a certain spot, which he designated with so much precision that I afterwards had no difficulty in finding it.

Having settled these matters, he gave directions respecting the future treatment of his dogs and horses; all of whom were, he said, as

much entitled to his last attentions as was any other living creature which God had entrusted to his care. Consigning them, therefore, to my charge, he begged me to prevent their suffering any loss by his death.

All these instructions had—as I afterwards found—been carefully laid down in the will itself, in which also he left legacies to his sister's children and to his servants.—As to the estate, he dying childless, it passed to his nephew, now, by his elder brother's death, become the representative of the family.

After about a fortnight's illness, he ceased to be. I obeyed all his injunctions to the very letter; but on consigning the mingled ashes of himself and Beatrice to the earth, I could not help exclaiming, in the language of Ophelia,

"There was a noble spirit overthrown!"

"Surely,"—I continued,—"most surely are there spirits who, intended for some brighter and some better planet, have, on their voyage there, been wrecked in the wide sea of space and cast

on ours, where, finding no companionship with the dull cold things of clay around them, they wander on, first disappointedly and in anger—then listlessly and wearily and solitarily: and who at last lie down and die with scorn and of broken-heartedness.—But,

Portum paratum illis et perfugium putemus!

THE EDITOR.

London, 1837.

THE END.

LONDON:
PRINTED BY IBOTSON AND PALMER, SAVOY STREET.





